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HERR ANTON VON SCHMERLING had OBITUARY. twice been a Prime Minister—once in the Assembly of Frankfort, which was charged with the task of achieving the unity of Germany in 1848, and again in his native country in In the former case his duties conflicted with his allegiance to Austria, and he resigned; in the latter his views in favour of centralisation brought him into collision with Hungarian aspirations, and caused his retirement. He was long the President of the Austrian Supreme Court, and latterly leader of the German Liberals in the Upper House, and a decided exponent of their centralist, or "unionist" tendency. General Floresco had been Premier of Roumania. Professor Jakob Moleschott, by birth a Dutchman, was known some forty years ago as among the vanguard of scientific materialists. His book on the "Circle of Life" caused him to receive a warning from the Senates of the University of Heidelberg, whence he withdrew to Zürich, and later on to Turin and Rome. He was a naturalised Italian and Senator. In science he was known as one of the foremost of physiologists and an ardent opponent of Liebig. Of late years, like most thinking materialists, he had altered his creed into a kind of idealism. Professor Marcus Rock, F.P.C.S. of idealism. Professor Marcus Beck, F.R.C.S., was Professor of Surgery at University College, London, and eminent both as a teacher and writer. W. H. White had held various high financial posts at home and abroad in connection with the War Office. The Rev. C. P. Chretien, a Fellow of Oriel in the day of its greatest renown and long one of its tutors, was one of the many resident Fellows and tutors who have left hardly any enduring monument of their undoubted talents. Mr. T. S. Egan was a well-known Cambridge coxswain in the early days of the University Boat Race. Mr. E. A. Cowper was an able engineer to whom we owe various inventions-notably that of fog signals.

THE PARLIAMENTARY OUTLOOK.

PARLIAMENT enters on Monday upon the most important, as well as the final, stage of its year's labours. The Whitsuntide holiday always furnishes a golden opportunity for taking stock of the legislative position, and this year that opportunity has been seized with avidity both by the speakers and the writers of the Opposition. If we are to believe Lord Salisbury and his followers, the Government have nothing but failures to look back upon, and only delusive hopes to cheer them for the future. Many weeks have been occupied in getting the Home Rule Bill into Committee, and after more than two weeks of debate only the first two clauses of the Bill have been passed. Nothing is easier in these circumstances than to make a calculation which will prove to the satisfaction of every opponent of the measure that, if the House sits from now until October, it will be unable to do anything more than to pass this one Bill and send it up to the House of Lords, where its fate is already sealed. Such is the prospect in Parliament, according to the Tory leaders. Meanwhile, in the country, if we are to believe Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain, there has been a great and memorable revulsion of feeling. The electors who last July voted for Home Rule candidates have found out their mistake. They are burning for another General Election in order that they may undo the mischief they have done. Give them the chance of going to the ballot-box again, and they will sweep the Government away, return a Tory majority to the new Parliament, and re-establish the Balfourian method of administration in Ireland. Inspired by this prospect, the Opposition profess to be in

extremely good spirits. They may not have killed the snake, but it is already "scotched," and consequently as good as dead.

We have endeavoured to set forth as precisely as possible what we conceive to be the attitude of the more sanguine opponents of Home Rule at the present moment. We shall not pause to dwell upon some curious phenomena visible in their ranks just now, which appear to suggest that their confidence is not quite so great as they wish us to believe. shall not, for instance, touch upon the extraordinary bitterness and ill-temper which they are manifesting, and which hitherto, at all events, has been invariably recognised as the characteristic of a party that knows that it is beaten. Nor need we stop to comment upon the unexampled violence of speech in which they are indulging—a violence hardly to be expected from men who believe that they are on the road to victory. It is better to take the situation as they profess that it is, and to see to what it must inevitably lead us. And in order to do this we shall not indulge in any calculations as to an improved rate of progress with the Bill in the future. We shall assume that as things have been hitherto in Committee, so they will be in the future; that the Opposition will fight doggedly in its full strength all through the summer, that nothing will be done to curb obstruction, and that consequently it will be October before the Bill reaches its final stage in the House of Commons. It is a large concession; but we shall, for the purpose of our argument, make it. Now let us see how the Bill really stands. In the first place, after seven years of hot debate, we have a House of Commons, elected at the time chosen, not by us, but by our opponents, which contains a substantial majority in favour of Home Rule. Nor is this all. Immediately after the General Election, and down to the meeting of Parliament, our opponents had one unfailing consola-tion. It was not that public feeling in the country had changed, for they were not yet driven to clutch at that last imaginary straw. It was that the Home Rule majority in the House of Commons was not, after all, a majority in favour of Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule; and that when the scheme was produced the Liberal Party would of necessity be split into fragments. It was impossible, so the Tories argued, that the Prime Minister could at the same time satisfy the bulk of the English and Scotch Members and the representatives of Ireland. Nay, it would be hopeless for him to attempt to please both the Parnellites and the Nationalists. The moment the Bill was produced the fictitious majority must of necessity disappear. This was the confident calculation of Lord Salisbury and his friends up to the end of January. When in the first week of the present year The Speaker gave a forecast of the measure, as to the complete accuracy of which all men are now agreed, the Times and its satellites in the Press positively chortled in their joy. If this were to be the Bill, then, indeed, Home Rule was dead already. Well, this was the Bill, and, strange to say, instead of its introduction being followed by an instantaneous revolt of all sections of the Ministerialists, the first reading was carried by the full Government majority. The Irish Members forgot their domestic quarrels and voted loyally together in favour of it, whilst not a dissentient vote was given by the Liberal Members for England, Scotland, and Alarmed by this fact, the opponents of Home Rule fell back in a panic upon their last line of defence. They raised the cry of religious intolerance, and began to beat the big drum throughout the country in hope of arousing the anti-popery sentiment among the electors. They went to Belfast and unblushingly preached sedition.

squandered their money in organising "demonstrations" intended to prove that the cause of the Irish landlords was the cause of liberty and justice. In spite of it all, the Bill went to a second reading, and again was carried by the full Ministerial majority. But the Committee stage remained; and the last hopes of the Tories were fixed upon it. Not only could they by obstruction delay the passing of the Bill till an impossible season, but by ingenious amendments, the flagrant dishonesty of which they themselves openly avowed, they could drive wedges into the unexpectedly solid phalanx of the Ministerialists, and compel the dissensions which in their

opinion ought to have broken out spontaneously.

Have they succeeded? Have they the smallest ground for their exultation over what has happened in Committee? The answer is a decisive "No." We have given them their hopes for the future; but we claim the past as emphatically ours. It is true that time has been wasted in Committee in a shameful and monstrous way; but, thanks once more to the unparalleled loyalty and determination of the Home Rule party in the House of Commons, the two chief clauses of the Bill have been carried, and the representative Chamber-the only Chamber whose decisions have real weight or value from the Constitutional point of view—has decided, first, that Ireland shall have a legislative body of its own for the management of its domestic affairs; and, secondly, that the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament shall not suffer—as indeed it cannot suffer—one jot or tittle of abatement. Do our opponents realise what this means? Do they not know that when the House of Commons, after prolonged debate, after agitation out of doors, after every possible means has been used to stay its progress, has taken a forward step of this description there can be no going back? All the powers which are at work in the political world cannot undo what has now been done. A General Election might, by some catastrophe, be precipitated, and a majority hostile to the present Ministry returned. Even then the new Government would find itself powerless to retreat from the position to which the country has now advanced. The most that it could do would be to attempt what Lord Beaconsfield attempted—we know with what results—at Berlin. The "Big Bulgaria," which the recent proceedings of the House of Commons has established, might be cut in two-for a time. And the division would last just as long as the people of Ireland desired. Confident upon this point, the Liberal party can afford to smile at the vauntings and threats of its opponents. If the one side is in earnest, so is the other. If the battle in Committee is to be kept up for three months longer, the majority is ready for the struggle. The supporters of the Government, we may rest assured, will not be the first to cry "Hold! enough!" Inch by inch they are winning their way to that complete and permanent triumph upon the attainment of which depend the hopes of national peace and unity. The road may be long and difficult, but it is not the way of a conquering force to complain on that score. Before the Session closes the end will be reached. The Home Rule Bill will have passed through Committee, will have been read a third time, and will have been submitted to that House of Lords which represents no principle, which has no popular mandate, and which knows that it cannot stand for a day against the will of the nation as represented and embodied in the House of Commons. The House of Lords may, and probably will, nerve itself to one desperate, and desperately futile, attempt to throw itself athwart the path of progress. A great triumph on behalf of freedom and justice is hardly complete without a check from

the House of Lords. Be it so. It will only mean that the national representatives, who will then be fighting not only for Home Rule for Ireland, but for popular rights in Great Britain, will resume the conflict next year with just as much determination as they have shown this year, and with the knowledge that their final and permanent triumph is at hand. These are the incontrovertible facts of the situation which enable Home Rulers to listen unmoved to the idle prophecies of Lord Salisbury and his followers as to what is to happen during the coming months in Parliament. The party which has won the key of the position, which is not so much flushed with the pride of victory as inspired by the knowledge that at every point it has out-fought and out-flanked the foe, and that its superior strength has been established in every engagement, can afford to leave to its defeated opponents the deliving solace of harmless self-deception and the delusive hopes of unfounded prophecy.

LORD SALISBURY IN ULSTER.

LONDON daily paper, which is supposed to be the organ of the publicans, in its contents bill of Thursday last gave a not inexpressive summary of the present political situation. Instead of "Lord Salisbury in Ulster-Great Reception," or any similar commonplace reference to the late Prime Minister, the Morning Advertiser broke into alliteration—almost into poetry—and placarded the town with "Bulldog Belfast." We like the substantive, for it is accurate, and we admire the adjective, for it is apt. The place which is threatening, mouthing, now in panic, now in riot, is not Ulster, it is Belfast. Lord Salisbury was staying during his visit with Lord Londonderry at Mount Stewart, less than ten miles from Belfast as the crow flies. If he cared to wander about among the keen Presbyterian farmers of the peninsula of the Ards, Lord Londonderry's tenants and neighbours, he would soon discover that the spirit of Belfast had hardly touched them. The Ards farmer has his doubts about Home Rule, for it is his proper and rational habit to have doubts about most things, but rational habit to have doubts about most things, but he is certainly not going to fight against it. If he were asked who had been, in Lord Salisbury's words, his "ancient enemy," or his "adversary of centuries," he would probably, as a devout man, answer in the first instance, "the Devil," and as a second shot would try "the landlords." Belfast and its immediate environs, with a few outlying Orange districts, is the area of perturbation. When we begin to be accurate we get down from a nation to a province, and from a province to some counties, and from the counties to a single town. Belfast is a considerable and improving city, nearly as big as Sheffield and nearly as rich as Hull; but for Belfast to stand up and challenge, not merely the rest of Ireland, but all the reformers of the Empire,

must seem a very good joke to a man so keenly humorous as Lord Salisbury.

"Bulldog" is indeed an apt epithet for such a challenger. The bulldog is at once the most ferocious and the most uncultured of dogs. He has great energy and individuality, considerable brute courage when he takes his adversary at a disadvantage, no refinement, and colossal impudence. He is the faithful friend of the more degraded of the human species, and is indeed not half a bad fellow when compared with his backers. Belfast is playing the bulldog part in the present political struggle. It is backed by the publican who fears for his licence, and the Welsh parson who fears for his prospects of

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promotion, and the ground landlord, and the sweater, and the snob. Every one of these threatened monopolists is extremely glad that Belfast should bear the brunt of the fight, thinking that so long as Belfast resists Home Rule his own pet abuse will be safe. And in turn they give a free advertisement to Belfast linens, and a plentiful supply of the most exaggerated and intoxicating flattery as to Belfast energy and Belfast history. Their only alarm is lest Belfast should overdo it. "Economise your strength," said Lord Salisbury. "Do not show it by any violence or riot." Just so the bulldog's owner is vexed to see his pet wasting strength in barking round the bull's legs which ought to be utilised on the bull's throat.

Lord Salisbury is perhaps as well fitted as any other man to enter into the spirit of this astonishing combat. Mr. Balfour was no fitting substitute, for philosophy is not at home in Belfast. Mr. Chamberlain seemed too thin to those who are accustomed to punctuate their speeches with the drum, and, in the Ulster Hall, for once in his life was positively jealous of Mr. Jesse Collings. But Lord Salisbury is a master of brag and bluster. He came into the world with a plentiful supply of "prave worts," and improved his natural talent under the mastermind of Mr. Disraeli. Keen men, of course, have never been deceived by him. Prince Bismarck summed him up fifteen years ago as a reed painted to look like But the look of iron is quite enough to satisfy the Belfast men, who understand bluffing perfectly, and only aim at a succès de réclame. When to an appearance of strength is added a certain brutal indifference to others' feelings, we have a good enough Cromwell for the Ulster Hall. What other British statesman would have laid down so cynically the doctrine that the Irish Nationalists are "the enemy against whom England has contended for centuries," and that the only men in the world with whom England can never make peace are those whom England can never make peace are those whom it is a cardinal dogma of Unionism to retain as an integral part of the Imperial Parliament? French statesmen believed in an incorporating union between the diverse races who are all Frenchmen to-day, and they succeeded in their task. they did not succeed by hurling words of defiance and abuse at the Breton or the Gascon or the Burgundian. Prussian statesmen believed in an Imperial union combined with local autonomy, and they have succeeded. But Prince Bismarck did not secure the co-operation of Bavaria by reminding her of the Thirty Years' War. Lord Salisbury's words would be rash and wild words to use of a foreign Power. They are mad words to use of men with whom both he and we agree to remain in union, under whatever constitutional arrangement. They are meaningless unless Lord Salisbury is prepared to advocate the government of Ireland as a Crown colony. But they express with admirable accuracy the idea of Union as it is understood in Belfast. Race hatred, not merely against the Irishmen but against "the Celtic fringe which surrounds the western side of Great Britain," is now the avowed animating force of Unionism.

And no other man of mark would have spoken of Mr. Gladstone as Lord Salisbury did. We had up till now no authoritative exposition of the motive of the Opposition in wasting time in the House of Commons. We knew from the first that there was no hope or wish to amend the Home Rule Bill. Why, then, all this obstruction? Some people put it down to the desire to prevent the passing of the Bill. Some people, more reasonably, supposed that the object was to prevent the passing of British reforms. But we have no longer any reason for doubt. We know from Lord Salisbury that the Opposition consume time because Mr. Gladstone

is an old man, and they think that if they obstruct long enough they will "last him out." It is a race against an old man's life, and the Opposition think youth and muscle will prevail. Belfast, the city of the most brutal riots of the century, was the proper place to make this avowal, and if Lord Salisbury had had nothing else to say, he would not have gone to Belfast in vain. When the House of Commons meets again on Monday, the Ministry, the House, and even the Chairman of Committees, knowing the motive for obstruction, will know how to deal with it.

LORD RANDOLPH'S LETTER.

T is a long time since anything so amusing as Lord Randolph Churchill's letter to the Times on the subject of last Sunday's Home Rule demonstration has appeared in print. The letter itself is an admirable one, and every Home Ruler will agree with the sentiments it expresses. But that it should have been written by Lord Randolph Churchill is the wonder. It is the chartered libertine of debate, the man who cannot find words strong enough or bitter enough to fling at Mr. Gladstone, who comes forward not only to bear testimony to the admirable good temper of the members of last Sunday's procession, but to contrast their behaviour with that of the well-dressed mob which engaged in a blackguardly demonstration against the Prime Minister at the Imperial Institute last week. Well, we must be thankful that Lord Randolph has his lucid intervals, and that he can occasionally write letters as sensible as any ever addressed to a public newspaper. As for the subjects with which he dealt in this particular epistle, it does not seem necessary to say much. The hissing and howling at Mr. Gladstone on an occasion which was in no sense political, and when he was merely keeping an engagement to dine with the Heir-Apparent, is a matter regarding which there can be no difference of opinion among decent people. We do not wish to be too severe, how-ever, upon the vulgar male and female snobs who misbehaved themselves at the Imperial Institute. Probably they believed that they were merely carrying out the wishes of the Tory leaders. Mr. Gladstone has been assailed on the platform by Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, and Lord Randolph Churchill himself, with such ferocity that it is not surprising that some of their followers should be silly enough to believe that they really mean what they say, and that they do verily believe that the greatest Englishman of his time is an unscrupulous and selfish adventurer, bent upon effecting the ruin of his country in order to serve his own personal ends. Those who move about the House of Commons are, of course, better informed. They know that the coarse vituperation and simulated fury in which the statesmen we have named indulge, whenever they refer to Mr. Gladstone, are merely the expression of the genuine envy with which they regard him, and of their sincere desire to take his place in the counsels of the Crown at the earliest possible moment. More than once we have had occasion to refer to the manner in which Mr. Gladstone is being treated by his opponents. Even though we do not believe in the sincerity of their abuse, we cannot but regard it as a shameful thing. The Prime Minister needs no vindication. The charge that he was induced by personal ambition, or by a mean desire to out-manœuvre his antagonists, to take up and press forward the question of Home Rule, is notoriously opposed to the truth, as it is known to the leading Unionists themselves. Mr. Balfour, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Mr. Chamberlain all know that in 1885, after Mr. Gladstone had become convinced that it was hopeless to continue the old policy towards Ireland, he offered to co-operate with Lord Salisbury, who was then Prime Minister, in arriving at a settlement of the Irish Question satisfactory to both countries and to all political parties. Not until this offer had been rejected did the Liberal leader make the Irish cause his own. Knowing these facts it is, indeed, passing strange that men holding a certain position in the public esteem should not be ashamed to utter those slanders about vanity, ambition, and so forth, which appeared to have turned the heads of a section of their own followers, and inspired them to exhibitions of blackguardly violence like that witnessed at the Imperial Institute.

For our part, we respect both Mr. Gladstone and our readers too much to stoop to the language of panegyric when speaking of him. His life is before the world, and in it is to be found the true vindication of his character. Mere words of praise are poor indeed compared with that wonderful record of patriotic effort and devotion. Let the base blame and the weak flatter him. His friends can be well content to rest his vindication upon his work, as it will eventually be summed up in the page of history. His genius all men, even the bitterest of his foes, acknowledge. His eloquence has subdued even the unruly novices of the Opposition in the House of Commons to an unexpected attitude of wondering admiration. His courage is shown in nothing more certainly than in the way in which he throws aside the lassitude and feebleness of old age in order to carry the task to which he has consecrated himself to its appointed close. Perhaps his friends would do well to recognise in the malignity of his enemies the highest testimonial to his powers and his real greatness. But it is un-

pleasant and unbecoming that the foremost of English statesmen, after sixty years of public service, should have to submit not merely to the vulgar impertinences of a middle-class mob, but to

the bitter slanders of men who were once proud to be acknowledged by him. Let Lord Randolph Churchill, who has spoken wisely and well concerning the hateful incident at the Imperial Institute, apply

his own teaching to himself, and cease for the future

to adorn his political harangues with insults ad-

dressed to the great Englishman whose superiority to all his contemporaries nobody recognises more

freely than does Lord Randolph himself in his better

As for the proximate cause of the letter to the Times—the Hyde Park demonstration in favour of Home Rule—we might be well content to leave it where Lord Randolph does. He admits the vastness, the good humour, and the intelligence of the multitude which marched through the streets to testify their devotion to Home Rule. It was, in truth, a remarkable gathering. In its numbers it exceeded more than tenfold the much-belauded demonstration of the Unionists in the Albert Hall, and it refuted most emphatically the idle calumny which represents that nobody cares about Home Rule except Mr. Gladstone. The plain truth is that the English and Irish democracies have joined hands upon this question, each seeing in the other its best ally in the battle on behalf of social and political freedom. The first, and in many respects the greatest, victory which they are bent upon winning is the establishment of self-government in Ireland; and last Sunday they made it clear to the "classes" that they mean to win this battle. But behind Home Rule lies many another field of conflict, where the allied forces will again fight side by side. Just as the unbroken loyalty of the majority in the House of Commons shows that

at last the Irish members have taken their own distinctive place in the party life of the United Kingdom, and are no longer to be regarded with distrust by those who are working on their behalf, so Sunday's great demonstration showed that the peoples of the two countries have come together never again to be separated. We do not suppose that our opponents recognise the real significance of the Hyde Park demonstration. To them it was nothing more than a vast public meeting, the size and enthusiasm of which have surprised and vexed them. But it was much more than this. It was the crowning proof that the popular forces in Great Britain and Ireland have now been enrolled under a common leader, and that in future they will be found striving together for common ends.

CO-OPERATION AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

IT is easy, no doubt, to exaggerate the achievements and possibilities of co-operation; but it seems to us that it is easier still to belittle them. Co-operation has its belittlers in plenty amongst its numerous critics: theorists who are constantly telling it that it is on the wrong tack, that the founders of the movement did not know what they were about, that it is only creeping like the tortoise when it ought to be running like the hare, and whose notions if listened to would end by disgusting co-operators with their own work, the first principle of which is self-help, and by compelling them to attach their faith to something entirely different, whose first principle is to turn for every-thing to the great All-Father—the State. Those for whom co-operation is not moving fast enough, and who see in its failure here or its incon-sistency there proofs that it is going wrong, are excellent theorists, whose great anxiety is to quicken the pace, not merely of co-operation, but of the whole human race. As Napoleon was said to live two years ahead, they live two or three centuries ahead, and their minds are constantly occupied with a perfect system of society in which all human affairs are adjusted to a mathematical nicety, and everything goes like clockwork. It is natural for minds so constituted, when they glance back at the halting progress of the unregenerate human herd, to be impatient and dissatisfied. But to common practical folk, especially to the average Englishman, used to ways of every-day business, the progress of the co-operative movement will appear one of the most astonishing things in industrial history. That a combination of ordinary working-men, started for the purpose of carrying out a new commercial experiment, without capital, without State help, with nothing to rely upon but its own effort and intelligence, should in fifty years be able to boast of having an annual turn-over exceeding £50,000,000, and a membership of 1,750,000, representing about a sixth of the popula-1,750,000, representing about a sixth of the population of Great Britain, of possessing property to the value of £12,000,000, and of putting into the pockets of its members from £4,000,000 to £5,000,000 of profits every year which would otherwise be lost to them, seems to us, in all sobriety, a colossal fact. (This estimate does not include the Co-operative Wholesale Society, which has an annual turn-over of £13,000,000.) It is the sort of fact which the British intelligence can appreciate. fact which the British intelligence can appreciate. Co-operation has not brought about the millennium, as some of its founders no doubt expected it wouldwhat movement ever quite fulfils all the hopes of its enthusiasts?-but the British working-man is not constitutionally given to dreaming of the millennium. Millions sterling impress him more; and these

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millions of the co-operative budget will be in his eyes, as they certainly are in ours, a superb vindication of the main line of policy pursued by cooperation in the past and the soundest guarantee for its future.

its future. We indeed look to co-operation at this stage of industrial development with greater hope than ever. It has, so to speak, turned its corner. Its progress, which has hitherto been sufficiently imposing, will henceforth grow faster and faster. We believe it is destined to play a great rôle. It may not quite prove the panacea for the conflicts between capital and labour which one of the speakers at the British Congress guaranteed it to be, but it will undoubtedly, if it holds fast to its vital principles, prove one of the most effective agencies in developing the economic and social condition of the masses of the people. With co-operation gradually organising the working classes into becoming their own distributors, and in some measure their own producers; with the trade unions identifying themselves as much as possible with the co-operative societies; with efficient administration of the Factory Acts; with democratic adjustment of taxation; with Parish Councils and decentralised government in every form, armed with adequate powers for enabling the localities to develop their own social life; with the spread of free education, higher, elementary, and technical; with the moral vigour generated by all this combined effort, this independence and self-help playing its part in broadening minds and nourishing personal character; and with the machinery of the franchise perfected so as to bring every class of this improved society into due representation in Parliament, we see a pathway of popular progress which is safe and sound, in which there are no pitfalls, and to which there should be no limits, save those of the perfectibility of human nature. Co-operation, as it has been hitherto understood, is a movement singularly in harmony with the genius of the British people. Selfreliance, love of freedom, impatience of patronage of all kinds—these are national instincts. You cannot get them out of the blood even if you would. They are there for good or ill, and will assert themselves at every hand's turn, no matter in what position or in what scheme of society you place the genuine British man. A movement, a system, a policy, based upon these instincts, will grow and flourish; any other is bound to come to mischief. It is because the cooperative movement has sprung directly out of this spirit, and advanced in harmony with it, that it has thriven with such marvellous success. Had it has thriven with such marvellous success. been coddled from the outset by the State, it would have died long ago, a sickly plant. If it clings jealously to these principles in the future, we see no bounds to its beneficent development. If one day, in that dim and distant time when humanity is purged of its unregenerate residuum, the limits of co-operation should grow conterminous with those of the State, and someone should say, "It will be simpler if we now make this co-operation a national affair," that will be for succeeding generations to determine. The lines on which the co-operative movement has hitherto advanced are sound, and it has but to continue along them to prove that it has within it the sap of great things. We say this with a full consciousness of all its failures, mistakes, and inconsistencies-of its oppression of its own employés, for instance. This latter flagrant fault is only to us another illustration of the fallacy of those who build their systems upon a new conception of human nature. Those working-men who demand high wages and short hours begin to inflict low wages and long hours when they become employers themselves, because, beside the altruism which is, of course, amongst our motives, there is, and ever will be, strong and active the egoism on the belief in which an older economy was based. The co-operators have only to realise—as they will, we hope, at once—that it is no more to their own best interests than it is to their reputation to ill-treat their employés for this fault to meet with a natural We will not pretend to dictate to the cooperative societies precisely how they ought to deal with this problem; but as friendly outsiders we may express an opinion. It does seem to us that some system of profit-sharing or bonuses given to their employés would be more in harmony with the ideals of the early co-operators. They must take care not to follow the example of the Shakers and other American Communistic societies, which started to live the perfect life, and have become economically little more than close capitalistic oligarchies, treating their employés much as do other capitalist employers. As it is, their action may indicate in a small way one of the dangers of a Socialistic commonwealth.

It is important, we think, to dwell on these questions of principle in connection with co-operation, because, to speak plainly, we notice that at Bristol this week there was a tendency amongst some co-operators to play a little with Socialism. This was an unwitting rather than a purposeful tendency, and it was due mainly to that confusion of ideas between aims and methods to which we have more than once called attention. Here is the very point at once called attention. Here is the very point at which co-operators will need to be on their guard. One member, Mr. Tutt, read a paper on social problems, in which he compared Socialism and co-operation, with this result: "So far," he said, "as each body is trying to improve the conditions of life of the workers, to bring about a more equitable distribution of wealth, to get rid of the evils of competition, to supersede the system of individual interests by one of united interests, to minimise poverty, and to teach men that they are all minimise poverty, and to teach men that they are all members of a human family, their aims are identi-This statement forcibly illustrates some remarks which we made in a recent article. It is a comparison of aims but not a comparison of means, and we repeat and agree with Mr. Tutt, that if it is right to describe this statement of aims as Socialism, we might all be called Socialists in that sense. But Socialism is something more, and it is very important for all of us to be clear in our minds that a man may be as advanced a democrat as you please, and yet not be a Socialist. Socialism is a positive scientific system, and when its methods come into action as apart from its professed aims, it is even subversive of some of the first principles of democracy. Its economics are utterly at variance with those of the co-operative movement. One of its bottom principles, for example, is a theory of surplus value, which, if applied to a distributive co-operative store, with its employés and members, would bring the structure tumbling in admired confusion to the ground. The main difference between Liberalism, which is the creed of all true co-operators, and Socialism is that the former has been leading the British masses on the road of political and social progress for years; so that now, politically and socially, the British masses are far ahead of those of any other country in the world, and to-day it is leading them along that road with surer and more rapid strides than ever; whereas Socialism has just come over from Germany, the land of Kaiserism and militarism, and invites them to step off that path and follow the Continental proletariat into the revolutionary wilderness. Both profess to be making for the same goal; but while by Liberalism—by pursuing the path along which progress has already been made—the people will get there, the first step in the direction of Socialism,

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properly so-called, would be the beginning of a career of retrogression and disaster. Misuse of the terms "individualist" and "collectivist" is answerable for a good deal of the confusion that has arisen -much of what is really included in the idea of individualist Radicalism being appropriated amongst the collectivist baggage, and flourished before bewildered eyes as Socialism. For a useful object-lesson on all this matter we would direct the attention of English working-men to a feature of the International Miners' Congress at Brussels this week. There the plea of the Austrian and German delegates was: "It is all very well for you English to talk of what you can do by combination and self-help, but we have no combination, we dare not hold public meetings, we dare not organise, we have no free press, we have not the franchise." In other words, these men are as yet without political liberty, and for men so situated, who want political and social liberty all at once, Socialism, or anything revolutionary and crude, is a natural policy. The British working-classes are just about a century in advance of these men, and the proposition of Socialism is that they should go back and put themselves in the same place. This would be turning back the hand of progress even more than a century, for it may not be out of place to mention that, according to collectivist thinkers themselves, human nature will not be ethically fit for the Socialist state of society for at least five hundred years. It would take twenty Montesquieus, said Proudhon, to devise the new constitution. We have Montesquieus who will devise you a complete new scheme of society in the course of twenty minutes. But they belong to that class of professors of "inflated promises" referred to by Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden on Monday, by whose blandishments, we agree with him in believing, British working-men are not likely to be misled.

FINANCE.

AGAIN this week the City has been disturbed by alarmist rumours. One was to the effect that houses engaged in the Australian trade are in difficulties. As yet the rumour has not been confirmed, but it is only too probable. Indeed, it is hardly credible that such a series of banking disasters could occur without involving commercial firms in embarrassment. The anxiety so created was intensified by a fall in the shares of the Trustees', Executors', and Securities Insurance Corporation. Holders anxious to sell and unable to find purchasers, in several instances gave away their shares for nothing, and in instances actually paid money to free themselves from the liability, which amounts to £7 per share. The Corporation was founded about 5½ years ago. In its early days it actively promoted other Trusts, and it will be recollected that it took a leading part in the efforts to assist Messrs.de Murrieta and Co. It is alleged that it has given guarantees right and left, and that it holds large amounts of discredited securities. The allegations are denied by the officials of the Corporation.

The political and financial situation in Greece adds to the general uneasiness. In the confident belief that a loan would be raised, there was a wild speculation in Greek bonds for several months both on the Continent and in London. When the negotiations broke down, and the Tricoupis Cabinet resigned, there was a very serious fall, involving the speculators in extremely heavy losses. Now there are general fears that the July interest on the debt will not be paid. The crisis in Italy also accentuates the disquiet; and people are asking, in spite of the firmness of the market for Spanish bonds, how long the default of Spain can be postponed. More serious still is the anxiety felt respecting the crisis in the United States. Since the Bank of

England rate of discount has gone up from 21 to 4 per cent., gold has been received in very large amounts from New York, and it is probable that it will continue to be exported for some time yet. This makes people apprehensive of a flurry in the New York Money Market. The New York Associated Banks have kept themselves very strong, and the Money Market there is less disquieted might naturally have been anticipated. But the Treasury is in a most embarrassed position. Its reserve is once more below the legal limit, and the natural fear is that, in endeavouring to replenish it, the Secretary of the Treasury may cause serious perturbation in the Money Market. Various rumours about President Cleveland's action have had a momentary vogue, indicating the prevalent distrust. Owing to all this, the recovery which set in upon the Stock Exchange here in the middle of last week came to a sudden end upon Tuesday, and since then there has been grave depression. At the last settlement several firms received assistance in the hope that prices would rise again; but as prices have not risen, and as the next settlement will begin on Monday, the securities taken over from those firms have been thrown upon the market, and so have intensified the depression.

At the beginning of the week there was a tendency amongst bankers and bill-brokers to look favourably upon the prospects of the Money Market, and to take bills somewhat below the Bank rate. But the revival of apprehension has once more sent up rates, and both bankers and bill-brokers are practising more caution. The arrival of gold both from New York and from the Continent has rendered it unnecessary to raise the Bank rate again. Probably the 4 per cent. rate will prove sufficient, if no unforeseen accidents occur. The Bank is not only much stronger than it was, but very soon now the gold which was sent to Scotland at the beginning of the month will begin to come back again, and so will increase its strength, while the forced sales upon the Stock Exchange have lessened the demands for loans from Stock Exchange firms. If distrust continues, of course, rates will be maintained, but at any revival of confidence the market will become easy. The price of silver fell on Wednesday to 3s. 7\(\frac{3}{2} \)d. per ounce, and is likely to go lower -firstly, because of the crisis in the United States; secondly, because of the fear that the Indian mints may be closed; and thirdly, because the active export season from India is now drawing to a close. But while silver has declined, the price of India Council drafts has been fairly well maintained, for the rates of discount and interest are high in India, and Indian bankers, to take advantage of that, are buying Council telegraphic transfers, which gives them money in India almost immediately. Yet Indian bankers are not buying very freely, for in the present state of distrust in the City no one cares to have bills of his in circulation to any large amount. The Council, therefore, on Wednesday sold only about two-thirds of the drafts offered for tender.

THE FRENCH ADVANCE IN SIAM.

YELLOW is the official colour of Siam, and Mr. J. McCarthy, Superintendent of Surveys for the Siamese Government, is famous for the freedom with which he spreads it over the boundary maps he draws. A French chargé d'affaires in Bangkok once remarked after looking over one of these productions, "Mr. McCarthy may paint the whole peninsula yellow if he likes, but he only makes me a great deal of trouble." These words may be said to typify the French attitude towards Siam for a long time past. Whatever the Siamese did or did not do, the representatives of France had a perfectly definite policy, and they were going to carry it out. The very confident and genial M. Pavie prepared the way, first unofficially and then

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officially; a French merchant, M. Macey, distributed nice little tricolors up and down the Mekong on a more or less bogus trading trip; and it was perfectly well understood that M. de Lanessan was appointed Governor-General because he was supposed to be just the man to pursue a "forward" policy. For a time the French worked in the dark on their own side of the boundary; now they have crossed it, and the eyes of both East and West are upon them. The necessary excuse has been found or made, French and Siamese soldiers have come into conflict, a French gunboat is said to be in the Menam, and a blockade of Bangkok is actually talked of. The situation is sufficiently grave, and very little is known in England of the local circumstances and conditions. As I have made a special study of Siamese politics on the spot, and have even acted, unofficially, but by request, as intermediary between a British representative and the Siamese Government, I may perhaps venture to speak with some confidence on the matter.

To begin with, the French believe two things first, that the upper valley of the Mekong is a highly fertile country, which would populate itself again under a stable rule, and become a territory of great intrinsic value; and second, that it would enable them to intercept the trade of Southern China and the districts south of that. There is much more foundation for the latter of these beliefs than for the former. Two British agents have recently explored the valley of the Mekong-Mr. W. J. Archer the northern part, and Mr. Beckett the southern part. Mr. Beckett' report has not yet been published, and it would probably be of rather a confidential nature at the present moment, but Mr. Archer's descriptions deal very roughly with French hopes. He speaks of the supposition of the French commercial classes that "there is a great possible market for French goods in a country which offers absolutely no such prospect." And as for the long-dreamed-of highway to Southern China, it must be well known to the French agents on the spot that the Mekong is not a navigable river. One of their gunboats which tried it lies decaying on a sandbank, and, in spite of the native tradition that one of the Siamese kings got up the river with his forces by building a canal round the principal rapids, there does not seem the remotest prospect that the Mekong will ever be open to what we mean by practical navigation. The Siamese Commissioner at Luang Prabang told a French traveller who was assuring him of the navigability of the river that as soon as the first steamers arrived he would build for them all the wharves they wanted at his own expense.

These points, however, though vital to the success of the whole enterprise, have little to do with the question immediately at issue, which is, first, the rights of the French to the territory they are claiming; and second, the ability of the Siamese to protect themselves from encroachment. As for the French rights, they may be quite simply said to have no existence whatever. There is not a shadow of ground for the claim that the left bank of the Mekong belongs by right to Annam. It has for so long been administered by the Siamese that, by the unwritten international statute of limitations, it must be regarded as belonging to them. By administered I do not mean that it has been directly and minutely governed from Bangkok, because it is at a great distance, the authority of the King of Siam has always been of the vaguest description in distant parts of his kingdom, and the tribes along the southern parts of the river are of a turbulent character, who would resent forcibly any attempt at detailed authority. But they have always regarded themselves as belonging to Siam, and a Government passport from Bangkok has always sufficed to procure the traveller assistance without which he would have been hardly able to get from place to place. The French cannot answer the challenge to produce a tittle of evidence of their claim which would not b) mmediately laughed out of court. They have

therefore been obliged to fall back upon the excuse so well known to all Western nations who desire to extend their boundaries—the assertion that the Siamese, or rather the local natives, have been making incursions, and that a scientific frontier must accordingly be secured to prevent the repetition of attacks. all know quite well what this claim usually amounts to to neither more nor less than the expression of a desire to extend a frontier into another country. The restrict to extend a frontier into another country. The French have simply seen a river and green lands in front of them, and they are moving in. Their movements, moreover, have been greatly hastened of late by the commencement of the Siamese railway to Korat. This is now being pushed on—the contract having been given, in spite of every possible intrigue on the part of German officials and contractors, to Messrs. Jardine, Matheson & Co.—with remarkable energy for any Eastern nation, and it will be completed within a very creditably short time. From Korat it is intended to branch off north and east, to Nongkhai and Chompasak (which the French call Bassac), respectively. The obvious object of this direction is to finally cut off the stream of traffic flowing from the north-the direction of China (it is difficult to follow this without a map)-from Cambodia and the Mekong, and to bring it to Bangkok. Thus it has immediately become for the French a question of now or never. Hence the sudden development of this international dispute. And as if to show the seriousness of their intentions, the Siamese Government have sent two of the King's half-brothers (every Siamese minister is a half-brother of the King) to supersede the local commissioners, Prince Prachak to Nongkhai, and Prince Bijit to Chompasak. Nobody dreamed of denying the rights of the Siamese to send these officials, and when once the railway should be built it would be much too late to do so. For the moment the French are confining their demand to the left bank of the Mekong, but this is certainly only for the moment. Indeed, in the north they have not only claimed to pass the river, but have actually made good their claim, with the result that it will not be very long before the spheres of English and French interests are coterminous.

So much for the French claim. What have the So much for the French claim. What have the Siamese, now, to oppose to them? Practically nothing at all. "The Siamese army" is a mere empty expression. To all intents and purposes there is no such thing. In Bangkok foreigners are shown a few companies of infantry, admirably drilled by a Danish officer—Captain Schack—and these are moved from time to time to other points not few moved from time to time to other points not far from the capital. And the Siamese "fleet" has perhaps as many as a thousand men on board altogether, all of whom do the work of coolies. no force which would face a few hundreds of European troops for an hour, and Lord Randolph Churchill's "handful of men and a gunboat" would literally suffice for the immediate capture of Bangkok. If there really is a French gunboat in the Menam, Bangkok may be taken by the French whenever they please. Moreover, there is no leadership whatthey please. ever for any Siamese force. The King is a charming and very intelligent man, as I can testify from personal intercourse with his Majesty, but his interests have of late taken almost exclusively the direction of those of nearly all Oriental potentates, while the only one of his half-brothers who has either the knowledge or the energy to organise any kind of resistance also knows far too well the utter hopelessness of such an attempt, and the unstable character of Siamese rule everywhere, including the capital. There is, therefore, nothing but the lack of support at home for colonial enterprise, the public opinion of Europe, or the arms of England, which can give the French pause.

I have left myself little space to speak now of English interests, but they are considerable—the important trade of Siam is chiefly in our hands or to our ports; the Indian Government regards its Burmese-Siamese frontier as of great importance (and on this point there is a good deal

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that might be said of what we have already got there, and the explanation of the mysteriously passive attitude of England lately toward Siam), and finally there is the very valuable Malay Peninsula, the major part of which is nominally under Siamese suzerainty, and in which we certainly could not permit any other power to gain a footing. And besides these there is the purely tactical and diplomatic objection to allowing another great Power to establish a new empire by our side in the far East, which will some day be the scene of great events in which we shall be intimately concerned. The conclusion for Englishmen should be a simple one. Under no circumstances can the French—supposing even that they have the design, which is not at all certain—be permitted to annex Siam; and so far as the present dispute goes, there is nothing in it that cannot easily be settled by a perfectly peaceful arbitration, which the Siamese on their side would most eagerly welcome.

HENRY NORMAN.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY AT OXFORD.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has, in his time, played many parts, but he has seldom played any part with more consummate skill than that of Romanes Lecturer at Oxford.* His literary workmanship was almost perfect, though perhaps a little too laboured, and his manner, subdued, soft, touched as with the gentleness of age, was fitly mated to his style, and set off its large yet easy grace. His voice was low, too low for the Sheldonian. The majority heard with difficulty, many hardly heard at all, but it was as the voice of one who gives an episcopal benediction. So did it subdue that the undergraduate, who as a rule enters the Sheldonian to scoff, especially at dignities, either retired furtively, and as with shame of face, or remained to listen in a, for him, most unwonted mood of quiet and respect. Only once out of the topmost gallery came a soft abortive whisper as of one who would have complained, if he had only dared, that he had come to hear but heard not; but it died in coming to be, choked, as it were, in the stillness. We had difficulty in adjusting our conception of the ancient warrior and our vivid recollection of his doughtiest deeds with this image and ideal of the venerable preacher. In Oxford he had lifted up his heel against its saponaceous bishop and stretched him prone in the dust of his own diocese; but now he stood there clothed in his academic vestments, preaching with a fatherly unction which no bishop in the land could have excelled. Now and then the old irony would break out, as when he said that, "after the manner of successful persons, civilised man would gladly kick down the ladder by which he has climbed;" and "in extreme cases does his best to put an end to the fittest of former days by axe and rope." But as a rule it was a chastened Huxley who spoke, one who had himself, though only after long and heroic practice in it, "repudiated the gladiatorial theory of existence," and whose influence was directed, "not so much to the survival of the fittest as to the fitting of as many as possible to survive." old irony would break out, as when he said that,

But the substance of the lecture was in some ways as remarkable as its form. It was, indeed, as regards positive qualities, disappointing. It had intellectual distinction, but it wanted the old masterfulness, the easy play of critical and constructive faculty. was an adventure in a region where the adventurer was not quite at home. And so, while his historical parallels were forced and unreal, his philosophical positions were more theological than scientific. Indeed, one may say that the theologian showed everywhere beneath the man of science, and one had only to close his eyes and do a little simple

translation to feel as if he were listening to a veiled Augustine or a re-awakened Calvin. The contrast and conflict of the cosmic and the ethical process stated in a new form the old idea of the cities of man and of God; while as personalised in the cosmical and the ethical man they represented, with hardly a change of name, our ancient friends, the natural man and the spiritual. The cosmic process with its evil and violence and suffering was conceived quite in the manner of "Nature" in the old theology; while heredity and transmission of character—"this moral and intellectual essence of a man"—were stated in terms that recalled original sin and even sug-gested "innate depravity." Of course, there were great differences both as to the causes and the effects of these things; but the leading idea that goodness or virtue involves a course of conduct which, in all respects, is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence,"-only expressed in our peculiar modern language the notion of a natural and a supernatural life, of a depraved natural and a converted or spiritual humanity; while the final prophecy that the hope for our race lay in its beating down and triumphing over the old and "ruthless self-assertion" of nature by the new ethical manhood, was quite in the happiest vein of We have long the hortatory and hopeful divine. known the vigorous invective in which our quondam belligerent professor has excelled the more polemical schoolmen, and by the help of which he has laboured to keep his contemporaries in order; but we can now express the pleasure with which we see him among the prophets, generously indulging himself in the

"liberty of prophesying."

But it is only when we begin to analyse the actual argument of the lecture that we see how unsubstantial and unsatisfactory it all is. The opening paragraphs had promise in them, but the moment the discussion became historical, failure showed its face. The field was too limited, the induction too narrow, there was too little first-hand knowledge, and the phenomena selected were not significant enough, and did not bear the significance they were made to carry. His history both as regards India and Greece began too late. He did not deal with the Vedic and the Homeric age, or attempt to exhibit their mythology in relation either to a still earlier period or to later speculation. He did not attempt to discover the causes and conditions which determined the peculiar intellectual and ethical or religious development, whether of India or Greece. He simply used a few isolated facts to prove his thesis, with the result that the facts lost all their meaning and his thesis lost all its proof. He confined himself to the speculative asceticism of India, neglecting the much more remarkable religious, social, and political developments; yet without these the ascetic doctrines are not at all capable of being understood. So, too, for reasons of the flimsiest and most à priori order, he cut out Socrates and the Socratic schools, and represented Heraclitus and the Stoics as the legitimate and proper line of philosophical development in Greece. And this arbitrary method was emphasised by his arbitrary interpretations. He found it difficult "to discover any great differences between Apatheia and Nirvana," but there were all the differences between an ideal that grew out of a love of ordered personal and social being and an ideal which grew out of hatred to a conditioned and active The Stoic ideal was of realised being; existence. the Buddhist was of a realised quiescence, an escape from the duties and activities of Nature. fect man of the Stoic was the last creation and achievement of merit, but the Buddhist's was the result of merit studiously renounced and evaded. The parallels were made false by being forced, and the history was altogether misread, especially at the points where its meaning was most vital. For if Professor Huxley had read either India or Greece aright, he would have found that it had not been reserved to "modern thought" to make "a fresh

^{*} The Romanes Lecture, 1893: Evolution and Ethics. Thomas H. Huxley, F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co.

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start from the base whence Indian and Greek philosophy set out." This fresh start was made both by India and by Greece—in the one case by the Buddha whose meaning he so elaborately misconceived; in the other case by the schools he so whimsically cut out from his history. For they were both creations and exponents much more of what he has called "the ethical process" than of the "cosmical;" and we have but to regard them from this point of view in order to turn his argument right round about. We may, indeed, imagine some future Romanes lecturer describing the evolution of the ethical process in the ancient world, and its counteraction, if not supersession, of the cosmical, somewhat thus:—

"It is very remarkable that alike in the Vedic and the Homeric age we have, as it were, the primordial conflict of cosmic forces continued, idealised, indeed, and personalised as gods and men, yet so little pene-trated and governed by ethical laws that they seem only to perpetuate the violences and brutalities of the struggle for existence. In both cases the fiercest passions are freely expressed and indulged; there is a wrath alike in gods and men that takes pleasure in sending the souls of heroes down to Hades. We are in the presence of elemental forces, even though their form or vehicle be man. But some centuries later we discover that an extraordinary change has passed over both peoples; man has so progressed, and the ethical qualities that were once only as latent potentialities within him have so developed, that he is more influenced and governed by personal character and moral ideals than by cosmical forces. Thus in India Buddha arises, conditioned indeed as a thinker by the systems that had been before and were around him; but the significant thing is not the doctrines he has in common with these or deduces from them, it is what he himself is and appears and comes to be to his people. He embodies an ethical ideal; pity rules him, he sympathises with all suffering, lives and teaches as one whose mission it is to bear sorrow and create a brotherhood where love reigns and no man looks on his own things, but endeavours to do to others as he would have others do to him. Love of this man and his ethical ideals spreads like a new spirit of life through many peoples. Millions revere him, worship him as deity, do him homage by obedience, become possessed of the passion to live as he lived and serve as he served both man and beast. And the passion was no ephemeral thing, but has been in an extraordinary degree persistent—an enthusiasm that has for more than two thousand years seized and commanded the consciousness of whole peoples. And this instructive evolution of the ethical process as the contrary and corrective of the cosmical has its counterpart in Greece. Speculation had there started as physical, and attempted to interpret man and his universe in the terms of Nature, but soon discovered the barrenness of this method and, invoking the aid of man, began the attempt to read Nature through mind rather than mind through Nature. The man who illustrates this change is Socrates, and the remarkable thing is that through him the ideal of manhood is changed not only for Greece, but for the Western world. Achilles ceases to be the ideal Greek, his wrath remains a thing for the epic; but for the life that has to be lived the perfect man is the man who loves virtue and seeks to know and to follow it. The ideal person is ethical, and he attains a power in shaping character and guiding the destinies of man such as no epical hero, whether the wrathful Achilles, or the kingly Agamemnon, or the far-travelled and sage Odysseus, ever achieved. Thus we see that in the development of man the cosmical process is so succeeded and superseded by the ethical that the evils and brutalities incident to the one are ever being corrected and counterworked by the beneficences evoked and evolved by the other. Up to a given point the natural forces are the most masterful within man and for him; beyond that point the masterliness passes to the moral and the human."

Now we maintain that this reading of the his-

tories by our supposed future lecturer would be truer to nature and to fact than was Professor Huxley's. It recognises the realities of the two situations, which is something incalculably more than his exposition did. But his historical inter-pretation was not the only thing at fault; his speculative construction was the same. It was a curious thing to hear so distinguished an exponent of evolution make out of his two processes two antitheses. If evolution means anything, the ethical process must be as strictly natural as the cosmical—i.e., be as legitimate and real a result of the operation of the aboriginal cause. Professor Huxley came dangerously near the edge of the old dualism of pattern and the of the old dualism of nature and the super-natural, if he did not fall bodily over the cliff. What we wanted was to see how he connected his twofold process with its antagonistic character and tendency, with the primary cause and later factors of evolution. If, as he long ago taught us to believe, there is a teleology from which even evolution cannot escape, then the development of the ethical is no accident; and if it comes out in the process, and a process which only evokes the potentialities latent in the seed or original germ, then it must have been contained in the beginning, or bosom in which lay hid all the seeds of all the fruits that were yet to come to be. And if this be so, then the ethical process implies an ethical cause; and as the cycle of cosmical change broadens into a world of moral being it but signifies that it starts from a point or source which cannot be described in mere cosmical terms, but is only truly denoted and defined when made to include the ethics as well as the physics that were to We hopefully wait the next step in the evolution of the Professor's mind.

IN UNDERGRADUATE LAND.

MAY 24TH.—I have just re-read your tissue of reproaches about my silence. My dear, I sit in sackcloth (really I might as well with such a dressmaker-if you could only see the pocket she has put in my last gown you would say it was a gaping invitation to Autolycus). My head is still swimming with the dissipations of a seat of learning. You do not know what it is to have a younger brother at Oxford; to visit him in the springtime and see the "barbarians all at play;" to bask in the homage of undergraduates, and entangle the dons in scholarly flirtations; to recline on cushions in a punt, and fancy you are Cleopatra swaying the soul of an athletic young Antony in striped flannel, who performs prodigies of skill on the winding Cherwell in Magdalen's leafy shade; to simulate ecstatic glee when the college "eights" are striving to bump one another, and victory is celebrated by wild youths sparsely clad as to the legs, of which the muscular contour is set off by blood-red socks looking as though they had waded in the gore of the stricken foe, amidst a maddening din of bells and rattles; to picnic in snug little nooks where the glint of a scarlet sunshade plays the sentinel of a *tête-à-tête*; to wander through quad and cloister by moonlight and inhale the placid philosophy which is the native atmosphere of ancient buttress and solemn monument. A woman in her time plays many parts, and I am not sure that the character of elder sister to an undergraduate does not set off my perfections to the best advantage. The higher faculties are well employed amongst the senior Dons, and the lighter graces are lavished on the boys. I have progressed so far in the goodwill of one ecclesiastical Head that he has lent me his manuscript sermons-immensely learned discourses on the authority of the Church, which would make your head ache even if you curled your hair with them. Then I have quite won the heart of timid adolescence in the person of my brother's particular friend by praising his imitation of the cuckoo. He was so overawed by my regal appearance that he sat in a boat tongue-tied for half a day, and never uttered an intelligible sound till we went ashore for lunch, when he stole away behind a tree, and gave vent to his feelings in the notes of his favourite bird. Harold whispered to me gravely, "That's Sidney: he's made quite a study of the cuckoo. He can hiss like a swan, too, but I think his cuckoo is the best." So when the bashful Sidney reappeared, I said, "Oh, did you hear the cuckoo just now? It was so sweet. I think his voice is lovely a little limited in range, perhaps, but then it is so "Sidney is the cuckoo," shouted Harold. "Is it possible?" I exclaimed. "Why, I thought it was the real bird. Do let us hear it again!" So for the next half-hour he disappeared at intervals behind a tree and repeated the performance. We became the greatest friends: he regaled me with ornithological lore, and I made him the repository of sparkling confidences, such as that one of the gigantic stone heads which surround the Sheldonian Theatre strongly resembled Mr. Burnand, a secret which nearly caused him to burst with hilarious mystery.

Did you ever observe how superior an elderly sister is to the average parent and guardian? The air at Oxford was heavily charged with the paternal and maternal element. Flocks of fathers timorously browsed on the unaccustomed pasture of farmer—a great hearty fellow, with a big brown beard—grow smaller and smaller as he listened to the edifying conversation of his nephew, a trim youth with budding whisker, who spoke familiarly of Plato and slightingly of Shakespeare. "Naw, really! said the uncle from time to time, in a rich accent of wonder, as the fruits of this surprising wisdom were spread before him. Now the discip-linary charm of the elder sister is that she is not to be imposed upon in this fashion, and I received Harold's attempts to unfold his classical acquirements with such severely dignified interest that a Professor remarked in my hearing, "Upon my word, some of these women would like to chaperone our Alma Poor man, that gibe cost him dear! He will remember the water-party to Islip as long as he lives. Figure me, my dear, in my maddest humour, sculling in the sun till my nose contributed a rosy tint to the landscape, hunting along the river's brink at luncheon-time for an ideal place to cool the cucumber and the bottles, which the Professor carried in each hand, at the imminent risk of stumbling into the stream. We strolled into the village at Islip, and found the holiday-makers listening sluggishly to the strains of two bands. Brass played a sepulchral waltz, to which Corydon and Phyllis responded with a mournful motion which would have convinced the elders of a Highland kirk that dancing was a solemn function. Fife and drum, in a uniform of brilliant yellow, serenaded the local magnate, who stood in his doorway with his family, manfully discharging the most arduous of his social obligations. "Property," said the Professor, "has its duties as well as its rights—this is one of its duties." "And here is another," I remarked, as we descried a gipsy woman who had set up her cocoa-nuts in the market place, and was offering the joys of "Aunt Sally" to the villagers, hanging bashfully aloof. That gipsy had a sense of humour, and entered at once into the situation. "Half-way for the ladies!" she shouted; but I disdained this meretricious advantage, and sent the ball rattling amongst the sticks. In an instant my Professor stepped out of the dis-guise of a University fellowship, and revealed himself in all the glory of a British sportsman. We bowled away at the cocoa-nuts till we were tired, amidst wild blasts of untutored melody from the brass band, and plaudits in the vernacular from a gentleman who wore a batting pad on his left leg, and had apparently been snatched from the cricket-field to carry round the milk.

Well, the last incident of an eventful day took a

highly sentimental cast. We walked through the college lanes in the moonlight, and my Professor was very silent, and my ear caught the least suspicion of a sigh. We talked in a fitful way of architecture, and stood entranced by the view of some lovely spires which seemed to melt into the deep blue of the heavens. I know you are laughing at this, but nothing ever touches my susceptibilities so much as the outline of an aged turret under the stars. my Professor made a declaration which was the most remarkable I have ever received. "When I—I stand here," he said, "I think of Matthew Arnold. Do you know the passage? 'Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene! And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the lost enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection—to beauty in a word, which is only truth seen from another side?" Child, were you ever wooed with a quotation like this? For a moment I felt a little distrust of a compliment which suggested the enchantments of middle age, but I really believe my Professor was sincere. He is an excellent man, and yet I don't think my heart is likely to be embalmed amongst his classics.

WHIT-MONDAY AT HAMPTON COURT.

AMPTON COURT Park is a pleasance of avenues.

The affectation which had The affectation which lurks in this definition is wholly suitable, for the Park is itself an affectation. Nature's gait has here been ordered by a prim law, and her features brought into a fixed smile. these rows of limes and elms were first planted, they must have looked very ridiculous-like a free-limbed hoyden suddenly borne up by a posture-master. But age and custom have withered away the acquired stiffness of their youth, and made stale with an infinite variety of individual bulk and outline their There seems to be no wilfulness linear disposition. of man which Nature is unable to adopt—great-hearted, artistic, non-moral, nothing to her is not legitimate; of the academic affectation of Hampton Court Park she has made, with time and leisure, a bland and gracious don, who is also a man of the world. Or, if you like, the affectation has become so extravagant as to be sublime. Scratch a Russian, and you find a Calmuck; but you would require to cut down these lofty elms and lindens, leaving only rows of stumps, before their mathematical arrangement would offend.

Whit-Monday comparatively few visitors On Whit-Monday comparatively lew visitors entered by the little gate at Hampton Wick, while the Hampton Court entrance was thronged all day. Indeed, on the first day of the freedom of the Park the public seemed but little interested in their new pleasure-ground until well on in the afternoon. More than a dozen people were seldom visible at a time in the avenues and spaces of the Park proper, and most of these were walking through at a business-like pace to the gardens and pictures of the Palace. One or two lounged and watched, contented with the ease and breadth of the green turf and the green trees, and entertained by the brilliant manœuvres of the summer sunshine which moved about the Park in deep squares and silent regiments, detaching troops in single files to explore the elmtree shades, or to lie in careless ambush gleaming among the oaks and chestnuts. White clouds, gems of the purest water, inlaid the blue sky; the sun shone, as if through a burning glass; and a south-west wind blew fitfully. Outside, marching along the highway to Hampton, a secular band passed, playing "The Rose of Annandale"—very charming to those who remember it from the time they were children: pearls can be made out of dust and ashes, and memory on a holiday can adorn the paltriest tune.

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The north avenue, three-quarters of a mile long, leads from Hampton Wick to the Palace, and this was the favourite approach for those visitors who left the train at Kingston. On the pathway the light was spilt in splashes and pools, in drops and showers. Sometimes it reached only the upper branches of the trees; sometimes the overarching boughs were so interwoven that no light came through except a dusky glow tinged with the green of the filtering leaves: a lofty green aisle, six furlongs in length, full of light and shade, and sighing and echoing to the warm south-west.

Through the Palace Gardens and through the Palace the people came and went in thousands, the ground before the east front being the favourite promenade and lounge. They formed little eddying groups about a sandstone Samson or Hercules tearing as under the jaws of a sandstone lion; they stood three deep round the pond watching the shifting rainbow on the wind-blown fountain, and the big lazy gold-fish of aldermanic bulk; they rested in companies, and families, and pairs, under the dense shade of the yews—dark old trees that rustle to no wind, hugging strange secrets in their close arms; or they admired the crescent-plots and diamond-beds of flowers—geraniums and forget-me-nots—like rare damasks and rich brocades spread on the lawns to take the sun and the wind. Some haunted the banks of the long canal-like stretch of artificial water, watching the white cups of the lilies open slowly among their broad olive leaves, and catching glimpses of the azure dragon-flies that glanced athwart and along like elfin shuttles weaving of the sunbeams and the air an invisible fabric, a fairy coverlet for the water in its

mossy bed.

In the Palace a perpetual stream of people rolled and murmured through the wilderness of pictures. Babbling, chattering, laughing, men, women and children, with hurried glances, pushed along the rooms and corridors, or sat on the broad window-sills commenting on each other. Strange amid this tramp and hubbub to speculate on the dubious Da Vincis and Titians—the "Flora" with moonflowers and sunlight in her copper-coloured hair, with a smiling secret in her eyes, but too much laughter and promise in her mouth; the "Lucrece" with hidden face, sheathing "in her harmless breast a harmful knife," an exquisite, but almost melodramatic figure. As you walk through the court-yards and round the Palace the buzz and murmur issuing from every wide open window is like that of a gigantic public school: the house which the despotic king took from the despotic cardinal has passed to the democracy, not yet despotic.

Without the Palace gates, a fine vulgar bustle and hurly-burly roared and rumbled. Hampton Green was turned into a skipping-rope rink, with troops of giggling screaming girls; and a compact fair bordered it. An endless succession of vehicles bowled past to Kempton Park races; throngs jostled across the bridge in clouds of dust; boys and men and women bellowed through toy trumpets, and those who were without trumpets screeched of their love for Daisy and their aspirations for a honeymoon trip on a "bicycle made for two;" cries and laughter came from the river; high above the riot, larks with sinewy wings soared out of sight showering their diamond notes; the sun went west in a golden haze, and right in the zenith the moon glistened faintly, a filmy half-disc, as if the Thames, like a Venice looking-glass, had caught the sun's reflection and flashed it back on the blue ceiling of heaven.

GIRLS, AMERICAN AND FRENCH.

THERE is, of course, no product of the Great Republic which the male foreigner of any taste who visits Chicago will be more anxious to study than the American girl. It is doubtless with this

fact in his mind's eye that Monsieur C. de Varigny has just presented his countrymen with a timely volume, "La Femme aux Etats Unis" (Paris: Colin), a volume in which, as is fitting, the girl rather than the woman plays the leading part. Every adventurous French traveller will now be able to manceuvre by the light of this work when he carries his fascinations into these new realms of the fair. Let us hope that the American girl will prove adequate in defence against him. We fancy she will. We have read M. de Varigny's observations with anxiety to discover if he has any really straight tip to reveal for conducting the siege of her, and we can safely say he has not. He does not once mention Huylers; and as well expect to take Paris without gunpowder and shells as to capture an American girl without Huylers. (Huylers, perhaps we ought to explain for the unlearned, has now passed into usage with the maidenhood of Fifth Avenue as a generic term for "candies" or sweetmeats, derived by metonymy from a fashionable emporium in Madison Square where these confec-tions are sold. O venusta filia Samueli avunculi nostri! (American Latin can alone do justice to the feelings here inspired.) O bewildering and candid (not to say candied) enigma! O sophisticated innocent! How thou art misunderstood! One day a devoted knight must break a lance to thy glory, for of a verity these casuals know thee not and present a portrait which, as thou wouldst put it in thine own vernacular, is "out of sight" for injustice. . . . M. de Varigny's views are, nevertheless, very interesting. He has seen the American girl through

a refracting medium—the prejudices and suscep-tibilities of an intelligent foreigner—and this in itself is piquant. He has seen her galloping in Amazonian cavalcades along the ladies' mile of Central Park. He has seen her practising the great art of flirtation at Newport and Bar Harbour. He has seen, or he has heard (for this is not quite so true as it is supposed to be) that it is the young girl who queens it over Society. He has come back profoundly impressed with the freedom and power she enjoys and the ability with which she power she enjoys and the ability with which she manages her position. His chapter on flirtation rises to the level of a philosophical treatise. Flirtation, "which is to love what the preface is to the book, to passion what fencing is to the duel," he declares to be the finishing of the American girl's education, and he describes her going in for her course of flirtation with the most serious in for her course of flirtation with the most serious purpose. Other girls may flirt for fun (they have been known to do so), but she takes in hand this two-edged sword "with the sagacity of a precocious experience and the conviction that on the use she makes of it, on the choice on which her fancy settles, will depend the happiness of her life." dictates that choice for her and she is fully aware of her responsibility. She takes care in forming her court to eliminate whomsoever it may seem fit to her, to admit no one to the number of her followers who does not seem to possess the conditions she would like to see united in a husband. She then, by means of flirtation, skilfully draws out her suitors and informs herself of the various qualities of each—the harmony of tastes and ideas which may exist between her and him, the depth and sincerity of his sentiments, his intellectual and moral value. "La flirtation pourvoit à tout cela et lui permet tout cela." It is a truly wonderful thing in such hands: "Sous une forme mélancholique ou enjouée s'échangent aveux et confidences, entretiens enjouee's echangent aveux et confidences, entretiens tendres et sérieux, se dessinent les charactères, les volontés, les aspirations." While she, "an able tactician," excels "in calming impatiences, in encouraging without binding, in discouraging without rupturing." She even makes a prudent sounding on the money question. Flirtation provides for that also. "Between two sentimental phrases pied with the protections from Toppyson on Longfellow she will quotations from Tennyson or Longfellow she will glide a question—as a sister, a friend who is in-terested in him and in his future—on the actual situation of the young man, his chances of fortune,

his expectations. In a few sittings she will know all it is important for her to know, and she can decide whether she ought to encourage him or not. With such a perfect system of selection, the only wonder is that there are any unsatisfactory marriages in America at all, or that the "divorce mill" any occupation. Flirtation under these circumstances is, of course, a national institution—it was guaranteed to America, says M. de Varigny, Declaration of Independence; for one of the rights of man therein defined is that of the "pursuit of happiness." "Flirtation being one of the means of "Flirtation being one of the means of attaining this end, the temporary intimacy which it creates between young people is accepted and respected." One need not, therefore, be surprised to hear that "some ingenious tradesmen at Newport. Atlantic City, Bar Harbour, and Long Branch, have founded on this national institution a profitable speculation. It consists in letting to young couples in quest of seclusion a vast parasol, whose long handle, armed with an iron point, may be stuck into the sand. This parasol protects them against the rays of the sun and discreetly shelters them from the gaze of the curious. Beneath this gigantic mushroom you generally perceive only two little feet daintily shod and two masculine extremities; sometimes also, but more rarely, a supple waist encircled by a manly arm. Encouraged by success the Atlantic City speculator has levelled, on a platform overlooking the beach, a long terrace of sand, where the lovers may behold, without being seen themselves, the panorama of the sea rolling at their feet." We should like to hear some American girls of our acquaintance discussing these impressions of their country over a little repast (to which they might allow us to bid them) of Huylers and ice-cream.

Not less entertaining in its own way is the manner in which M. de Varigny's disquisitions on the American girl have been received by the brothers, lovers, and fathers of the French jeune fille. are dreadfully shocked. M. de Varigny is a traveller, he has been under the spell of the American girl, and consequently his opinions are a bit tainted with heresy. He admires the young lady, and has even ventured upon the suggestion that one day the jeune fille may come to adopt some of her ways. at-home Frenchmen a more awful subversionary idea could not be propounded. "What!" exclaims one of M. de Varigny's critics, M. Adolph Brisson, "French mothers abdicate their authority and their surveillance! Let go their hold of these tender fledglings whom they have taken so much trouble to bring up, whom they have protected with so much zeal against exterior dangers, whose innocence they have so jealously guarded! Never! You will never abolish that immemorial prejudice which wishes that the mother should take her daughter by the hand and lead her, without quitting her for a single step, until the threshold of marriage is crossed." Brisson grows very warm indeed on this theme, and incidentally his language is an interesting revelation of one of the strongest sentiments of the French people—one of those which observers who derive their notions of France chiefly from its politics or its Parisian boulevards are apt to overlook —for M. Brisson is a typical Frenchman; he is the editor of a weekly review, and a son-in-law of M. Sarcey. M. de Varigny praises the energy of young American women, who are ready to pack up their trunks and leave father and mother, possibly never to see them again, in order to follow a husband from city to city, or from country to country. This may be favourable to the struggle for life, but in M. Brisson's eyes it evidences an indifference which freezes his heart. "No doubt," he says, "Greuze's little girl who bursts into tears when she is carried away by her husband as she casts a last look at her virginal chamber, is rather foolish and sentimental; but to me she is more sympathetic than the virago who goes forth, whip in hand, song on lip, without glancing back at the paternal garden (!!) . . . I love the French fashion; I love the uneasy

solicitude of our mothers, the precautions of our good fellows of fathers; their circumspect and important airs, once a matrimonial project is on the tapis; their anxiety not to be too far away from their children, and to secure for them a wellfeathered nest. That may be ridiculous; but it is sweet, warming, consoling. Perish the positivist philosophy, perish colonial politics, but long live the sentiment of family and the religion of the hearth! And mark you, it may well be said, we have these instincts in the blood!" This is very touchingly expressed, and assuredly the sentiment has been the preserving salt of French national life. We only hope M. Brisson's belief in its indestructibility is well-founded. Other observers of French symptoms, we are sorry to think, are not so confident. Gyp's Loulou, a sort of gamin of a girl, knowing, sophisticated, and considerably emancipated from parental control, is nowadaysa type—a type which frequently takes the place in the Faubourg St. Germain of the somewhat stately jeune fille trained in a former day in the aristocratic convents. Even Ouida encountered and noted this type before Gyp did. According to M. Anatole France the ingénues of Greuze are palling on the French palate. He declares that parental authority is weakening, even amongst the famous bourgeoisie.

The bourgeois family has ceased to be the great educator in vigorous virtue that it once was. no longer bring up our children well. We no longer know how to impose or to submit to obedience." With his usual perspicacity he lays his finger on the cause. "In losing the ancient faith we have lost the wont of that long look backward which is called respect." The religion of the hearth and the religion of the altar manifestly go together.

THE OPERA.

SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS has begun his opera season as the Turks in their best days used to begin an attack—with the whole of their available forces, that is to say; so that to see one Turk was, according to a proverb of the time, to see ten thousand. In former times the first week of an operatic campaign was little more than a promise of more important things to come. This year, however, the manager, like the givers of feasts in ancient Galilee, has at the outset offered his very best. Already one new opera and two new tenors have been presented to the public; while in the prima donna department we had in the very first week the opportunity of hearing on two successive nights Giulia Ravogli and Calvé, Sigrid-Arnoldson and Melba.

Of the two new tenors, one—Signor Vignas—was already known in England, though he now sings for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera. The other -M. Alvarez-is a Frenchman, apparently of Spanish origin. He is young, but without the ardour of In the part of Faust he sang intelligently and with good expression; but the dramatic side of the impersonation left much to be desired. If M. Alvarez, in his demeanour towards the Margaret of the evening (no less charming an artist than Madame Melba), was somewhat cold, this can scarcely be said of Signor Vignas in regard to his attitude towards Elsa (again that perfect vocalist Madame Melba), in the most generally admired of all Wagner's operas. It has been objected to the Lohengrin of Signor Vignas, and with some show of reason, that it is too passionate. The Knight of the Swan makes love, indeed, to Elsa with a fervour scarcely becoming on the part of the Keeper of the Holy Grail. There is some truth in the charge. In his representation of Lohengrin, the Spanish tenor has apparently been influenced by his own Turiddu. He has impersonated that village Don Juan so often and with so much success, that probably, for some time to come, his different creations will all present a certain resemblance to Turiddu. In like manner a painte lions th whatev less stri

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a painter, spoken of by Heine, painted so many red lions that after a time every picture he produced, whatever the subject, bore a resemblance, more or less striking, to a red lion.

But the comparative value of the two new tenors (both exceptionally good) is a matter of only secondary importance. The great event of the first week of the season has been the production of the new opera, I Pagliacci, by the young composer named Leoncavallo; which has made such a mark as, since Carmen, no other work has left, with the single exception of La Cavalleria Rusticana, by Leoncavallo's fellow-countryman and fellow-student, Mascagni. Signor Sonzogno, the eminent Milanese music-publisher—rival of the still more eminent Ricordi in the same line of business—seems, in establishing an annual prize for the best Italian opera, to have founded, without aiming at anything so important, a new Italian school. Signor Leoncavallo's Pagliacci is quite in the manner of Signor Mascagni's Cavalleria Rusticana, and by no means, therefore, in the style of any earlier Italian opera. The new school of opera among the Italians demands, in the first place, a highly dramatic libretto; and this must be set to music in such a manner as not to check in the least degree the rapidity of the action. Conse-quently, airs and duets in several movements and repetitions generally are proscribed. So, we find, are concerted pieces which almost of necessity delay the progress of the drama. The endless declamation, moreover, of Wagner and his too numerous imitators, is replaced by "continuous melody" in the true sense of the words. The music of I Pagliacci, like that of La Cavalleria Rusticana, is tuneful and singable from beginning to end; but the course of the piece is never stopped for the sake of a song. Both in Leoncavallo's opera, and in the one opera by Mascagni that has been produced with genuine success, the three unities have been strictly observed. How, in the first place, without unity of action could there be the necessary rapidity of movement? As a matter of fact, moreover, the action, both in La Cavalleria Rusticana and I Pagliacci, is confined to the same place and almost to the same hour.

Leoncavallo's visit to London in connection with Pagliacci will soon be followed by a visit from Mascagni, who proposes to assist at the first performance of his latest opera, *I Rantzau*. Tchaï-kowsky and Saint-Saëns will be in London next week; and each will be represented by an important work at the next Philharmonic concert (June 1). Soon afterwards Boïto and Grieg will arrive; and Grieg, Boïto, Saint-Saëns, and Tchaikowsky, representing Norway, Italy, France, and Russia, will then go to Cambridge in order to receive the title of Doctor of Music. On this occasion a concert will be given under the direction of Dr. Villiers Stanford, University Professor of Music at Cambridge, at which each of the recipients of the Doctor's degree will conduct a fragment, or a complete work of his own composition. The four celebrated composers will seem to have come a long way in order to receive very little; for among our Doctors of Music are numbers of musicians, chiefly organists, who have gained the not too much coveted honour merely by passing a formal examination and sending in an exercise. In future, however, it is proposed to grant the honorary degree only to composers; and to composers, moreover, of considerable eminence. Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, Mr. Hubert Parry, Mr. Villiers Stanford, Sir Arthur Sullivan, are all Doctors of Music. Sir Arthur Sullivan, however, unlike his colleagues, has never used the title. Neither, we fancy, will either Saint-Saëns, Tchaïkowsky, Boïto, or Grieg.

The presence of M. Saint-Saëns in England cannot but awaken regret in connection with his adlong way in order to receive very little; for among our

not but awaken regret in connection with his admirable opera of Samson and Delilah, which, the subject being biblical, cannot for that reason be played in England. The fact should surely count for something that the composer treats his theme in all seriousness and from a high point of view. In one of the pantomimes produced last Christmas,

Noah, his sons and daughters, and all the animals out of the ark, were represented on the stage in by no means a serious spirit, yet without shocking the public and without, it is believed, the least injury to faith or morals. If such incidents as these may be treated comically on our stage, why not the story of Samson and Delilah seriously?

THE DRAMA.

ELEANORA DUSE.

REAT art is so rare that one's little stock of encomiastic superlatives becomes mouldy from The opportunity has now come for giving it an airing. For Signora Eleanora Duse is, beyond all cavil, a great artist. She comes before an English audience under immense disadvantages. She speaks a language which very few of us are able to follow on the stage. She brings a great reputation from America and in the trial of the stage. tion from America-and in theatrical affairs we English like to think ourselves a Court of Appeal with power to quash the verdict of Boston and New York. She has chosen for her first appearance an old-fashioned French play, long since grown tiresome to the constant playgoer, and associated in his mind with dangerous reminiscences of Sarah Bernhardt. Hence she has been accused of imitating Sarah, or else boldly compared with Sarah, to Sarah's disadvantage.

We may as well clear our minds of this rubbish at once. Eleanora Duse is not in the least like Sarah Bernhardt in either histrionic means or method. Sarah is a complex artificial product, a strange, exotic, orchidaceous creature, given to quaint chants and cadences of voice, with a delivery alternating between breathless patter and the measured, tolling strokes of a bell. Her languorous postures, her gestures, feverish or stately, her whole plastik, are parts of an elaborate harmony. What she aims at is beauty. Now Signora Duse's aim is truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. She is absolutely natural and sincere. Her gestures are not in stage arabesques and "lines Her gestures are not in stage arabesques and "lines of beauty," but in the abrupt re-entrant angles of actual life. There is no trickery in her delivery, and, be it added, no witchery in her voice. Her voice, in fact, is weak. It lacks resonance, melody; it is often disagreeably nasal; it soon becomes hoarse. Her face—one may permit one's self these liberties in speaking of a woman of genius—is almost plain; but it reflects the minutest shades is almost plain; but it reflects the minutest shades of emotion, and it is illumined by dark eyes of piercing brilliancy. She scorns to disguise it by the hare's-foot and the rouge-pot. Her figure is insignificant. But these things do not, you will soon find, matter in the least. From head to foot the woman is a quivering plexus of nerves, and she soon sets every nerve in your body tingling in sympathy. Is not that what all great art is in sympathy. in the physiological analysis—a transference of nervous energy? I suspect also that she is an intellectual actress who can give us mind speaking to mind. That we shall know more about when she plays, as she promises to play, Ibsen's Nora. Meanwhile we have only seen her in La Dame aux Camelias, where her opportunities for attack are not through the brain so much as through the nerve centres. In the first two acts of Dumas's play she is quiet where Sarah is noisy. Hers is suppressed fire, Sarah's is uncontrolled hysteria. But what a revela-Sarah's is uncontrolled hysteria. But what a revelation of power in the third act, in the legendary scene with the elder Duval! Her passionate pleading, rising from a frightened whisper in a gradual crescendo to an agonised shriek of "Impossible, impossible!" I have seen a round dozen of more or less famous actresses in this scene, from Sarah downwards, but it has never affected me as it did on Wednesday night. As for the death-scene, it is simply a marvel of sincere, unexaggerated scene, it is simply a marvel of sincere, unexaggerated truth. There are no attitudes of studied grace on the couch, no suggestion of "Betty, give this cheek

[May 27, 1893.

a little red." The woman cowers, shivering, or coils herself up in a ball like a tired child. Watch her face as she looks at her poor wasted hands, and your heart sinks. You are gazing at the picture of despair. She throws her arms round Armand, nestles against his shoulder, with her back turned towards you; then you see her arms slowly relaxed, fall and stiffen. All is over-and you know that another great actress of romantic drama has come within your ken. she as fine in pure tragedy, as fine in comedy? They say so. We shall see. She is surrounded, as is almost inevitable in these cases of touring companies, by a crowd of mediocrities. Mediocrity in Italian is very like mediocrity in English: merely tiresome. But the Armand of the occasion, Flavio Ando, makes the best use of his chance in the fourth act. One wishes A. B. W. he had a more romantic presence.

A WEST INDIAN TRAGEDY.

WE were sitting one January evening in the verandah of a West Indian house. It had been sultry at mid-day, and sheets of rain had slipped over the peaks of the velvet-blue mountains rain that crashed like a troop of cavalry, a great deluge of tepid water that swept over the slopes of the hills, cleansing and refreshing. Presently the clouds had floated by, or had spent themselves, and the day had cleared into a soft grey afternoon, like an English afternoon in spring; and then we had driven along the roads fringed with scarlet aled trees, and broad leaved planting into a great field trees and broad-leaved plantains, into a great fold of the mountains. The air was full of the soft penetrating scent of logwood now in yellow blossom; a little breeze lifted the wet leaves and rustled the palms; the streams were brimming, and brown water poured foaming over the rocks with the sound of far-off Devonshire rivers. There was an echo of home in the air-a vague suggestion of England. Now we were sitting in the cool dark verandah; a fresh air was blowing, swift bats swung through the dusk, and the crickets chirped in a shrill chorus. The conversation drifted idly from one subject to another; presently we found ourselves discussing fate.

"Character is Fate," I said, quoting Emerson.

But Mrs. Talbot, swaying slowly to and fro in her rocking-chair, dissented. "No; at least, not always. Circumstances count for something in most people's lives; they force some natures entirely out of their bent." And then she told me the following

story:"It was about four years ago," she said, "that my brother Jim and I first came to the West Indies. We stayed at Merivale with Mr. Carew while Jim looked about him before buying an estate. Mr. Carewtold us that he had accepted an invitation to dinner for himself and us from the Mayers, who were his nearest neighbours. 'Mayer is a bad fellow,' he said, 'but Mrs. Mayer, poor creature, is harmless enough, and has a hard time.' We rode to the Mayers' house. Everything then was new to me; the emerald green sugar-canes, the patches of sweet potato and of broad-leaved koko, the little negro huts hedged in by a flame of scarlet hibiscus, the graceful star-apple trees—every leaf lined with sheeny brown—the stately mountains over which the broad blue lights slide—all these things were wonderful and delightful to me. As we 'drew near a little negro town I saw a solitary hut with a written announcement upon it, 'Little Doctor for fever, 6d.' The hut stood some way back from the road, not far from a gigantic silk-cotton tree. 'What does "Little Doctor" mean?' I asked. 'An Obeah-man.' said Doctor" mean?' I asked. 'An Obeah-man,' said Mr. Carew, 'only he does not dare call himself by his real name. He is a French negro from Hayti.' About a mile further was Harmony Hall, where the Mayers lived. It was the ordinary planter's house, with a big drawing-room that went the whole depth of the building. This room was full of cheap and horrible

nick-nacks; there was an abundance of chenille monkeys and china pugs; pincushions that represented sunflowers, or fish, or violins, or anything else that was not and could not be a pin-cushion. All the furni. ture—chairs, flowerpots, pianoforte, lamps, looking-glasses—was draped and swathed in terra-cotta or sea-green silk, and the walls were adorned with tinselled fans, china plates, and brackets. It was like a charity bazaar. In this bower sat Mrs. Mayer, a pretty faded woman, with her bleached flaxen hair elaborately frizzed and contorted. She was dressed like a fashion-plate; she had a simpering manner and a hippety-pippety laugh, and her conversation was the height of gentility—all about the Royal Family and the latest Society news in the World and Vanity Fair, which lay in a conspicuous place on one of the flimsy little tables. Her boy Victor stood beside her, a poor, thin, bloodless little boy, with long curls and his mother's pale blue eyes. He was as painfully dressed as she was, and looked like an

illustration in a tailor's advertisement.

"Presently cocktails, according to West Indian fashion, were brought in, and at the same time Mr. Mayer came in. He was a villanous-looking little man, with one cunning eye that squinted east, and one watery, cowardly eye that squinted south, and horrible, dirty, hairy hands like those of a monkey. His voice was much too big for his body. He pressed the cocktails upon us, and then, seeing the child, he called to him to come, giving meantime a quick glance at his wife, and he made the boy drink a glassful. Mrs. Mayer apparently paid no heed. She was commenting at that moment upon the well-known dislike entertained by the Princess of Wales for crinolines. At dinner Mr. Mayer made Victor bring his little chair away from his mother's side and sit by him. He plied the child with wine until the little fellow became noisy and contradictious, and finally had to be carried off to bed by one of the black servants, shouting out ugly words as he went. Mr. Mayer laughed and looked at his wife. I fancied that she was trembling, but she went on in her mincing voice asking Jim whether it really was true what the World hinted, that Lord Hugo had jilted Lady Adelaide? As we rode home that night Jim abused her, as I thought unjustly. 'That stupid woman,' he said, 'doesn't care a scrap how that wretched child of hers goes to the dogs, as long as she can fig herself out in what she imagines to be the latest fashion, and can fill her drawing-room with rubbish.' 'Poor little Victor,' said Mr. Carew; 'he's seven years old now. By the time he's fourteen he'll begin to drink himself to death as his father is doing now. Mayer's always drinking, though he's seldom actually drunk. She, poor soul, is a silly little doll of a woman who couldn't have a fly.' couldn't harm a fly.

"It was some weeks after that night that the mails brought me anxious news from home. I could not sleep, but tossed about; until, looking out of window and seeing the lovely moonlight, I dressed and slipped noiselessly out of the house. I walked down the road a long way-further than I knew at the time, for the exercise stimulated thought, and I saw nothing. When I stopped and looked about me, I had reached the great silk-cotton tree on the out-When I stopped and looked about me, skirts of the little negro town. The tree looked very gaunt with the moonlight shining full upon its huge buttressed trunk and on the branches, which were almost bare. Only a little way beyond it was the house of the 'little doctor for fever'; the other huts were hidden by a bend in the road. Suddenly I became aware of a strange, penetrating smell, an intensely horrible smell that filled the air. It came in great waves; it seemed to suspend my breath; and it turned me sick and faint with fear and loathing. I can compare it to nothing I have ever known before or since; I could fancy that hell might smell like that; it was more terrible than either death or corruption. I had not the strength to go, but for an instant I leant against one of the great folds of the silk-cotton trunk. The horrible smell passed by, and then there followed a wave of some sickly, cloying

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that swea my d bette scent. I heard a woman's voice from the closed hut cry, 'Let me out; I can't bear any more,' and I saw the door open and a figure run hastily out and along the road out of sight. I was concealed, and my view was partially hidden by the buttressed trunk, but I felt almost certain that I had recognised Mrs. Mayer. At any other time my curiosity would have been excited; but my mind was full of my own anxieties. I did not mention what I had seen to anyone.

"One morning, a few days later, when I was riding "One morning, a rew days later, when I was riding with Mr. Carew, a sudden storm of rain came up; we were near Harmony Hall, and we took shelter there. The Mayers were sitting down to breakfast. I thought that Mrs. Mayer looked weary and pale, but she was dressed with as much care as ever—in an apple-green silk wrapper, which made her faded face and bleached hair above it seem almost ghostly. She called for fresh tea-cups. Mr. Mayer told her in his bullying way to fill the two cups she had before her and to pass them to Mr. Carew and myself her and to pass them to Mr. Carew and myself without waiting any longer, but she only fidgeted with the tea-things. He shouted at her in his big, blustering voice, and came round to the tray. She was trembling all over. 'I can't,' she said. 'This cup isn't clean,' and she held it up. I was sitting close to her, and could see a very minute yellowish smudge inside the rim. 'That's nothing—it's quite clean enough for me, said Mr. Carew goodnaturedly.
'Give him the cup at once, Louisa!' shouted Mr. Mayer. He put out one hand to seize the cup and caught hold of the teapot with the other, when Mrs. Mayer, with a dexterous whisk of her long sleeve, threw the cup on the floor and it broke in pieces.

"About a week after this little scene we heard from one of the negroes that Mr. Mayer had gone suddenly raving mad. A few hours later he was dead. Mr. Carew rode over to Harmony Hall. He found Mrs. Mayer in hysterics. The doctor who was there ordered her complete rest and change of scene; her friends had been telephoned for, and immediately after the funeral they would take her and Victor back to the big town with them. Mr. Mayer's death was caused by his habit of drinking, the doctor said. Mrs. Mayer had lost her head, and had gone into hysterics when her husband had been first taken ill, so that there had been some delay in sending for the doctor, who had only arrived just as the wretched man was dying. 'Poor little woman!' the doctor said; 'I never saw anyone more upset than she was.

said; 'I never saw anyone more upset than she was. I suppose that she really was fond of that brute Mayer. What extraordinary creatures women are!' "For a month or more I heard nothing of the Mayers. Then one morning the doctor paid us a call. 'Such a sad thing has happened,' he said. 'Poor little Victor Mayer is dead. His mother had never recovered the shock of Mayer's death, and candle it hear the idea of ever returning to Haymony. couldn't bear the idea of ever returning to Harmony Hall. She and Victor were to have gone back to England in the next steamer, when the poor little chap was taken very bad with fever, and he died last night. I think that poor woman will go out of her mind.

her mind.'
"I thought so too an hour later, when Mrs. Mayer galloped up to Merivale. She flung herself off the saddle, leaving the reins loose on her pony's neck, saddle, leaving the reins loose on her pony's neck, and hurried into the sitting-room, where Mr. Carew was writing. She was evidently dressed in the same crumpled, stained wrapper in which she had sat up all night. Her fair hair was hanging down in a tangle. She had lost all her genteel, simpering manners and her hippety-pippety laugh, and she speke in a head shrill voice.

spoke in a hard, shrill voice.
"'Mr. Carew,' she said, 'I have come to you because you are a magistrate. I want to make a deposition. It was I who killed my husband. I poisoned him. I did it for little Victor's sake—so that his father should not teach him to drink and swear, and to be a blackguard like himself. Now my darling is dead it's all of no use—and they had better take me and hang me, for I am a murderess.

C. FELLOWES.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"A. B. W." AND ALAN'S WIFE.

"A. B. W." AND ALAN'S WIFE.

SIR,—The last paragraph of "A. B. W.'s" last article does more to justify his horror of horrors than whole columns of argument. I have sometimes suspected his attitude on this question of being, in part, a harmless and unconscious affectation; but I see I was quite wrong. No wonder Mr. Walkley finds such a play as Alan's Wife intolerable, for horror, however delicately handled, evidently begets in him a state of positive hallucination and makes him "see red." "The sheet," he avers, "was lifted from the man's head and shoulders, which were streaked with paint to indicate some hideous disfigurement. This I saw—'ce qu'on appelle vu, de mes yeux vu.'" That Mr. Walkley is telling the truth as to his subjective impression I don't for a moment doubt; but the subjoined letters will, I think, make it abundantly clear that Mr. Walkley's impression does not correspond with the objective reality. He may possibly have caught a momentary glimpse of the man's head, though it was not the intention of either author or actress that any portion of the "corpse," should be visible; but he certainly did not "see" (except in the subjective sense) any "streaks of paint," or other indications of "hideous disfigurement," for the very sufficient reason that there were none to see. I submit, then, that his statement is a curious and valuable document in the psychology of aesthetics, proving that artistic submit, then, that his statement is a curious and valuable document in the psychology of sesthetics, proving that artistic "suggestion" may, in certain cases, go the length of producing mesmeric or hypnotic illusion. Mr. Walkley suggests that I "quibbled" on the question of the child. He stated that he "was shown" a baby, and that baby, by direct implication, hideously deformed. It now appears that he saw no baby, straight or crooked, but only a cradle in which he was asked to imagine that a baby lay. It actually contained a doll; but as Mr. Walkley does not profess that he saw the doll, and as I can positively affirm that no member of the audience could possibly see it, that fact is neither here nor there. My point is that Mr. Walkley's statement was calculated to convey to the mind of the reader that he actually saw a deformed baby, or something representing one, whereas there was nothing of the sort to be seen. Is it a quibble to maintain that sane criticism should draw a sharp distinction between what is presented to the eye and what is merely suggested to the imagination?—Your obedient servant,

[Enclosures.]

[ENCLOSURES.]

DEAR MR. ARCHER,—It is possible that, in the excitement of the moment, I may have raised the covering so far as to show the head of the figure on the stretcher to a few of the audience at one side of the theatre, though neither the author nor I had any intention of allowing any portion of the supposed corpse to be visible. I am quite certain, however, that the man's "head and shoulders" were not "streaked with paint," and that no attempt of any sort was made to indicate "hideous disfigurement."—Yours sincerely, May 23rd, 1893.

ELIZABETH ROBINS.

May 251d, 1895.

My Dear Archer,—As the producer of Alan's Wife, I can unhesitatingly assure you that the "head and shoulders" of the man who figured as the corpse on the stretcher were not "streaked with paint to indicate some hideous disfigurement." As it was not intended that he should be visible to the audience, I was under no temptation to commit any such hideous crudity.—Always yours,

May 22nd, 1893.

H. De Lange.

"JANE ANNIE AND THE CRITICS."

"JANE ANNIE AND THE CRITICS."

SIR,—It has not as yet been my good (or bad) fortune to see Jane Annie at the Savoy, and it would therefore be impossible for me to pronounce any opinion on its merits; but I trust you will allow me to protest against some observations which occur in the article in last Saturday's SPEAKER wherein Mr. Barrie and Mr. Doyle have found such an out-and-out champion. Against this out-and-out championship I have no complaint to make; but why, I would ask, is it necessary to exalt Mr. Barrie and Mr. Doyle at the expense of Mr. Gilbert? The fact that certain critics who approved of the Gilbertian operas have written down Jane Annie as dull and disappointing of course proves nothing. The author of "Jane Annie and the Critics" apparently imagines he can only save the honour of the Jane Annie librettists by a series of jeers and depreciations of Mr. Gilbert and his works. Jane Annie is non-Gilbertian because "there is not a pun in it from beginning to end." "The school-girls who abound in the piece talk like school-girls rather than like Mr. Gilbert in a state of homicidal frenzy." "The fun is the fun of the world around us rather than that which prevails at the back of the moon or in some equally remote and undesirable region." We are told of the "never-ending punnings and smartnesses of the author of Patience." Could anything be more ridiculous or more unfair than these inferential criticisms? I think I know Mr. Gilbert's operas fairly well, and I could not conceive anything more ridiculous than the suggestion that Mr. Gilbert's humour depends on his

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puns. I once myself set an examination paper on three of the operas, and thought I had set a difficult question by asking for all the puns in the three operas, because I think the puns numbered exactly four all told. And as to the unreality of the Gilbertian characters—"small monsters" the defender of Jane Annie calls them—surely that proves nothing. Is there anyone who does not think Pooh-Bah as delightful as he is actually impossible?

I trust Mr. Editor I work and the provided in the puns of the puns o

impossible?

I trust, Mr. Editor, I may be allowed to apologise to Mr. Gilbert for even attempting to defend his humour. Humour, after all, is a matter of temperament, not of argument, and your contributor has a perfect right to like the humour of Jane Annie as much as he dislikes the humour of Mr. Gilbert. But all I venture to suggest is that he has no right to bolster up his dislike by reasons which do not correspond to the facts. Personally, I delight in the Mikado, and hope that as regards Jane Annie I shall be able to get farther than rejoicing in the marginal notes to the libretto—apparently the unhappy fate of A. B. W.—Yours faithfully,

National Liberal Club, S.W., May 22, 1893.

"HUMAN SHEEP."

"HUMAN SHEEP."

SIR,—The article entitled "Human Sheep" in The Speaker of this date is somewhat puzzling to a Socialist. Its conclusion is the (to him quite familiar and obvious) one that the extension of collectivism and combination will promote rather than suppress individuality and diversity of character. The puzzle is to divine the intention of the irrelevant disquisitions on the supposed ideals of Socialists which are set forth as introductory to this conclusion, and the apparent purport of which it directly contradicts and stultifies. The writer of the article is clearly not a Socialist—which is pretty much the same as saying that he does not understand what "Socialism" means—and this perhaps accounts for his supposing that his argument is continuous and not self-contradictory. Perhaps it may also account for his apparently considering his conclusion to be something other than elementary commonplace, and for the tentative and apologetic tone in which he presents it for acceptance. I forbear to quarrel with the writer for such obviously absurd propositions as that "life in blocks is one of the pet ideals of the Collectivist," "originality is" (i.e., in the opinion of Socialists) "dangerous," and the like, which stud his article, because it is clear that he would admit that the "life in blocks," the "factory system," and the "machine industry" are no more a product of "Socialism" (as he understands the term) than they are of individualism. But if there are many of your readers (and doubtless there are some) who still imagine that the progress of Socialism would promote that "dead level" of human sheephood which your writer shows is not necessarily implied by the prospect of increasing aggregation and collectivism (provided such condition be not what he would call a system of Socialism). the prospect of increasing aggregation and collectivism (provided such condition be not what he would call a system of Socialism),

it may be useful to remind them of two things, namely:

(1) The Socialist movement is always and everywhere essentially and in the first place a struggle of individuals for freedom—that is to say, for greater scope for personal individuality and self-expression; and it is not for a moment or dividuality and self-expression; and it is not for a moment or in the least degree conceivable or contemplated by any Socialist, co-operator, trade unionist, or labour politician that the total average freedom of the individual is to be reduced by the progress of the movement in which they are at present associated. Its strength, and sole condition of success, depend on its securing such increase of freedom. If collectivism should fail to do this—if trade unionism had failed to do it—they would be annulled by the very force that now promotes their progress; but if this progress is continued, that very circumstance is evidence conclusive that the desire of freedom is subserved thereby. Therefore it is absurd to say that the achievement (!) of "Socialism" can restrict liberty. Such a proposition involves a contradiction in terms.

(2) The restraints on individual liberty which Socialists (and trade unionists) advocate are not of a nature to stunt or level individual character. They aim at getting the stunting and levelling drudgery of the everyday work of the world—in which the scope for individuality and freedom is every day diminished by the evolution of the machine and factory system—performed with as little mischief as may be to the individual and the community. Interference between the machine and the man that it enslaves, interference with excessive hours of labour, interference with the parents' right to sacrifice the body or mind of his child to his own caprice or indolence, do not decrease but enlarge the opportunities for self-development. It is the merest superficial and unthinking cant to suggest that a man whose task is assigned him by an individual is freer than one to whom it is assigned by the State. If any collectivist project be examined, it will be recognised that it affects the material rather than the moral activities. I need hardly observe that it is only in the latter department that freedom can be vitally affected, but that its potentiality, even in that department, depends upon the effective ordering of the material conditions of existence.—Yours faithfully,

Sydney Olivier. (2) The restraints on individual liberty which Socialists (and

[WILL Mr. Olivier kindly define his terms? He apparently lumps together Socialists, Co-operators, Trade Unionists, and Labour politicians as "Collectivists." If Socialism means the concentration of capital and of the management of industry in the hands of the State or local authorities, our article expressly denies that any such system, even if attained, can be lasting. If interference to promote individuality and freedom is Socialism, "we are all Socialists now," and the Liberal party were Socialists long before the birth either of the Fabian Society or the Social Democratic Federation. But the question is whether the professed birth either of the Fabian Society or the Social Democratic Federation. But the question is whether the professed Socialists, with their plans drawn more or less directly from Continental bureaucracies, are advocating the right means. Under the Individualist ideal, again, a man may not be "free" when he is at work, but the free competition of masters for workmen at least permits him to change his employer if he is oppressed. However, if nobody but a Socialist can understand what Socialism means, revelation or "inner light" must displace reason, and discussion must be at an end—ED SPEAKEE! be at an end.—ED. SPEAKER.]

PARLIAMENTARY PREPARATION AND PROGRESS.

SIR,—Whitsuntide is over, and this week—in the North, at all events—several cottagers will, as usual, "flit." An accurate list of all changes to be made in the old register for each county constituency should soon be drawn up and sent to the assistant-overseers for their more certain guidance. Prevention is better than cure. June 20 and July 20 are two dates after which errors can be corrected only by making "claims." But claims

than cure. June 20 and July 20 are two dates after which errors can be corrected only by making "claims." But claims are oft troublesome, let me therefore this year once more urge upon Liberal district secretaries the wisdom of the "stitch in time" plan of it. Saturday, June 17—the eve of Waterloo—is a timely date for the proper loading of the register for the battle of the polls in the bye-election skirmishes that are sure to come, be the greater battle of a general election when it may.

I write only of county constituencies, because in them our Liberal organisations have wide areas to look after, and the "long purse" is not with us. We should, therefore, be extra canny. The boroughs are compact, better organised, and in many of them are the Irish branches of their League, whose weekly duty of looking after the register will, for the next six weeks, be carefully attended to. So much for preparation; permit me also a word or two on Parliamentary progress. The Lords will throw out the Irish Bill, and then, it is contended, the constituencies should be again consulted. Well, with all humility. I beg to say that the country should as soon as possible be prepared for consultation, and that in the interval Parliament should be urged to mark time and make progress. "Again" is a word out of place. The constituencies have not yet had a fair chance of voicing their views in Parliament as to Home, Irish, or Imperial matters. Things, though bad, are better than they were. We now return five Liberal members for this (Cumberland) county, but if the bundle of faggots, upon which Mr. Lowther was unfairly lifted up, had its binding loosed, and by a proper registration measure all units were placed on a level, then the round half-dozen would truly tell what we want, and England, for the first time free to say what the majority thinks best, could speak its mind, and that in a voice that would have to be obeyed. Two years ago at Newcastle-on-Tyne I pleaded successfully at the Irish Convention for the adoption of this programme o sir, that between this and Christmas, and, while the Registration Bill is maturing into an operative Act, a devolution to parish and district councils of some large measure of home work will leave to both Chambers at Westminster (so long as there are two Chambers) more time, after an appeal to the freed constituencies, to deal with the better government of Ireland, and of the other parts of our Empire beyond the seas.—Yours truly.

H. M. Kennedy.

Plumpton Vicarage, Cumberland, May 22, 1893.

DISESTABLISHMENT AND DISENDOWMENT.

DISESTABLISHMENT AND DISENDOWMENT.

SIR,—I have read your interesting article entitled the "Church Militant" in your issue of the 20th inst. I agree with every word you say, being thoroughly in sympathy with the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales, and thinking that the cause of true religion would be furthered by the Disestablishment of the Church in England; for, as you say, she would then have an opportunity (it should, I think, be a splendid opportunity) of showing that she could stand without being bound to or propped up by the State, and so preventing the insinuation that "she could not remain and thrive alone."

But what about Disendowment? I am in favour of Disendowment as far as property derived from tithes and Church rates in the past and future are concerned. But to deprive the Church of its own private property, viz., money or anything given or bequeathed to it, would seem to me mere robbery. It think that Disestablishment and partial Disendowment are quite possible, and it seems to me to be the strongest point against

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our of Disand Church deprive the or anything robbery. I out are quite oint against our argument that we are going deliberately to rob the Church of her own. Would not this be wrong?—I am, Sir, yours truly, 37, Bedford Square, W.C., May 24th, 1893.

LOVE'S EXCHANGE.

SIMPLE am I, I care no whit

For pelf or place,
It is enough for me to sit

And watch Dulcinea's face,
To mark the lights and shadows flit
Across the silver moon of it.

I have no other merchandise,
No stocks or shares,
No other gold but just what lies
In those deep eyes of hers;
And sure, if all the world were wise,
It too would bank within her eyes.

I buy up all her smiles all day
With all my love,
And sell them back cost price, or, say,
A kiss or two above;
It is a speculation fine,
The profit must be always mine.

The world has many things, 'tis true,
To fill its time,
Far more important things to do
Than making love and rhyme;
Yet, if it asked me to advise,
I'd say—buy up Dulcinea's eyes!

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

A SPRING CLEANING.

MY cottage in Troy is passing through the rigours of a "spring cleaning." Cast up here upon the grass-plot amid the jetsam of what was once, and is again (I am assured) to be a dining-room; far from my books, which lie at present under a white shroud, to be dusted as soon as the chimney-sweeper has done his work (for, as the German commentator on Cymbeline observed, chimney-sweepers do not come to dust, but usually to sweep); eyeing my subverted chattels much as Pyrrha must have eyed the salmon adhering in the elm-top,

Nota quae sedes fuerat columbis,

I have just conceived a bold notion, and will lay it, as cautiously as may be, before readers of THE SPEAKER.

For observing the general air of insufficiency, incongruity and impertinence worn by my sticks of furniture when set upside down and in fortuitous juxtaposition under the sun's eye; and reflecting that I had chosen them and complacently deemed them, when cunningly arranged between four narrow walls, to make a room into which a guest or two might decently be invited; I asked myself, How would it be if we critics, who are supposed to entertain the public from week to week, were forced once a year to bring our critical apparatus out upon the lawn and overhaul it in the open? Were apologies still in fashion we might draw a diverting little picture in the Addisonian manner of a general spring-cleaning in which Mr. A. would be doubtfully considering an overworn quotation, and Mr. B. actively polishing up his acquaintance with Aristotle's Poetics or Lessing's Dramatic Notes, while Mr. C. sat apart and endeavoured to fit a patch of gay Lemaître embroidery upon the sober velvet of Sainte-Beuve.

But I prefer to be serious in this matter. Mr. Stevenson tells us somewhere of a young man who confessed that he preferred "Under Two Flags" to anything written by Shakespeare; and, while

demurring to the preference, applauds the candour that made it public. Now I think that we critics might profitably follow this young man's example now and again. Doubtless it is imposing to be considered by the public a safe judge of literature, with few limitations or none: but doubtless also in most cases it is imposing in more than one sense of the word. Very few of us admire everything that is admirable: very few of us have windows in our hearts that command all the points of the compass; and I have hopes that the public would not think the worse of us if we dealt honestly with it.

Suppose, now, that up to this day, and after many attempts, I have never been able to read "Paradise Lost." I may as well confess that this is the case. I can admire its magnificent diction, and detect its technical wonders in line after line and page after page. I swear I am not insensible to good poetry, or to the charms of the "grand manner." There are passages in Homer, Virgil, and the greater Elizabethans (to give instances) that stir me to the very soul; and when reading Keats' "Ode to a Greek Urn," or Tennyson's "The Revenge," I would choose to shut the door that no one may come in and see my face. Nor do I bring insensibility or indifference to the study of this particular epic. I hate it actively—about as actively as I hate all the work (save the "Scenes of Clerical Life") of the lady who called herself George Eliot; and would as lief spend a day with a scolding woman as with Deronda or Milton's Archangel. Nor is this sheer unreasoning prejudice. Admitting that the five or six books I have managed to read contain a large amount of vastly fine talk, I ask, "What is all this fine talk about?" and declare that I find more encouragement to live a good life, and live it bravely, in the trilogy of Dumas's musketeers than in all the theology of this sectarian; just as I obtain more profit from singing "When shepherds watched their flocks by night" with a full heart than from the study of Milton's "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," in which our Puritan forgets most of his peace and goodwill towards men in his anxiety to give the devil a bad time.

Well, here the confession stands—that I would not exchange the "Areopagitica" for a dozen of "Paradise Lost," and that, if I had to choose between Cromwell's two Latin secretaries, my heart at least would incline towards Marvell. To this, no doubt, the man whose judgment approves all the best thought of all the best minds will answer in Uncle Toby's words, "Wipe it up and say no more about Toby's words, "wipe it up and say no more about it"; or, if his mood be charitable, he may advise "Wait; and in time you may come to enjoy Milton with the best of us." I hope so, indeed,—not being fool enough to take pride in disliking a great poet and a great novelist. My little admission is merely thrown as a sprat to coax (my metaphors shall be as nicely deranged as my furniture this morning) the big whales of criticism into the confessional box. I feel sure they have only to be candid to become quite three times more interesting than they are at present. Achieving this, I shall be amply repaid, and will not join Mr. Grant Allen in bemoaning the lot of literary men, even should the editor of The Speaker see fit to remove me from his staff for my indiscretion—which he need not do, by the way, seeing that if ever the reputations of Milton or George Eliot stand in need of defence, he has only to call on my colleague "A. B.," who admires the pair of them. And particular attention is invited to the foregoing sentence, which has been constructed on the lines of a spring-cleaning.

It would be interesting, too, to know what becomes of those people who admire all the best thought of all the best minds. I am not stating here a problem in eschatology, of course, but wondering what happens to them in this world. Now and then one comes across a stray specimen asleep in a professorial chair, or inflicting an academical success upon the Senate, or stating in the remote provincial

press that "Ibsen is morbid," or that Mr. Wilde (whom he calls "Our Oscar") need not expect to be taken seriously. But one never hears of anything actually achieved by the wearer of a tightish suit of best possible opinions. Thus clad, a man would seem unable to attain either to a popular success, or to the honours of martyrdom. Too tiresome to love, and too respectable to burn, he is suffered to age without growing and continue without going on, and expires at length amid chill expressions of esteem.

On the top of this jumble of obiter dicta let me toss the assurance that I have still something to add to the controversy on Publishers' Book Marks, but am waiting to see if the advocates of the present system can find an answer to the charge I brought against publishers, a fortnight back, of recklessly squandering review copies, and so raising up the evil which they seek to cure by injuring the reviewer.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

SOUTH AFRICAN PROBLEMS.

LETTERS FROM SOUTH AFRICA. By the Times Special Correspondent. London: Macmillan & Co., and Times Office.

THESE letters were followed with interest on their first appearance in the *Times*, and deservedly so; and those who missed any of them will be glad to find them collected in the handy little volume before us. They do not, of course, claim the same standing as fully worked-out essays; indeed, work of this class can scarcely have a permanent value, except as "documents" of the impression produced on the writer's mind on the spot. First impressions, though sometimes misleading, are sometimes more correct than the state of opinion that succeeds them.

The Times correspondent's sources of information have apparently been of various kinds, and probably represent various shades of opinion. But it is only too evident, in more than one place, that she (it is an open secret that the writer is a lady who has for some time occupied a place in the front ranks of journalism) has heard only one side of a disputed question—indeed, seems unconscious of the existence of any other. We allude more particularly to the passage (in the eighth letter) treating of Responsible Government for Natal. On p. 112 it is said that the great objection to the measure is to be found in the Native Question. This is, in fact, the trump card of the Anti-Responsibles, but the assertions which they have for years past been pouring into the ears of a Conservative Colonial Office (which knew no better than to believe them, seeing that all the information which reached it came through official channels) are a mass of fallacies, resting on misapprehensions and wilful misrepresentations, which it is impossible to thresh out here. The Responsibles, we are told. who wish to keep the control of native affairs in their own hands, hardly give weight enough to the fact that if, as would undoubtedly be the case, the Imperial Government would have to bear the brunt of any trouble arising out of native mismanagement, it is but just that it should keep a preponderating voice in that part of the administration; and without considering that "they have not so far had much to complain of in the Imperial administration of that section of their affairs," they "refuse autonomy if the natives are to remain under Imperial control." No colonist will have any difficulty in guessing whence came the inspiration of the above paragraph; and it seems a pity (unless she is of the same mind as the Irish judge who found both sides of a case so un-settling to the mental faculties) that the writer did not consult the columns of the Witness—the organ of the Responsible party—where she would have found abundant evidence that the Imperial administration of native affairs, so far from giving little or no ground for complaint, was, at the very time

referred to, producing discontent, if not active trouble of the most serious kind, all over the country. Again, we cannot pass without challenge the assertion that the Imperial Government would be the chief sufferer from any trouble arising on this score. "Trouble arising from native mismanagement" is a euphemism for fighting—very likely for the burning of farms and the killing of settlers and their families. We should hardly think that the Government which pays the troops who suppress or punish these disturbances can fairly be said to "bear the brunt" of the trouble—except on the principle that pecuniary afflictions are those most deeply felt by men of English race.

men of English race. There is, as we have said, much of interest in these eight letters, and abundant food for discussion. Miss Shaw quite rightly says that the two questions in the South Africa of to-day are the material development of the country and the Race Question. (The latter, we should say, "surprises by himself" an astonishing mass of complicated problems.) Elsewhere she says that the Race Question is identical with the Labour Question; and here, if we analysed her utterances, she makes some curiously contradictory statements. We are sorry to see that her writing on this point clearly shows the influence of what we may call Rhodesian Imperialism (i.e., the old "nigger" doctrine in disguise, with a lot of British-Lion swagger and a dash of pseudo-philanthropy thrown in); but we should say that she had not, personally, quite grasped its bearings, and does not seem to see that, underlying the whole Labour Question, in the minds of those who are just now shouting themselves hoarse over its paramount importance, is the calm assumption that the chief end of coloured man is to work for the benefit of the white-if not gratis, then at the lowest possible market rates. From a passage in the seventh letter, however (on p. 99), it would seem as if the writer had been using her own eyes, for once, in spite of the spectacles continually forced upon her, spite of the spectacles continually forced upon her, and come to her own conclusion. She says roundly that "the real trouble is not that they" (the ever-complaining would-be employers) "cannot get labour, but that they cannot get it at their own price"—which, of course, is no higher than they can help. Yet, on the very next page, she gives utterance to fallacies which, could she only see it, are in the very teeth of the facts she has just been recently with regard to Basutoland.

narrating with regard to Basutoland. Basutoland is a very comforting chapter in Colonial history, abounding, as the latter our Colonial history, abounding, as the latter does, in crimes, blunders, and well-intentioned wrong-headedness. The history of Sir Marshall Clarke's administration may be read in the Blue-Books, and is a thing for Colonial and Foreign Offices to meditate upon as long as there are subject races to be ruled. For six years, without resorting to force, he reduced anarchy ("a large section of the Basuto nation was in passive rebellion, whilst civil war was being waged between some of the principal chiefs, and a number of Basutos had taken refuge in the Free State with their families and cattle' order, restored the authority of the paramount chief, Letsia (since succeeded by his son Lerothodi), and, ruling with a firm and even hand, produced the spectacle of a flourishing native state with a mini-mum of white agency. The whole letter on Basutoland is most instructive; but, after dwelling on the excellent results obtained there, it is rather strange to find the writer a few pages later (pp. 96, 100, 101, and elsewhere) asserting that the natives can only be and elsewhere asserting that the natives can only be civilised by doing away with their system of land tenure and breaking up their tribal organisation. If by "civilised" we are to mean "forced to work for the white man on his own terms," the statement is, no doubt, most true; but we may reasonably doubt whether the writer entertains this view of civilisation—whatever Mr. Rhodes may do. But, as a matter of fact, the whole prosperous and happy state of things which we have iust seen to the fa leave uni Paramou in his o confirme judicatu Masupha strated just as v sphere a land is c individu some say old Teut and well of the customs of doing and to l forced 1 way car difficult system, which d visable not disc for thi from t and is more h questio it seem

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Report on H.M. Colonial Possessions. No. 102.—Basutoland.

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Paramount Chief, as we have seen, was re-established in his old position; the subordinate chiefs were confirmed in theirs, and the old system of civil judicature left in their hands; one of these latter, Masupha, who had been causing trouble, was remon-strated with, and, finding that he had to do with a just as well as firm executive, subsided into his own sphere and has kept to it loyally ever since. Basuto land is cultivated like a garden; but no Basuto is an individual landowner. The whole country belongs to the tribe, in the old Basuto fashion, which, as some say (but we believe it is disputed), was also the old Teutonic way. We fear that both missionaries and well-intentioned rulers have yet much to learn of the wisdom of "letting alone" where native customs are concerned. It may be that their way of doing this is, after all, better for them than ours; and to have the latter, even if intrinsically superior, forced upon them in a premature and ill-considered way can only do harm. To take this one item of land tenure—considering all the complications and difficulties which have accumulated round our own system, why should we seek to force it on a country which does not possess it already? It may be inadwhich does not possess it already? It may be inadvisable for us to change it—(that is a question we are not discussing just now)—but one principal reason for this is that it has been with us, if not from the beginning, at least for many centuries, and is so deeply-rooted that its removal might do more harm than its presence. When its burning questions are being hotly debated among us, it seems madness to wish to introduce them gratuitously to a people as yet untroubled by them. Here is an opportunity, not for trying an hazardous is an opportunity, not for trying an hazardous experiment, but for watching a system new to us in natural and healthy operation.

After the cordial tribute rendered to Sir Marshall Clarke's administration, it is a little chilling to meet (on p. 85) with the implication that the ultimate

end and object of all these efforts is that the country shall become a "labour reserve." We have already referred to the assumption that underlies this. also underlies the elaborate system in force at the Kimberley diamond-mines (described in Letter II.), whereby the native labourers are reduced to a state of temporary slavery—confined in convict-barracks connected by a covered way with the mine; communicating with their wives and families, if at all, only through a grating and in the presence of an overseer. It is true that they enter on this servitude voluntarily and that it ceases when their term of engagement ends; but that any man not absolutely starving should be found willing to undergo it, is a curious commentary on the alleged

dislike of the native to labour.

We do not wish to insist needlessly on this point; but of late there has been, if we may so speak, a "boom" in the Gospel of Labour. Missionaries have been repeating, one after another, that, if we want to benefit the black man, we must teach him to labour-a very little book-learning is all he wantsthe plane and the saw are much more to his true interests. This sounds very well; and in the face of the dreary failure of one class of missionary, whose idea is chiefly to cram the primitive mind (whose workings he is so far from able to fathom or follow) with the particular kind of abstract doctrine in which he has himself been brought up, one is at first inclined to welcome it. The missionary says this sort of thing at meetings, and rich specusays this sort of thing at meetings, and rich speculators, never before remarkable for zeal in that direction, pat him on the back, and shortly afterwards send generous subscriptions. Perhaps he wonders why. But they know. He has proved himself a valuable auxiliary; all the more so because

unconscious of the fact.

Here we find (p. 87) "Industry must for a long time to come be his religion." It was well said by one who read this passage—"And his Deity? . . .

The employer of labour!" Modern capitalists may in some respects resemble the ancient Cæsars; but this is the first time we have heard of the honour of apotheosis being conferred upon them.

When an unfamiliar type is first presented to us, we are apt to see only its distinctive character, to the exclusion of all individual features. So all black faces look alike to a white man; a Scotchman coming to England for the first time thinks all Southrons must be turned out like jellies from the same mould, and none but a shepherd can distinguish individual sheep from one another. We think this must account for the fallacy of assuming, in all discussions on this question, that every person in a black skin is precisely alike in faculties, character, and position. Perhaps, also, the fallacy may be at work which led Dr. Johnson to place the Fleet Street printer's boy on a higher intellectual level than a Greek of the age of Pericles—because the former could read, and the chances are that the latter couldn't. But there are men—chiefs and sons of chiefs—naturally shrewd and quick-witted, trained by long acquaintance with men and things at first hand (a thing which books may impair as well as improve), their minds stored with the laws and customs of their tribe, and the traditions of their fathers for generations back. Within the limits of their tribe they may exercise as much patience, sagacity—in fact, real statesmanship—as went to the ruling of a commonwealth of early Is such a man, or are his sons, fit for Greece. nothing better than to hoe a white man's garden or groom his horse? That they frequently do so, with the best grace in the world, is no loss of dignity to them. But we fear it will take a long time to drive these ideas home to the average "umlungu" mind, which is firmly convinced that every man who doesn't live in a house with four corners to it is a "loafing savage," and that an African Paramount Chief is what he is not an irreseronsible despot Chief is—what he is not—an irresponsible despot.

A SCIENTIFIC ANARCHIST.

La Conquête du Pain. Par Pierre Kropotkine. Paris : Tresse & Stork.

It is a far cry from Peter Kropotkine to Ravachol; It is a far cry from Peter Kropotkine to Ravachol; yet, by the unkind irony of circumstance, Monsieur l'Assassin only translated into vulgar action the supreme necessity that the Prince preaches of "overturning the bourgeois." Ravachol, in fact, by being a self-seeker and a vulgar murderer as well as an extreme Anarchist, annihilated half of the working theories of his philosophical comrades—for he reintroduced in the vilest form precisely those elements of human nature which the philosophical mind loses sight of when it begins constructing mind loses sight of when it begins constructing Utopias for the million. To be fair to the philosopher, it must be conceded that the average stupid man must be even more irritating to him than he himself can ever be to the vulgar mind. That man should stick in the old, old ruts, and recreate for himself the difficulties that other civilisations a thousand years ago created, when all the while these same difficulties might be removed to-morrow at the hands of a rational community—what can be more exasperating to a Godwin, a Fourier, a Kropotkine? And, to do Prince Kropotkine justice, we admit at once it is not that his theories are unsound, not that he would fail in organising a rational com-munity, if its members could be found, and in feeding, clothing, and inspiring it with his passion for the elevation of humanity—no, it is only by the stupidity, the irrationality of men that the inevitable checkmate to all Utopias, scientific or poetical, is delivered. If human nature were as wax in the great organiser's hand, "La Conquête du Pain" would indeed be a conquest to-morrow; but it is not, it has not been, and it cannot be. Human greediness, stupidity, and lack of faith, take as dangerous, if more subtle, forms as one age succeeds another, and all that the scientific reformer can believe in is very slow progress, and the gradual elimination of the more bestial elements of humanity. How is it, then, that a man of great scientific attainments, as Prince Kropotkine undoubtedly is, can overlook the imperfections of the human material he has to work with? How is it that he can preach practical anarchy when his first disciple would have to get rid, by violent means, of his uncles and his cousins and his aunts (not to speak of nearer relations) before the ground could be cleared for the newest Utopia? We do not know; but probably the philosopher's intense desire to lift his fellows out of the old rut of Self-Interest and put them on the level way of Mutual Aid is father to his daring impracticable thought. "If . . .!" he dreams, and straightway forgets that "is" is the word of scientists, and "if" the word of the

reformer, the poet, and the orator.

We have laid stress on the visionary part of Prince Kropotkine's teaching, for the simple reason that he believes it to be the sine qua non of his social organisation. "There," he says, "is the promised land which Science shows you can be reached. Well, to accomplish the revolution, use Force; by Force only can you remove the impediments." while the impediments—i.e., the bourgeoisie—have been using their force, and Messieurs les Assassins have been guillotined, shot, and extradited; and the betting is certainly dead against the chances of the bomb, and in favour of the chances of Ironical Order. We have laid stress on the unfortunate side of Prince Kropotkine's book, but we assert with confidence that it will be a thousand pities if the Anarchical propaganda it contains (which is only a small percentage of the whole) causes its rare merits as original work to be overlooked. For, in truth, no man can read it attentively without feeling at the end that it has rent in twain the average mental It is the work of an original thinker of great penetration, who by following a certain line of scientific thought has emerged on a plateau now beyond the vision of the multitude, but to which the multitude must and will arrive—Heaven knows in how many generations. It is the work of an orator who is pleading passionately for what he knows the human race may attain to, if—if, let us say, Mr. Meredith's "brain-ruled people" ever emerge from the great inane. It is a prophecy of the joys of life that await our descendants when they shall have rid themselves of half our superstitions, half our ignorances, half our social absurdities to-day, which are, alas! most of them rendered necessary in all modern communities. It is virtually a scientific demonstration of what a highly organised com-munity might do if mutual aid became of vital force to all its members. Peter Kropotkine, some may think, is a little too optimistic as to what Science can do for man, even in the blessed days—far, far -of the Free Communities. But it is not for its figures or facts that "La Conquête du Pain primarily deserves attention; it is rather for the vitalising energy that a far-seeing and lofty mind can communicate to his doubting fellows that one urges all to read for themselves a work so generous, so scientific, and so profound.

MARK AND MANOR.

THE OLD ENGLISH MANOR: a Study in English Economic History. By Charles McLean Andrews, Ph.D. (J.H.U.). Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. London: Macmillan

Controversy has been plentiful of late years as to the constitution of society at the dawn of history in Germany, and in England after the English invasion. The theories put forward have no doubt been prompted by national feeling and democratic sentiment quite as much as by the look of the evidence. Early in this century, partly through the growth of German nationalism, partly through the reaction against the revolutionary Republicanism whose germs had arisen in a kind of highly refined extract of Roman jurisprudence, it was the custom

to maintain that European freedom and constitutional government had its real source in the forests of Germany. It was partly in pursuance of this tendency that Von Maurer based on his stores of knowledge the hypothesis with which English readers have been familiarised by Sir Henry Maine. Our forefathers, we were told, lived in village communities, originally composed of free and equal heads of families, united by a tie of kinship, usually real but occasionally fictitious, cultivating their arable land in common, and pasturing their cattle arable land in common, and pasturing their cattle upon an undivided waste. There were, indeed, "Hof" settlements of single families; but the normal unit was the village community, and the manor, with its lord, and its gradation of free semi-servile and servile tenants, was the result of disintegrating forces of a later period. Afterwards, ample evidence of somewhat similar communities in India and among various Eastern peoples, not in India and among various Eastern peoples, not to speak of the Slavs, was collected and made accessible to the general reader. Outside of Germany this was the work partly of Sir Henry Maine: still more of M. de Laveleye.

On the other hand, the idealism of the Germans excited a spirit of iconoclasm, particularly among students of Roman law. It was doubtless, in part, anti-Teutonic feeling which impelled M. Fustel de Coulanges to take up the theory—which has appeared in various other forms, notably those of Mr. Pearson, Mr. Coote, and Mr. Seebohm—that the free village community, with its communal property, is a mere phantasm, and that the mediæval manor really is of Roman origin, and traceable to the Roman colonate. But this theory too has had its day. There is now a very natural reaction against it—visible in the introduction, which is the most important part of the book before us. This book is one of the extra volumes of the Johns Hopkins' Studies in Social and Political Science—those materials awaiting a new Aristotle, which are some of the most satisfactory fruits of the organisation of

learned research on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Andrews, like most American researchers, seems to be chiefly influenced by German models. He has read up the literature of his subject with praiseworthy care and comprehensiveness. On the other hand, he has packed his text so full of references to his authorities—which seem to us to be of very various value—that the book is not at all an easy one to read. Writing in America, too, his evidence is of necessity exclusively "literary" (if A. T. Q. C. will permit us the term: this literature is in no way ornamental or belletristic); and so we miss the kind of freshness given, for instance, to Mr. Seebohm's book by his maps of his own neighbourhood. And the bulk of the book is an elaborate description of the manor and the rights, duties, and occupations and enjoyments of all concerned in it, drawn chiefly from two well-known original authorities, the Gerefa and the Rectitudines Singularum Personarum. Now, we should recommend lecturers on Early English Economic History to send their students directly to these authorities themselves. Possibly, however, having so sent them, they may find Mr. Andrews' book worthy of recommendation as a good resumé and commentary.

But the most important part of the book is the introduction, and here Mr. Andrews takes the common-sense view which is naturally suggested by a full examination of all the evidence. Hegelians know his process as the fusion of contradictories in a higher unity. Common men call it syncretism or compromise. He does not accept either Von Maurer's description of the free village community, or De Coulanges' and Seebohm's theory that the manor is simply an outgrowth of Roman institutions. There are too many village communities—or something like them—in the East for us to hold the latter view, and the tribal bond and the tribal chief are ignored by the former. Accordingly Mr. Andrews accepts the German and Anglo-Saxon village community in the main, but he points out that

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dependence and subjection must have characterised it from the first because of the tribal bond; and that it may have been influenced very considerably by Roman usages, especially in the South of England. But several conditions must have been at work from the earliest times in producing inequality among its members. First, the enormous extent of unsettled land—"waste"—which gradually, in whole or in part, came into the possession of the chief or overlord. Second, the loans of capital by the wealthier members of the village to their less fortunate brethren or to immigrant settlers—the unhappy "fuidhirs" whom we have learnt to know from Sir Henry Maine's Early History of Institutions. And finally, at a later date, the development of manorial

We do not call Mr. Andrews' book epoch-making, but it is a useful, sound, and industrious work, and shows considerable promise. We hope that some day he will go through Von Maurer's evidence in day he will go through von Maurer's evidence in detail, and also consider the mass of information now available relating to the village community in Switzerland. At present we can trace no reference in his book either to the "Hof settlement" or to the Swiss "Allmend." It is true he only gives eighty pages to the discussion of the controversy altogether; but, if he has omitted all mention of these subjects of set purpose, we cannot sufficiently express our admiration for his self-restraint.

ELIZABETHAN ENGLISH.

THE TUDOR TRANSLATIONS. Edited by W. E. Henley. Vol. II., the second book of Florio's Montaigne. London: David Nutt.

EDITED by Mr. Henley, introduced by Mr. George Saintsbury, and dedicated to Mr. R. L. Stevenson, these volumes assuredly have sponsors enough and enow. Not that the "Tudor translator" of Montaigne ought to have been in any great dearth of gossips either. A bantling of full years he, long of the household of the faith, with a tongue of his own well hung, able to speak up ably for himself, and of old in no need of underwriting: quia nominatur Florio. But nowadays, indeed, the able editor may be in the right in judging that he cannot have too many testimonials. For our part, on this occasion having examined every word of these treasurable volumes, we shall pass the pen to Florio's self, and let him show his own muscle. let him show his own muscle.

An interesting leading passage, and directly ad rem, is that (ii. 41) in which Florio (we may be certain in perfect connaissance de cause) translates Montaigne's praise of Amyot's famous translation of Plutarch:

I see thorowout al his translation a sense so closely-joynted and so pithily continued, that either he hath assuredly understood and inned the very imagination and the true conceit of the Author, or having, through a long and continuall conversion, lively planted in his minde a generall Idea of that of Plutarke, he hath at least lent him nothing that doth belye him, or misseeme him. But above all I kon him thanks that he hath had the hap to chuse, and knowledge to cull-out so worthy a worke, and a booke so fit to the purpose, therewith to make so unvaluable a present unto his Countrie.

And then, if the reader will pass (through Florio) to Montaigne, the man himself—as every human reader of him must want to do—let him mark the seven-teenth essay of this second book, which contains great part of his own famous self-portrayal in mezzi tinti part of his own famous self-portrayal in mezzi tinti—just the everyday likeness of some mediocrity well below the average in most things, but, withal, an oddity of much stiffness of character; an eccentric of a very regular category, a sober fanatic in bookishness, a quakerly debauchee in all that then meant free thought and freedom of expression; discursive to such an excess that the title rarely has to do with much more than some minor fraction of an essay; and natheless continent of his phrases even unto pedantry. Perdurably laborious in production and repatching, no leading language of the world has ever been more influenced by any one writer than

the French-which it was a travail to him to attempt was by Montaigne.

—was by Montaigne.

I am of a stature somewhat under the meane. This default hath not only uncomlinesse in it, but also incommoditie. I am of a strong and well-compacted stature; my face is not fat but full, my complexion between joviall and melancholy, indifferently sanguine and hot. My health is blith and lustie: though well-stroken in age, seldome troubled with diseases. Such I was; for I am now engaged in the approches of age, having long since past over forty yeares (ii. 373, 374).

Of addressing, dexteritie, and disposition, I never had any. In all exercises of the body I have found few that have not out-gon me, except it were in running, wherein I was of the middle sort. As for musicke, were it either in voice (which I have most harsh and very unapt) or in instruments, I could never be taught any part of it. As for dancing, playing at tennis, or wrestling, I could never attaine to any indifferent sufficiencie; but none at all in swimming, in fencing, in vauting, or in leaping. My hands are so stiffe and nummie that I can hardly write for my selfe. I was never good carver at the table; I could never make readie nor arme a Horse, nor handsomely array a Hawke upon my fist, nor cast her off, or let her fie; I could never make readie nor arme a Horse, nor handsomely array a Hawke upon my fist, nor east her off, or let her flie; nor could I ever speake to Dogges, to Birdes, or to Horses (375). I was borne and brought up in the Countrie, and amidst husbandry. I cannot yet east account either with penne or counters. There are divers of our French coines I know not, nor can I distinguish of one graine from another, be it in the field or in the barne, unless it be very apparant; nor do I scarcely know the difference betweene the Cabige or Lettice in my garden. I understand not the names of the most usuall tooles about husbandrie, nor of the meanest principles of tillage, which most children know (387). children know (387).

children know (387).

I am extreamele lazie and idle, and exceedingly free both by nature and art. I would as willingly lend my blood as my care. I have a minde free and altogether her owne, accustomed to follow her owne humor; which hath enfeebled and made me unprofitable to serve others, and made me fit and apt but onely for my selfe (376). Al which hath endowed me with a delicate kinde of complexion, and made me incapable of any care. So that I love men should conceale my losses from me, and the disorders which concerne me (377).

The world lookes ever for-right: I turne my sight inward.

The world lookes ever for right; I turne my sight inward; there I fix it, there I ammuse it. Every man lookes before himselfe, I looke within my selfe; I have no busines but with my selfe; I uncessantly consider, controle, and taste my selfe. Other men goe ever else-where, if they thinke well on it; they go ever foreward; as for me, I roule me into my selfe (393).

Read all this same seventeenth essay, and all the other similar passages about his treacher of a memory; his slow and muddled brains, that will not take spurring; his inability to read, and absolute want of learning; his impotence of judgment, ever letting everying; his impotence of judgment, ever letting everything slide; and then say whether among the lame definitions of "genius" there is any one, or any amalgam of several, that fits, that even tolerably misfits here. Better boldly take the damnatory view, and, heedless of paradox, say genius is a mirific cluster of defects, a rabble of ineptitudes, and it has to quit the material push for existence because unfit for and easily sent to the wall therein. That it thereafter shifts the arena to a height to which other strugglers must (later) slowly toil is the other part—the consistent other part—of the case; but as an all-round struggle-for-lifer genius is a failure.

FICTION.

- WRECKAGE: SEVEN STUDIES. By Hubert Crackanthorpe. London: William Heinemann.
- THE STICKIT MINISTER, AND SOME COMMON MEN. By S. R. Crockett. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

 FOR MRS. GRUNDY'S SAKE. By M. Isidore Douglas. London: Digby, Long & Co.

 THE TWILIGHT OF LOVE. By Charles H. E. Brookfield.
- London: Ward & Downey.

MR. CRACKANTHORPE is, we believe, a young writer, but he is one who will probably "go far." Meanwhile, the really remarkable talent displayed in "Wreckage" establishes the author's claim to serious regard—the more so, inasmuch as the book is by no means written for the young person, but is very strong meat indeed. Modern French literature of the most decadent type has set its mark upon Mr. Crackanthorpe with curious distinctness. The book is intensely modern in its obstinate pessimism, its morbidly searching analysis of character and motive, its passionate interest in psychological inferences.

[May 27, 1893.

As the title indicates, these "studies" are of a painful nature, their interest being concentrated on the dark side of human life and character. It is obviously the depravity, rather than the nobility, latent in humanity that engrosses Mr. Crackanthorpe's artistic perceptions; the result being a series of sketches of high literary value, indeed, but of distinctly depressing tendency. That men are capable of betraying their closest friends, women of cheating their lovers and ruining their husbands, is a theme which the author sets forth with startling vividness and undeniable fidelity; but it is not conducive to the gaiety of nations. The first story, "Profiles," is painful to the verge of horror. It is the story of a girl driven, partly by stress of circumstances, and still more by the impulse of a neurotic temperament, to the lowest depths of degradation, whence no hand can rescue her. The grim power with which this tragic theme is treated renders the story a moral nightmare to any sensitive imagination.

Equally strong, and, alas! no less faithful, is the brief sketch called "The Struggle for Life;" an indication, in merest outline, of that dark and deadly "struggle" that crowds our pavements with piteous

wrecks of womanhood.

A "Dead Woman" is, perhaps, the best thing in the book. A widower, heavily sorrowing for his beautiful wife, finds that his most intimate friend has secretly been her lover. The situation is worked out with great strength and skill; but it is a painful, and even repulsive, "motif." The incontestable art with The incontestable art with which Mr. Crackanthorpe has delineated these dark silhouettes leads one still more to regret certain palpable defects in their presentment. That Mrs. Grundy will undoubtedly pronounce "Wreckage" That Mrs. "improper" is, of course, entirely beside the question, since it is a question of serious artistic work. What the book lacks is not morality, but humour. sense of humour-that is to say, of light and shadewould help the author to "see life steadily, and see it whole," and, by so much the more, to be an artist. At present, his talent, like new wine, is perturbed and crude; time, let us hope, will mature it into mellowness. Some day Mr. Crackanthorpe may be able to perceive that not only the Magdalens but the Marys of real life are fit subjects for literary portraval.

Under the title of "The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men," Mr. Crockett has given us a book that is full of strength and charm. Humour and pathos mingle with delightful effect in this group of little stories, and across them all sweeps the bracing breath of "that grey Galloway land where, about the graves of the martyrs, the whaups are crying." The stories are mainly written in their local dialect, and possibly the ignorant Southern misses, in consequence, some of that peculiar charm they must exhale for Scotsmen; but it is hard to imagine that any lover of literature could be altogether wanting in appreciation of their quaint homeliness and pleasant realism. To come across a volume like this is indeed refreshing. No wailing pessimism mars our enjoyment with its dreary disbelief in humanity; every page exhibits a robust faith in the higher possibilities of our nature, and the result is distinctly successful. Amongst the gems of the collection we may indicate "The Heather Lintie," a simple sketch, instinct with quiet, penetrating pathos; whilst, as a specimen of acute and kindly humour, "A Knight Errant of the Streets," with its sequel, "The Progress of Cleg-Streets," with its sequel, "The Prog kelly," would be hard to surpass. humble materials as the poetical aspirations of a plain, faded spinster, or the lawless diversions of a little street Arab, the author has constructed stories full of grace and charm. Those to whom humanity in its most primitive and least complex aspect is interesting will find real pleasure in studying Mr. Crockett's strong and sympathetic presentment of Scottish peasant life.

A hero "handsome as a god;" a heroine with "a wee scarlet mouth" and a plentiful lack of common-

sense; a she-villain, described as a "serpent," and muttering possessing an unpleasant habit of between her clenched teeth;" with divers other foolish and vulgar individuals, make up the dramatis personæ of "For Mrs. Grundy's Sake." Nor is the plot of any less familiar type than the characters. Maud Rienzi, the lovely and stupid heroine, is desperately enamoured of Lord Fellamar, the hero, whose face she alleges to be "more than human in its loveliness;" and a marriage seems impending and a marriage seems impending between this oppressively beautiful pair, when the jealousy of the serpentine she-villain, Adelaide, causes misunderstandings, of the usual kind, to separate them. Lord Fellamar, however, finding Maud prejudiced against his proposals, takes advantage of the Scotch marriage-laws to make her his wife by a trick; and, "for Mrs. Grundy's sake," this hasty ceremony is supplemented by a formal English marriage. Whereupon the jealous formal English marriage. Whereupon the jealous serpent clenches her teeth with renewed vehemence, and sets to work harder than ever to separate the luckless pair. There is really a good deal of excuse for Adelaide's infatuation, since we are told that Lord Fellamar had "a sleepy, half-veiled look in his eyes that seemed to bewilder and bewitch everyone he came in contact with." Her evil machinations succeed admirably, being aided by the efforts of a minor villain, who makes love to Maud, and almost induces her to elope with him. At this crisis Lord Fellamar intervenes, and the minor villain (generally alluded to, vaguely, as "a form") gets very angry and stabs him. The wound does not prove fatal, and, fortunately for the would be murderer, nobody dreams of punishing him for his crime; in fact, Lord and Lady Fellamar continue to meet him as before in society. But knavery is not permitted to triumph over confiding foolishness to the end. Our old, old friend, the curtained recess, kindly conceals the "two forms" of the hero and heroine whilst they overhear a conversation which removes all misunderstandings. By this clumsy and well-worn device they are enabled to rush into each other's arms, and the story of their woes winds up with a sweet picture of connubial bliss—Maud, embraced by her husband, seated at a "handsome black and gold instrument." (Can this be a piano?) Verily, a tale of exceeding feebleness and dulness is "For Mrs. Grundy's Sake."

"The Twilight of Love" is a most misleading title, suggesting as it does merely the vapid outpourings of the average young lady novelist. But its sub-title, "Studies of the Artistic Temperament," gives us the key to the book; and the name of the author assures us that those studies are sketched by the hand of an expert. In point of fact, Mr. Charles Brookfield not only knows what he is writing about, but he writes about it in a very convincing way. The title is the only weak thing in the really strong book he has produced. It is a new and delightful experience to find a book, professing to delineate stage-life, in which the pictures are neither scamped nor over-coloured. That Mr. Brookfield's pictures are faithful to the minutest shade, no actor, we imagine, would dispute. Every touch tells, every effect is legitimately produced; and the result is a volume of genuine merit and of vivid interest. Whether those gifted-or cursed-with "the artistic temperament" will quite appreciate their comrade's powers of observation and analysis is open to doubt. Certainly it is, on the whole, a somewhat lurid light which the author throws upon his subject. stories are four in number, and three of them are tragically sombre. In "A Modern Penelope," as in "The Road to Success," it is the dark side of that brilliant, fascinating, and bewildering temperament which is exposed to the reader's scrutiny; and it is, in truth, an ugly revelation of sordid, heartless cruelty. But in "Kirk and Stage" a gayer note is struck. Here the whimsical, baffling inconsistency of the artistic nature forms the salient feature of the story; whilst in "A Superior Animal" justice is done to the simple, unsoiled womanliness

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of many a humble little "lady of the ballet," cheerof many a numble little lady of the ballet, cheerfully and valiantly struggling through her dull duties upon thirty shillings a week, and loyal to the core in her domestic relations. All these stories of the stage, though pessimistic in tone, are told with the stage, though pessimistic in tone, are told with immense vivacity, with pungent irony, and sly humour. They possess distinct value as powerful and accurate studies of artistic character. We heartily recommend "The Twilight of Love" to our readers, who will find amusement and interest in its racy pages.

A PICTURE OF OLD IRISH LIFE.

THE LAST COLONEL OF THE IRISH BRIGADE. By Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

The Last Colonel of the Irish Brigade. By Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

"Our task," writes Mrs. O'Connell in her preface, "is three-fold—the life-story of an honourable and honoured career; an attempt to reproduce old Irish life without either sentimentality or caricature; and an attempt to preserve old pedigrees, stories, verses, and traditions that otherwise would soon be hopelessly lost. In these pages we have stored such flotsam and jetsam as we could rescue from the waters of oblivion."

The career which forms the central thread of these two comely volumes is that of Daniel Charles O'Connell, a younger son of "Donal Mor" O'Connell of Darrynane, who began life as a military cadet in French service during the Seven Years' War, and ended as a French general, an English colonel, and a Count of the Order of St. Louis. These distinctions were by no means adequate to his services and qualifications, but the road to that higher advancement to which he was entitled, and of which he was certainly ambitious, was twice rudely closed to him just as he appeared to have set foot upon it. He was in high favour at the court of Louis XVI. when the Revolution broke out, and, soldier of fortune as he was, he would not place his sword at the disposal of the Republic. He then arrived through the negotiations which led to the reconstitution of the Irish Brigade in British service, and was appointed colonel of one of the six regiments thus formed. But six regiments, Irish and Catholic from the colonels to the drummer-boys, was more than Protestant feeling could endure, and under circumstances involving a shameful breach of faith, three of them were at once drafted, and their officers—among them Count O'Connell — placed on the retired list, while the remaining three were studiously denied any opportunity of distinguishing themselves in the Continental war, and were sent from one pestilential region to another, until the famous brigade which had played so great a part in military history, an

The career of Count O'Connell was one of much interest, and the contemporary documents bearing on it, including his own letters to his brother Maurice of Darrynane, are full and abundant, and have been very skilfully used by Mrs. O'Connell. But the picture of old Irish life which this book presents us with is more valuable and interesting still. We have here a world of fresh material for history and for romance, and a host of characters sympathetically and vividly drawn. Maur-ni-Dhuir, the exact, capable, despotic mistress of Darrynane; her son, the prim and punctilious Maurice, a sort of standard for the whole County Kerry of moral and social correctness, and a most successful and determined smuggler; Arthur O'Leary, known as the "Outlaw," a brilliant and romantic figure; and many an officer of the gallant Brigade. These are people worth knowing, and in Mrs. O'Connell's simple, straightforward pages we believe that we really do know them. She prints plenty of official documents, warrants, pedigrees, and fasti of all kinds, among which the historical student may delve and quarry. But one does not need to be an historical student in order to be interested in the old-world life of which she tells us—or, rather, which she reveals to us by to be an instorical student in order to be interested in the old-world life of which she tells us—or, rather, which she reveals to us by drawing aside the veil which hides the private archives of a Kerry family. She has done her work with pains, taste, and skill, and produced a worthy memorial of the gallant and high-minded soldier to whose career the main portion of her work is devoted. FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

"Dante's Pilgrim's Progress" is a title which almost explains itself, and it belongs to a book which contains what Mrs. Russell Gurney calls "Notes on the Way," printed opposite typical passages from the original text of the great Florentine. Selections from the three books of the Divina Commedia are placed on the left-hand pages of this volume, and over against them the authoress's comments—"prosaic sign-posts," as she herself terms them, for the unaccustomed traveller through the mystic wood. The work is intended for those who lack time and opportunity for the study of the whole poem, and therefore Mrs. Russell Gurney has concentrated her attention on those parts of the Divina Commedia which deal directly with what Dante himself terms the "passage of the blessed soul from the slavery of the present corruption to the liberty of eternal glory." Stress is rightly laid on the fact that Dante transfigured the creed of the Mediæval Church, and through all the tumult of six centuries his interpretation of the mystical pilgrimage of the soul has kept its ascendancy over the hearts and consciences of soul has kept its ascendancy over the hearts and consciences of men. The truth is, the Divina Commedia may be interpreted in many ways, and Dante himself indicated at least four when he spoke of the literal, the allegorical, the moral, and the mystical.

men. The trath is, the Divina Commedia may be interpreted in many ways, and Dante himself indicated at least four when he spoke of the literal, the allegorical, the moral, and the mystical. The work is not intended for critical students of Dante's text, but rather for English readers who wish to get some glimpse of the heart of the poem, and to discern as far as may be its profound and far-reaching spiritual significance. It is with the mystical aspects rather than with the dramatic incidents of the Divina Commedia that this volume deals, and Mrs. Russell Gurney's notes—they are good, bad, and indifferent—partake more or less of the nature of a devotional commentary on those passages which depict the spiritual progress of the human soul.

One aspect at least of the pulpit power of modern Nonconformity is most admirably represented in "Vision and Duty," a group of twelve sermons by the Rev. Charles A. Berry, of Wolverhampton. The book is marked by conspicuous breadth of sympathy and high moral courage; but, after all, that which impresses us most is the spiritual insight of the preacher and the directness of his appeal to the common heart. Barbed epigrams abound in these unconventional deliverances. But everywhere they are dedicated to the service of close reasoning. People who associate with the Evangelical creed harsh dogmatism and a narrow interpretation of the chief problems of faith and morals ought to read these sermons, for they may fairly be taken as representative of the pulpit teaching at the present time of a school of thought at which in these days it is cheap and fashionable to sneer. Mr. Berry looks at life steadily and in a generous light. He handles the sinister problems of existence with manly firmness, and yet with unmistakable tenderness, and, even when dealing with its often tragical issues, his touch is still delicate, and betrays no failure of charity. "Vision and Duty" is broad, sympathetic, and even jubilant in tone, and there are passages in it which display a remarkable acquaintance wit

the Age. The book contains sermons of singular healty and vigour, and it bears also on almost every page the marks of enlightened Christian patriotism.

The "Letters from Queensland," which were recently sent home from Australia by the special correspondent of the Times, have just been reprinted from the columns of that journal. The volume—it is scarcely more than a pamphlet—not only contains a vivid description of the physical aspects of the colony, but also throws considerable light on the social and industrial problems which are bound up with its development. Queensland, we are reminded, is about three times the size of France, and the distance between the capital and the furthest point is scarcely less than that which separates London and Gibraltar. The existing means of communication are so imperfect that it takes almost as much time to travel from Brisbane to the northern limits of the colony as is required for a voyage from the Thames to South Africa. Although the cultivation of the sugar-cane in Queensland has, as yet, not reached a large scale, it promises to do more than any other single industry in the colony to settle an agricultural population on the soil, and it seems probable—thanks to cheap coloured labour—that it will become one of the most

* Dante's Pilorim's Progress; or, The Passage of the Blessed Soul from the Slavery of the Present Corruption to the Liberty of Eternal Glory. With Notes on the Way by Emelia Russell Gurney. London: Elliot Stock. Crown 8vo. (7s. 6d.)

Vision and Duty. A Series of Discourses by the Rey. Charles A. Berry. ("Preachers of the Age.") Portrait. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

Letters from Queensland. By The Times Special Correspondent. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Crown 8vo.

The Health Resorts of Europe. A Medical Guide to the Mineral Springs, etc. By Thomas Linn, M.D. With a Preface by A. E. Sansom, M.D., M.R.C.P. London: Henry Kimpton, 82, High Holborn. Crown 8vo.

The Cambridge Companion to the Bible. At the University Press,

THE CAMBRIDGE COMPANION TO THE BIBLE. At the University Press, Cambridge; and London: C. J. Clay & Sons. Demy 8vo. (3s. 6d.) MOLTERE'S "LES FEMMES SAVANTES." With Introduction and Notes by G. H. Clarke, M.A. London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 12mo. (1s.)

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important sources of wealth in Queensland. In 1890 the further importation of Kanaka labour was forbidden, and if this decision had not been reconsidered the planters would have been ruined, as white labourers cannot endure the stifling heat of work amongst the thick-growing cane. However, a Bill was brought in by the Government last year which permits the continued importation of South Sea Islanders under certain very stringent regulations. The writer asserts that he (or is it she?) went in and out amongst these people and found them cheerful and contented, and hints that it is absurd for anyone to suppose that they are ill-treated; in fact, he never in any country saw the lot of the labourer so well cared for. "One fact in itself speaks volumes. Two-thirds of the Kanakas now in Queensland are time-expired. Most of them have been home and have re-engaged for a second term of service; some have preferred never to leave the colony." The mineral wealth of Queensland is so far, to a large extent, a matter of conjecture, but four of the six leading goldfields of Australia are within its borders. Queensland in these pages, in its present temporary phase of depression, is likened to a man with a nugget of gold in his possession who sits and starves for want of small change to buy a loaf. Brisbane, which lies in the southern corner of the province, at present decides the smallest detail of government at Cape York, and there seems reason for the view that the erection of North Queensland into a separate colony—a step which it seems to us cannot be much longer delayed—will be equivalent to a decision Queensland into a separate colony—a step which it seems to us cannot be much longer delayed—will be equivalent to a decision that tropical Australia is to be developed.

"The Health Resorts of Europe" have often been described,

but seldom, we think, to more purpose than in Dr. Linn's tersely written and well-informed manual. Many visitors to Nice and Aix-les-Bains will need no recommendation for such a work beyond Dr. Linn's name; but those who are not acquainted beyond Dr. Linn's name; but those who are not acquainted with the author in his capacity as physician may rest assured that the book is as authoritative as it is explicit. Dr. Linn states that he wrote this medical guide because no one book covered the whole field, and he claims to have put it together with independence and without respect of persons. There is an with independence and without respect of persons. There is an agreeable absence of padding in the volume, and all the health resorts are of course described from a hygienic point of view, and the places that are best suited to every malady are duly stated. The author has himself visited the majority of the stated. The author has himself visited the half to be health resorts of Europe, and where he has had no personal knowledge, he has availed himself of the services of local physicians and others competent to give an opinion. There is physicians and others competent to give an opinion. There is truth in the assertion that it is not an easy thing to give any accurate idea of what the cost of living may be at either the greater or the smaller health resorts, since fashion, the time of the season, the wants and the means of an invalid, and a variety

greater or the smaller health resorts, since fashion, the time of the season, the wants and the means of an invalid, and a variety of other considerations, have to be taken into account, though, broadly speaking, the minimum cost of board and lodging is seldom less than ten or twelve francs a day. The chapters which relate to the classification of the waters and their therapeutical virtues are accompanied by a directory of physicians, a list of hotels, and other useful information.

Biblical study, it appears, has been greatly stimulated amongst the more thoughtful section of the English-speaking race since the Revised Version of the Scriptures was given to the world. The aim of the "Cambridge Companion to the Bible" is to place within the reach of ordinary readers the broad results of modern critical research on the structure of the different books of the Bible, the growth of the Canon, and a variety of questions relating to the history and archæology of the Old and New Testaments. The work appears under the general editorship of the Rev. J. R. Lumby, D.D., Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge; and amongst the contributors of special articles occur such well-known names as those of Dr. Westcott, Bishop of Durham; Dr. Stewart Perowne, Bishop of Winchester; Canon Bonney; and Professors G. Watkin, Skeat, and Robertson Smith. The volume contains a concordance, an index of proper names, a glossary of Bible words, and an entirely new set of coloured maps, some of which are of exceptional merit.

Molière's Les Femmes Savantes has just been added to tional merit.

entirely new set of coloured maps, some of which are of exceptional merit.

Molière's Les Femmes Savantes has just been added to Messrs. Williams and Norgate's useful series of French classics for English students. The play is edited by Mr. G. H. Clarke, with an introduction and notes, and the latter, without being too elaborate, are sufficient, and deal with the real and not the imaginary difficulties of the text. Molière was never afraid to harp upon an old string, and there is truth in the assertion that of all French "objets à échauffer la bile," fashionable hypocrites, prudish women, and pedantic critics were the most likely to awaken his contempt. One of Molière's earliest plays was Les Précieuses Ridicules," and it is intimately associated in scope and method with the one before us, which was written as late as 1672, the closing year of the dramatist's life. It is incomparably finer than the earlier comedy, with which it has otherwise not a little in common—indeed, it may almost be said to mark high-water tide in its author's literary career. Mr. Clarke draws attention to the fact that Colley Cibber imitated his Femmes Savantes in "The Refusal," but Molière himself has been accused of borrowing more or less freely, though it was always according to the approved methods of genius.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- At the Rising of the Moon. Irish Stories and Studies. By Frank Mathew. London: McClure & Co.

 The Jews of Angevin England. Documents and Records from Latin and Hebrew Sources. Collected and Translated by Joseph Jacobs. English History by Contemporary Writers. London: David Nutt.
- THE RED SULTAN. A Novel. By J. Maclaren Cobban. Three vola London: Chatto & Windus,
- DULCE DOMUM. Rhymes and Songs (Old and New) for Children. Edited by John Farmer.
- POPULAE FALLACIES EEGABDING TRADE AND FOREIGN DUTIES: being the "Sophismes Economiques" of Frédéric Bastiat, Adapted to the Present Time by E. R. Pearce Edgcumbe, LL.D. Fourth Edition, revised.
- WHAT PROTECTION DOES FOR THE FARMER AND LABOURER. A Chapter of Agricultural History. By I. S. Leadam, M.A. Fifth Edition, London: Cassell & Co., Limited.
- CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS, DOMESTIC SERIES, OF THE REION OF CHARLES I. 1648-1649. Edited by William Douglas Hamilton, F.S.A. London: Printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office by Eyre & Spottiswoode.

- Eyre & Spottiswoode.

 Bon-mots of Sydney Smith and R. Brinsley Sheridan. Edited by Walter Jerrold, London: J. M. Dent & Co.

 Concerning Oliver Knox. A Novel. By G. Colmore. Unicin'i Novel Series. Vol. II.

 A Father of Six. By N. H. Hotahiehko. Translated by W. Gaussen, B.A. Pseudonym Library.

 Theophile Gautier. By Maxime du Camp. Translated by J. E. Gordon. Preface by Andrew Lang. The Great French Writers.

 Women Adventurers, Edited by Ménie Muriel Dowie. The Adventum Series. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

 Dodo: a Detail of the Day. By E. F. Benson. London: Methue & Co.

 A History of Crustacka. By the Rey Thomas R. R. Stebbing M.

- A HISTORY OF CRUSTACEA. By the Rev. Thomas R. R. Stebbing, M.A.

 The International Scientific Series.

 BOOKS IN MANUSCRIPT. By Falconer Madan, M.A.

 THE PRISON LIFE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE. By M. C. Bishop. New and Revised Edition. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübne Bishop, New Treuch, Trübner
- & Co.

 Helen Brent, M.D. A Social Study. London: Gay & Bird,

 The Romanes Lectures. 1893. Evolution and Ethics. By Thomas
 H. Huxley, F.R.S.

 Some Further Recollections of a Happy Life. Selected from the
 Journals of Marianne North. Edited by Mrs. John Addington
- Symonds.
- WILLIAM GEORGE WARD AND THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL. By Wilfred Ward.
- A BOOK OF GOLDEN THOUGHTS. By Henry Attwell. Golden Treas Series. London: Macmillan & Co. POEMS. Dramatic and Democratic. By Gascoigne Mackay.
- THE GIRL IN WHITE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Andrew Deir. London Elliot Stock.
- THE HUMOUE OF AMERICA. Selected by James Barr. Humour Serie London: Walter Scott, Limited.
- A RUTHLESS AVENGER. A Novel. By Mrs. Conney. Three Vol. London: Hutchinson & Co.
- NATIONAL GALLERY PICTURES, 1893. PICTURES OF 1893. London Pall Mall Gazette Office.
- A PASSAGE THEOUGH BOHEMIA. A Novel. By Florence Warden Three Vols. London: Ward & Downey.
- CHISLY GRISELL. A Tale of the Wars of the Roses. By Charlotte M. Yonge. Two Vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

 A Short Proof that Gerek was the Language of Christ. By Professor Roberts, D.D. Paisley: Alexander Gardner.

 Christ and Economics. In the light of the Sermon on the Mount By Charles William Stubbs, M.A. London: Isbister & Co.
- CAP AND GOWN COMEDY. A Schoolmaster's Stories.

 THE GREAT CHIN EPISODE. A Novel. By Paul Cushing. London
 Adam & Charles Black.
- Mr. Punch's Pocket Issex. By F. Anstey. Reprinted from Punch London: William Heinemann.

- London: William Heinemann.

 The Simple Adventures of a Memsahir, A Novel. By Sas Jeannette Duncan. London: Chatto & Windus,

 Arrian's Anabasis of Alexander and Indica. Translated by Edward James Chinnock, M.A., LL.D. London: George Bell & Sons.

 The Letters of a Portuguese Nun. (Marianna Alcoforado.) Translated by Edgar Prestage. London: David Nutt.

 Horace Walfole. A Memoir. By Austin Dobson, Second Edition.

 Mastres of English Music. By Charles Willeby,

 Toppleton's Client; or, a Spirit in Exile, By John Kendrish Bangs. London: J. R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

 From Whose Bouene, &c. By Robert Barr (Luke Sharp). London: Chatto & Windus.

 Ulster in '98. By Robert M. Young, B.A., M.R.I.A. London.

- Ulster in '98. By Robert M. Young, B.A., M.R.I.A. Marcus Ward & Co.
- Introduction to the Study of Geography. By William Hughes, F.R.G.S., and J. Francon Williams, F.R.G.S. London: George Philip & Son.

NOTICE.

EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS

- should be addressed to "The Editor," and Advertisements to "To Manager," at 115, Fleet Street, E.C.
- The Editor cannot return manuscripts which are sent to his unsolicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS

should be received not later than Thursday Morning.

THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1893.

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lliam Hughes idon: Georg THE House of Commons resumed its sittings on Monday, when Committee of Supply furnished the Obstructionists with an opportunity for purposeless and wasteful talk, of which they eagerly availed themselves. There is no need to dwell was the interval.

an opportunity for purposeless and wasteful talk, of which they eagerly availed themselves. There is no need to dwell upon the irrelevancies, the flippancies, and the commonplaces to which the evening was devoted until the Closure cut short the unprofitable wrangle. Two features only of the night's debate deserve notice. The first was the extraordinary blunder of Mr. Courtenay, who objected to a Vote on Account being granted for two months, on the ground that such a vote was unprecedented, the fact being that for years past the Vote on Account has been for two months. Mr. Courtenay, of course, made due acknowledgment of the error into which he had fallen. The other noticeable incident was the attack by Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett upon a vote for certain works in Scotland, which was exactly the same as one for which he himself had been responsible year by year during his whole term of office in the late Government. A smart castigation from Sir William Harcourt rewarded this piece of misplaced zeal on the part of the Member for Sheffield.

On Tuesday the House of Commons resumed its consideration of the Home Rule Bill in Committee, clause 3 being under discussion. As we go to press it is the same clause which is still being dealt with, and unless the "guillotine" process be resorted to there seems no reason why another week should not be devoted to it. The amendments proposed to the clause (which sets forth the exceptions to the powers of the Irish Legislature) have been, almost without exception, frivolous in their character, and designed for the purpose not of amending the Bill but of wasting the time of the Committee. On Tuesday two rather notable incidents occurred. Mr. Chamberlain made a speech of peculiar bitterness, in which he indulged in a series of elaborate sneers at those of the arguments of the Prime Minister which are based upon the wrongs inflicted on Ireland in the past by England; and on the same evening the Government majority fell in one division to barely half its normal number. The reduction was, of course, purely accidental; but it was an annoying incident, and one which it may be hoped will not happen again.

LORD WOLMER'S amendment of Tuesday was a favourable specimen of what may be called the trivial-plausible type of amendment with which the notice-paper is now choke-full. Its object was to forbid the Irish Parliament from speaking or passing resolutions on any of the subjects withheld from its That at first sight wears a plausible jurisdiction. look. Why should a Parliament want to speak about things in regard to which it had no power to act? But in reality this proposal would mean a silly and vexatious attempt to do that which has never yet been possible in these countries—suppress the right of free speech. Not only Parliaments, but Chambers of Commerce, Town Councils, and individuals in the street want to express their wiews now and then upon subjects over which they may have no jurisdiction, but in which they may take a very lively interest. Lord Wolmer's amend-ment would impose upon the Irish Parliament disabilities which no Board of Guardians in the country labours under. If it were passed, and if the Irish labours under. If it were passed, and if the Irish Parliament humbly accepted it, nothing would be gained, for it could not curtail the actual powers of that body one iota. If it were passed, and if the Irish Parliament scoffed at it, as it would be pretty certain to do, there would be no means of compelling it to submission—unless the Speaker, conspiring against his House, called in the attendants to tie a muzzle and gag on each of the members. The thing is nonsensical from every point of view; and yet—and this is why we refer to point of view; and yet—and this is why we refer to it—this was about the most important amendment moved against the Bill during the week. Most of the vast mass of amendments on the paper are below this standard. To discuss such matters inside out and upside down with what Lord Salisbury calls the dreary drip of dilatory declamation, is just now the main business of the House of Commons. The finest majority that ever was got together could not long keep up its morale under such a deadly experience. Some means of hastening the pace must be found if Parliament is not to be bored to extinction.

THE feeling on the Liberal benches in the House of Commons is very strongly in favour of the adoption of more vigorous measures for improving the rate of progress with the Bill in Committee, and it is clear that, before long, Ministers will submit some proposals on this subject to the House. Mr. Macfarlane gave expression to the general feeling on Thursday evening, and though he did not succeed in eliciting a very encouraging reply from Mr. Gladstone, it is clear that the Prime Minister is not unacquainted with the all but

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unanimous desire of his followers. As to clause 9, Mr. Gladstone is manifestly resolved that he will not allow himself to be drawn into any revelation of his intentions until the clause has actually been reached. Among Liberals in the House of Commons, there is unquestionably a strong preponderance of opinion in favour of the retention of the Irish Members for all purposes. It is true that the "in-and-out" clause of the Bill is not so strongly objected to now as it was when the measure was first introduced; but the general feeling is in favour of the simple principle of retention.

THE Women's Liberal Federation, by their proceedings last Wednesday, have transformed what used to be a very useful auxiliary force of Liberalism in general into an organisation for the special promotion of women's suffrage. Lady Carlisle and her friends speak of their usefulness to the Liberal cause not being in the least impaired by this step, nor their zeal for the other elements of the Liberal programme diminished. We would fain lay this flattering unction to our souls; but in holding this language we fear the women-suffragists do but scant justice to the force of their own enthusiasm. It is not in the nature of things for such bold and ardent pioneers as these ladies have proved themselves to be to allow the idea to which they are devoted to take a second place or to vex their attention long with a baggage of irrelevant side issues. They did not hesitate on the eve of a general election to be the means of breaking up a great organisation in order to push their fancy forward. For women's rights they have lived and for women's rights they will continue to live more and more in the future. This is a free country, and the Liberal party is a free party with broad wings beneath which there is room for many sections. These ladies have a right to their opinions and to their organisation, but we fear for effective help their organisation, but we fear for effective help from the feminine portion of its supporters the Liberal party must look in future mainly to that larger body which inherits the traditions of the original Women's Liberal Federation. Personally we have for the ladies of the woman's rights body the greatest esteem, and of their abilities and activities our opinion is respectful and high. We are sure woman's suffrage apart. and high. We are sure, woman's suffrage apart, that they will manage to do a good deal of useful work. But they must not expect that by their recent action they will convert the Liberal party to their way of thinking.

MR. ACLAND'S Code of Regulations for Evening Continuation Schools may well be described as an event of the first importance in the world of education. It is little short of a complete reorganisation of the system of continuation schools, substituting as it does inspection without notice for inspection on a fixed day (a drastic reform) and furnishing a syllabus covering the whole field of subjects for which these schools may obtain grants. To our view, however, everything in the code is of minor importance compared with the great innovation which Mr. Acland has introduced in the shape of a scheme of instruction in "The Life and Duties of the Citizen." We may be pardoned if we express a particular pleasure of our own in the achievement of this memorable step in popular education. In season and out of season The Speaker has been for many a day urging this reform. Again and again we have pointed out that nothing is more important in the interests of the future political welfare of this country than the inclusion of some scheme of training in the elements of civic science in the curriculum of our common schools. We renewed our pleading on Mr. Acland's assuming office, and we rejoice that he has been the Minister of Education to introduce this pregnant reform. For the present we shall only add that his syllabus is most ably drawn. Its lines

are liberal and sound and thoroughly considered. It has indeed inaugurated an educational revolution.

ABROAD.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL closed his argument before the Behring Sea arbitration tribunal on Wednesday with an effective summary of the

with an effective summary of the case against the two American claims—the "closed sea" claim, by which they first sought to justify their prohibition of pelagic sealing in Behring Sea, and their claim, in defiance of all legal tradition, of a right of property in those possibly domestic, but hardly domesticated, animals whose existence is now at stake. It is clear from Professor Elliot's report that the mismanagement of the rookeries, which are under American jurisdiction, has much more to do with the decline in the number of fur seals than any intercepting of single individuals at sea, however serious the effects of the latter may be. If the seals are to exist at all, the slaughter must be duly limited and regulated; and that, in spite of its claim to exclusive property in them, the United States Government has failed to secure. When once the decision of the Court is given, it will be urgently necessary to frame regulations for this end. Sir Richard Webster followed. His speech seems to be devoted mainly to detail. Sir Charles Russell wound up with a noble peroration on the victory peace has gained by the substitution of arbitration for war. The speech drew a high compliment from the President. England need not be ashamed (to use the figure called litotes) of the way her case has been conducted before the tribunal.

A REPORT has been published in a German paper from a correspondent in East Africa to the effect that Sir Gerald Portal has hoisted the British flag that Sir Gerald Portal has hoisted the British flag in Uganda and proclaimed a Protectorate. Mr. Labouchere questioned the Government on this point on Thursday, and was informed that no official confirmation of the report had been re-ceived by the Foreign Office. In reply to a further question of Mr. Labouchere's, asking whether Sir Gerald Portal had power to proclaim a Pro-tectorate, Sir Edward Grey read a passage from our Commissioner's instructions which made clear two things—first, that anything Sir Gerald may do previous to the decision of the Government on his previous to the decision of the Government on his report must be purely provisional, and, secondly, that this provisional discretion is a very wide one. point of fact, the situation stands as it did when Sir Gerald Portal's mission started, and it must so stand until his report has been received and finally considered. Everything will depend on the nature of this report, which must form the real basis of whatever decision the Government and Parliament may come to with regard to our future position in Uganda. Pending its arrival, there is nothing to be done but wait. As for the statement of the German correspondent, Herr Wolff, we think it extremely likely that Sir Gerald has hoisted the British flag. We should say this would be his very first proceeding when he arrived in Uganda and fixed on his headquarters. He goes there in the name of the Government, and the British flag will fly in front of his hut so long as he remains. Part of his duty, too, it must be borne in mind, is to take over provisionally the "sphere of influence" from the British East Africa Company, and to hold it provisionally until the Government has considered his report. Whether he calls this a provisional "protectorate" or not is a matter of terms, and as to that no certain news has been received.

THERE is a general feeling in France that the present Chamber has lived long enough. Certainly it has begun to show some of the eccentricities of extreme old age. At the height of the Panama scandals

during a brief interval of attention to business, it wrecked the Budget calculations of the then Ministry. Early this week it discussed and in part adopted several most various and comprehensive restrictions on the eligibility of candidates for seats in future Chambers. The result would have been, of course, that the next Chamber would be composed to a great extent of wholly untried men, and that in default of available candidates most of the present deputies not disqualified by these restrictions would have enormously increased their chances of re-election. In fact, the measure was a piece of "electoral Protectionism." No wonder that even advanced Republican organs invoked the corrective influence of the Upper House. On Thursday, however, the Premier at last spoke, and in the end the only disqualification left was the receipt of pay from the public purse. Of course, this does not apply to Ministers, Under-Secretaries, and special envoys.

EARLIER in the week the Ministry simply stood aside and let private members take their own way, as if it were as determined as any "plebiscitary Republican" to exhibit the weaknesses of Parliamentary government. However there is fresh evidence this week of the solidity of the present regime in spite of the proceedings alike of enemies and of friends. A by-election was completed on Sunday at Vervins (Aisne), formerly a Monarchist seat. At the first ballot a converted Monarchist had been at the bottom of the poll. His retirement had made the contest one between the editor of the Eclair, an orthodox and tolerably advanced Republican, and a "plebiscitary candidate." The former was elected by majority of 800. "Plebiscitary Republicanism," be it noted, has just been described by M. Déroulède as implying the direct election of the President by the people every five years. In fact, it is the newest form of Boulangism. But even the Panama scandals have not as yet done much towards the promotion of the creed. Unfortunately, the election to the Budget Committee shows that they have not produced a due impression on the Chamber either.

The Belgian Chambers—or more properly the Constituent Assembly—have resumed their task of revision; but progress is slow—so slow that there is a very visible tendency to postpone details to be settled by ordinary legislation, for which the consent of a two-thirds majority is not requisite. The feature of this week's debate in the Chamber has been the adoption, after an earnest appeal by the Premier, of the principle of compulsory voting. This plan, the modern form of a famous provision in the constitution of Solon, is excellent, if only because it must stimulate political education; though its supporters are probably more concerned with the inherent conservatism which recent inquirers have discovered in modern democracy. Next week the reform of the Senate is to be dealt with: and here a settlement is still a long way off.

WE deal elsewhere with the situation in Germany, and need only note here the ingenious and occasionally fantastic proposals for new taxes, with the invention of which the supporters of the military scheme are now diverting their minds. We say "diverting" advisedly, for all the suggested taxes put together would not go far towards their object. An Imperial income tax, indeed, might be a considerable help if the Prussian income tax had not just been made heavier. But a tax on those liable to military service who do not serve—which was proposed in 1881, and then estimated to produce £800,000; a tax on advertisements; and "taxes on luxuries"—which apparently mean

servants, carriages and horses—would hardly produce the three millions sterling annually demanded by the scheme. Besides, as Professor Virchow has just been reminding the electors, the increase of the Navy is being promoted by the Government quite as vigorously as that of the Army.

The sittings of the Austro-Hungarian Delegation this year have hardly given much food for reflection or prophecy. The brief speech of the Emperor is more remarkable for its omission to make special mention of the Triple Alliance—perhaps with a view to eventualities in Germany—than for the pacific assurances of which it chiefly consists. The internal troubles of the Dual Monarchy are more interesting than her foreign relations. The three Young Czech members of the Austrian Delegation have been excluded from all the committees, and the Emperor has conspicuously ignored their presence. This, of course, is the comment of the German and official parties on the recent scene in the Bohemian Landtag. "German parties," says an official organ, "have often used strong language, but have never fought with sand-sprinklers or inkstands." But there is no reason to suppose that the impending general election in Bohemia will make much difference in the composition of its Diet. In Trieste, too, the election for the Municipal Council, in place of that recently dissolved for subscribing to King Humbert's silver wedding fund, has resulted in the return of an Italian—that is, Irredentist—majority.

The reorganised Italian Cabinet has received two votes of confidence—a formal vote on Friday week, carried by 227 to 92, in spite of the formal abstention of Signori Crispi, Nicotera, and Sonnino and the opposition of the Marquis di Rudini; and a vote on account to the end of the month, which was carried on Saturday by 145 to 95. But fresh difficulties are cropping up. The committee of the Chamber on the banking scandals has recommended that the Banca Romana be wound up, and not, as proposed by the Government, amalgamated with the Banca Nazionale, which is sound enough and well managed. The debate on the Pensions Bill, now in progress in the Senate, is extremely likely to result in a vote adverse to the Government, and the trial of the exmanager of the Banca Romana, which will take place about the 20th inst., cannot fail to revive and amplify the "little Panama Scandal," which has already been so disastrous.

It is pleasant to turn from politics to the ceremony of Sunday at Palestro, near Vercelli, the scene of one of the most spirited actions of the War of Liberation in 1859. Representatives of France and Austria have joined with an Italian Prince in the solemn reinterment of the remains of the slain in a new mausoleum on the field of battle. And the occasion certainly deserves commemoration. A French regiment, the 3rd Zouaves, forded a deep irrigation canal, with precipitous sides, under the fire of a body of Austrian artillery thrice their numbers, knocked over some of the gunners with the butt ends of their muskets, bayoneted others, and forced the detachment to retire. The Piedmontese troops meanwhile carried a bridge over the Sesia by a furious charge, driving back the Austrians who held it, and even a reinforcement. And Victor Emmanuel, despite all protests, insisted on joining the Zouaves and fighting in their ranks—for which, historians relate, he was straightway named honorary corporal in the regiment.

THE Bulgarian Great Sobranje has formally passed the amendments to the Constitution with no apparent protest in the country. The general election in Servia has taken place quietly enough. Of course, the Liberals have disappeared—official pressure was not necessary to produce that result—

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Ir housekeepers are in carnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY's Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wag s

and the Skupshtina is divided between Radicals and Progressists in the proportion of twelve to one. In Greece, meanwhile, the situation is no clearer. M. Sotiropoulos in an interview has sketched out a drastic programme of financial reform such as some friends of Greece once hoped M. Tricoupis might be able to undertake—reduction of the army, fresh taxes, a tobacco monopoly, and reform of the banking system, combined with the introduction of a Second Chamber and the extension of the royal power. But the strongest Greek Cabinet could hardly do all this. Certainly the present Cabinet cannot.

BEERBOHM TREE, at the MR. Royal Institution, had an eloquent LITERATURE, peroration on the scientific value ART. etc. of imagination, but in the course of his remarks he expressed an opinion, becoming too common nowadays, that a university career tends to be antagonistic to the imaginative faculty. This idea needs to be very considerably modified. If the charge is brought against the "schools" side of 'Varsity life, we reply that a classical training, with history and committee the schools of the school of position continually transporting one to distant ages and countries, constantly keeps the mind on the stretch and provides the best of imaginative trainings. What room for atrophied imaginations where Plato and Herodotus, the plays of Sophocles and Æschylus, and the speeches of Demosthenes and Cicero form an essential part of the cur-riculum? It is certainly not the typical 'Varsity man who views the existing generation as if the human race had begun in 1500. It can hardly be a disaster if the artist's "point of view tends to become academic," because that point of view is synonymous with liberality of tastes and comprehensive sympathy. Macaulay was at once academic and endowed with an exuberant fancy: in so far as he poured scorn on philosophy he was illogical. Even Mr. Tree will hardly deny to Kant an imagination. If it is the so-called social advan-tages of university life that are supposed to make against imagination, it may be said with assurance that no man worth his salt was ever led by them "into an undue sense of the importance of boot-varnish." There results from a university career an There results from a university career an inexhaustible reservoir of imagination, freshening the arid realism of business life, and supplying a sort of fundamental base for the harmonious development of the mind.

ONE of the most notable events of the past week has been the production of Mr. Pinero's new play, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, at the St. James's Theatre. We are not accustomed to trench here upon the province of our dramatic critic, but it is worth while to notice an event which has made a profound impression not only upon ordinary theatregoers, but upon all those who are interested in the future of the British drama. Mr. Pinero selected a painful theme for treatment in his new play, and the experiment was unquestionably a daring one, but the manner in which he handled his subject is universally recognised as masterly and noble, and the play itself will do much to redeem the modern stage from the reproaches so constantly urged against it.

Mr. Linley Sambourne, the well-known artist of Punch, is about to open an exhibition of his drawings at the rooms of the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street, the private view taking place to-day. The collection consists of between two and three hundred drawings, most of them being the originals of Mr. Sambourne's cartoons in Punch since he first became connected with that journal in 1867. This is Mr. Sambourne's first appearance before the public as an exhibitor, and there is no doubt that the exhibition will be very attractive to all lovers of good "black-and-white" work.

THE ranks of science have sustained obituary. heavy losses this week. Professor
Charles Pritchard, D.D., after an
extremely successful career as a head-master, was
elected when past sixty Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford. There during the past twenty-three years he had carried on an amount of astronomical research which put in the shade even his previous educational work, and had been foremost in raising the study of astronomy to its present position in the University. He was a theologian and preacher of some note and a well-known apologist for Christianity against the attacks of modern scientific men. Professor Karl Semper, of Würzburg, was known as a distinguished naturalist and zoologist, who had studied animal life in the Philippine Islands, and written several standard treatises on his science. M. Henri Viallanes, of the Arcachon Scientific Marine Laboratory, was an authority alike on the nervous system of insects and on the more commercial subject of oyster culture. M. Alfred Darcel, Director of the Cluny Museum, was eminent in many branches of archeology, among them the history of tapestry and of goldsmiths' work. Dr. W. B. Hadden, Senior Assistant Physician at St. Thomas's Hospital, was a physician and teacher who would, had he lived, have obtained a very high place in the ranks of scientific medicine. Commander von Kries, Naval and Military Attaché to the German Embassy in London, had obtained considerable distinction in the theory and practice of his profession. Señor Posada had been Minister of the Colombian Republic at Paris.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AS' LEADER.

IT is impossible to deny that the proceedings in Committee on the Home Rule Bill during the past week have been the reverse of satisfactory. The Committee has been engaged since Tuesday in the continuous discussion of Clause 3 of the measure, and on Thursday night it was not half-way through the amendments proposed to that clause. If these amendments were proposed in good faith, if each raised some distinct question of principle or some point of practical importance, then no one would begrudge the time necessary for full and fair dis-cussion. But this is not the case. Hardly an amendment has been proposed, or a speech made by amendment has been proposed, or a speech made by any member of the Opposition this week, which has not been openly and flagrantly obstructive in its character. Hour after hour has been wasted in discursive talk, mere empty chaff from which the most diligent of inquirers has been unable to extract a single grain of wheat. If we were dwelling among the Immortals, if Time had ceased to exist or if we had Ministers guaranteed to live to exist, or if we had Ministers guaranteed to live twice as long as other men, it might be possible to submit with patience to this condition of affairs. But this is not the case. The sands of the legislative year are running rapidly through the glass; the Prime Minister is months older now than he was when his great Bill was introduced, and after eighty even months count sensibly in the life of a man. Meanwhile, the Opposition out of doors is indulging in open and blatant rejoicing at the success of its obstructive tactics. Time is on its side, though in one sense only. In the larger meaning of the phrase, Time is unquestionably on the side of those who are contending for a policy of national righteousness and peace. But Lord Salisbury and his followers, with a taste upon which it would be superfluous to comment, have chosen to back themselves to outlast, by means of a policy of deliberate and obstinate obstruction, the lives both of the present Government and of the present Prime Minister. This is what they announce with brazen audacity out of doors. Inside the House they adopt a different tone. Mr. Chamber lain, with his tongue in his cheek, speaks of the talk

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of obstruction as "monstrous," and insists that he and the enemies of Home Rule are merely asking for fair discussion of a measure of first-class importance. And though everybody, including the Chairman of Committees and the Prime Minister, knows that what Mr. Chamberlain calls fair discussion means the stifling of the Bill, regardless either of its merits or its demerits, nothing is done to improve matters. It is time that someone spoke out what is in all men's minds. Unless the Government are prepared to meet the conspiracy by which they are confronted with far more energetic measures than any they have yet used, the national verdict of last year in favour of Home Rule will be overborne and reversed by the stream of irrelevant and frivolous drivel which is at present made to serve in lieu of fair debate on

the Opposition benches. This is the first point that must occur to all who consider the Parliamentary proceedings of the week, and we should fail in our duty to the Liberal party if we did not set it forth here in plain language. The other point that emerges from the sea of irritating and empty talk marks the height which Mr. Chamberlain has now attained in his passionate animosity, not to Home Rule (for we give him credit for being really just as much of a Home Ruler now as he was when he was concocting schemes for the government of Ireland under the eyes of the late Mr. Parnell), but to his old leader and his old party. It is Mr. Chamberlain, not Mr. Balfour or Lord Randolph Churchill, who is really leading the fight against the Bill in the House of Commons. The Tories cheer him lustily; but with an uncomfortable feeling that he is serving in their ranks not because he agrees with them, but because he has a vendetta of his own to wage, and can only wage it successfully under their colours. Mr. Balfour allows himself to be totally eclipsed, because he believes that Mr. Chamberlain is at least no possible rival of his in the struggle for the leadership of the Tory party. And so the Member for Eirmingham is able to indulge his passionate personal hatred of the man who dared to withstand him, and of the party which has found him out, with a freedom from restraint that is almost unexampled in the annals of Parliament. Home Rule, the Union, Ulster, the ascendancy of the priests—all the old catch-words of a party which in his heart he despises—are on his lips; but in his soul there is one sentiment only, the sentiment of bitter and undying animosity towards the men who have supplanted him in the confidence of the Liberals of the United Kingdom. He wishes to kill the Bill because in doing so he will at the same time kill the Ministry and its chief. If anyone thinks this language too strong, let him turn to the speech which Mr. Chamberlain made on Tuesday, and remember that such language as the following was used by the man who once compared the government of Ireland by England to the government of Poland by Russia, and who went even beyond the natural level of Celtic sentiment in his appeals for justice for the land which in the name of the United Kingdom we were oppressing. "Why should the Irish Parliament," he asked, "be impassioned for evil if hereafter, when we get into some trouble with a foreign country, they sympathise with that country rather than with ourselves? My right hon, friend must not forget that the iron has entered into their souls for the last seven hundred years. (Cheers and laughter.) my right hon, friend believe that he can pull that iron out in the course of seven years? (Cheers and laughter.) On the contrary, my right hon. friend has during the last seven years done something to drive the iron in still deeper. (Cheers and laughter.)" We have noted the "cheers and

laughter" which, according to the Times report, punctuated this passage in Mr. Chamberlain's speech, because of their significance. Without these blatant outbursts of exultation on the part of his admirers half the venom and the malignity of his sneers would have been lost, and the outside world, which can still recall the principles Mr. Chamberlain once professed to hold, might be induced to accept his words in earnest. As it is, we see him deliberately turning to scorn the best motives, the highest sentiments by which a statesman can be animated, deliberately trying to twist the knife afresh in the gaping wound, and to re-awaken those passionate resentments which are at last beginning to sleep in the breasts of Irishmen.

This is the real, and, we may add, this is the only opposition which is being offered to the Home Rule Bill. The Tories may get up their theatrical demonstrations in Belfast, and the landlords may look to the House which consists exclusively of their own order as a last resource against the great measure of justice. But neither landlords nor Ulstermen can move the mass of the people of this countrywho constitute, after all, the real governing class-to hostility towards a measure which at least gives us hope of a prolonged respite from the pressure of the eternal Irish Question, with its accompaniments of wrong and injustice towards all parties. The only real fight against the Bill in the House of Commons is being carried on by a man who has himself professed to be a Home Ruler, and who opposes this Bill, as he would oppose any Bill brought forward by the present Government, not because he thinks it a bad Bill or a dangerous one, but because he finds in opposition to it a means of gratifying his personal hatred of the Liberal party and its present leaders. And he is enabled to maintain his opposition and to make it effective chiefly, if not entirely, because no real effort is being made on our side to put down the avowed and blatant Obstruction to which his allies on the Tory benches are resorting.

FACTS ABOUT ULSTER.

THE Contemporary Review for June contains a very useful and timely article on the Ulster Question by Mr. J. G. Colclough. If the Belfastmen read it, we fear they will not like it, and may even in their own familiar manner consign Mr. Colclough to the place where they are wont to send the Pope, and Lord Randolph Churchill wants to send Mr. Gladstone. For Mr. Colclough is a statistician who produces figure upon figure to show that the Ulster of Unionist dreams is a creation of extravagant invention. Men who have been living on capital hate the sight of a chartered accountant. And Ulstermen, who have been living on the credulity of the ignorant, who have been living on an inflated store of brag, are not likely to welcome a competent statistician. After all, it is discovered that Ulster is not progressive, prosperous, Protestant, or educated as Belfast would have us believe.

It is impossible to summarise statistics, and we can only refer our readers to the figures as they are presented in the Contemporary Review. Mr. Colclough does not profess—as Lord Cranborne used to do at the Oxford Union—to have access to sources of information possibly not open to others. He relies solely upon official publications, upon the census returns, the Statistical Abstract, and the income-tax returns. He refers to documents which every Ulsterman who is not illiterate can refer to for himself. Most of the figures have, we believe, already been published, many of them especially in some excellent

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articles by Mr. Galloway Rigg, a Scotch Home Ruler resident in Dublin, in the Freeman's Journal. But Mr. Colclough marshals them in a very capable and —what is the more aggravating—in a coldly unimpassioned fashion, which may teach some Belfastmen useful lessons about Ulster. We imagine he is not an active politician or blinded with the dust of current controversy. His statement, for instance, that 700 Nationalist voters abstained at the last election in North Fermanagh would not be made by a practical politician. But this very isolation makes him the more valuable as a witness of truth, and Belfast men who have come to believe their own boasts will find him as useful as a Lenten exercise.

Mr. Colclough's article may be divided into two parts. He begins by disposing of the claims of Belfast to be the third port in the kingdom, especially answering the statements of the Belfast Chamber of Commerce. The Chamber of Commerce had the effrontery to say that the Customs of Belfast amount to £2,576,511. As a matter of fact they only amount to £939,526. The figures of the Chamber of Commerce included not merely the Customs but all the other revenue (except Excise) collected at Belfast, other revenue (except Excise) confected at Delias, much of it really contributed by other parts of Ulster. Even £939,000, however, is a large sum, and would entitle Belfast to rank as the fifth port, if Customs revenue was a fair test of merit. Mr. Colclough says that, judged by its total imports and exports, and by the tonnage of shipping entered and cleared, Belfast occupied a much lower position, 41st in exports, 16th in imports, 9th in tonnage of vessels cleared and entered. We confess we think he lays himself open to attack on the Unionist side by taking the figures of the Belfast exports just as they stand in the "Annual Statement." The statistical depart-ment of the Custom House is not accustomed to issue its figures in very intelligible form, and its statement that the total exports of Belfast in 1891 were worth less than £100,000 is staggering. were worth less than £100,000 is staggering. The exports of linen yarn and goods figure at £270. These figures can only be explained on the supposition that the exports of Belfast are sent coastwise to Liverpool, and are credited to the latter port. We do not believe, however, that, even deducting all the exports coastwise, they are approximately accurate, and should not be disposed to depend upon them in political controversy. is the less necessary as, taking the most favourable test, that of tonnage cleared and entered, Belfast ranks after Dublin among the ports of the United Kingdom. The large Customs payment is explained by the fact that Belfast is the home of the rectifying distillers, ingerious gentlemen who can make whisky out of German potato spirit. The Customs test is not a fair test of general trade; and when the Chamber of Commerce were boasting of their big Customs payment they were depending merely on their whisky business, and the vast tax which they say they pay is collected in Belfast, but really contributed by all parts of the United Kingdom.

Mr. Colclough goes on to deal—we think more satisfactorily—with the general statements as to the prosperity of Ulster. He shows that a million of people have emigrated from this earthly paradise in fifty years. He shows that in many counties the decrease of population has been greater than that of any other part of Ireland. He shows that in rateable value per head, in income-tax payment, in education, in the housing of the people, Ulster ranks after Munster and Leinster, and is only ahead of Connaught. The province which we read of as likely to be spoiled by Nationalist politicians, or to be invaded by Munster marauders, is actually poorer, man for man, than the Leinster and Munster which are pictured as hungry for the spoil. Two-thirds of its agri-

cultural holdings are valued, houses and land together, at less than £15. And yet the valuation of Ulster is always acknowledged to be higher than that of the South; and while in Munster the judicial rents have been fixed higher than the valuation, in Ulster they have usually—and rightly—been fixed lower. If Ulstermen were really as contented as some of its representatives say, they would indeed be the most easily pleased people in the world.

If Mr. Colclough intends, as we hope he does, to

republish his article in a form suitable for distribu-tion, we may be allowed to make one or two suggestions. The figures as to education are not stated with sufficient detail. They are very remarkable, and not as well known as they should be. The Protestant Episcopalians of Ulster are quite phenomenally ignorant—more ignorant, we believe, having regard to their opportunities, than any other people in the world. For three centuries they have been the ruling sect in Ulster as in the rest of Ireland. Until the establishment of the National Board theirs were practically the only schools supported by the State. Until the establishment of the Queen's Colleges theirs was the only Irish University. Until 1870 they were in possession of ecclesiastical endowments of fabulous wealth. They still include almost all the landlords, most of the professional men and manufacturers, and a large majority of those in public employment. We must assume that the landlords, manufacturers, and officials know how to read and write. How extraordinary, then, must be the ignorance of the average Protestant Episcopalian of the lower classes, who forms the backbone of the Orange lodges! the Protestant Episcopalians five years old and upwards at the last census only 71.8 per cent. could read and write in Autrim and 73.4 per cent. in Down, outside Belfast; 71 per cent. in Londonderry, 71.4 per cent. in Tyrone, and 68.1 per cent. in Colonel Saunderson's Armagh. These figures compare very unfavourably with those for the most backward parts of the South; and the rising generation seem to be falling still further behind. The school attendance in Antrim is worse than that in any county in Munster, and that in Derry worse than any county in Leinster or Munster. Mr. Colclough would do well to elaborate these figures. He might also reproduce Plates IV., VI., and VII. from the Irish Census returns, which speak eloquently as to the baselessness of Ulster's claims to superiority.

THE DOG DAYS.

WE had occasion recently to touch upon the question of temper in politics, and to point to the unprecedented display of bitterness and ill-feeling in the political world. Our remarks had reference, of course, to the great controversy of the hour. The bad temper of Unionist speakers and newspapers, the bad temper of Unionist drawing-rooms and dinner-tables, and, we fear we must add, the bad temper of some Unionist ladies, are distinct phenomena of the time which certainly call for observation and criticism. But apparently it is not only when dealing with Mr. Gladstone and his manifold iniquities that an extraordinary display of what in the lower middle-class is known as "cantankerousness" may be expected at this moment. That ill temper spreads itself outside the region of Mr. Gladstone's personal influence, and to other questions besides that of Home Rule. We have not yet reached the Dog Days of the Almanack, but we seem to be living under the influences which, according to tradition,

are peculiar to that season. Perhaps it is the abnormal weather of the present spring; perhaps it is the pressure of anxiety in connection with the financial crisis; or it may only be the influence of the bitter political contest in which Parliament is engaged. But, be the cause what it may, it is evident that a positive wave of irritability, of bad temper—of cantankerousness, in short—is passing over society just now, and that we are feeling its influence in different degrees in very unexpected

places.

In proof of this assertion, we need only turn to our morning newspapers. They positively teem with exhibitions of the quarrelsome spirit. Even the exhibitions of the quarrelsome spirit. Even the serene atmosphere of the scientific world seems to have been disturbed by the influence of that spirit. The Royal Geographical Society, regardless of the fact that the honour conferred by the Fellowship is worth exactly two guineas per annum, and neither a penny more nor a penny less, is shaken to its very foundations by a proposal to allow ladies to buy their two guineas' worth of distinction, and Mr. George Curzon rushes into print to expound at length the iniquities and horrors of the proposal. Those most august beings the Fellows or the Royal Society, whose honours are at least not purchasable in current coin of the realm, are quarrelling bitterly over an attempt to reject one of the nominees of the Council for election as Fellow, and are imputing to each other all kinds of motives more or less unfair. It might almost be supposed that a malevolent sprite had introduced the reign of discord into the high places of thought and culture, and had reduced law to anarchy. And the most striking feature of the situation is the fact that the disputants in these queer controversies seem to have forgotten how to keep their tempers. They wrangle and argue with a heat which is suggestive rather of the street-corner than of the Council Chamber. Verily it is passing strange. Of course, if we turn away from the ordinarily serene domain of science to more worldly regions, we find the ordinarily strengified. An more worldly regions, we find the evil intensified. An estimable dignitary of the Church of England was summoned the other day, whilst engaged at his luncheon-table, to see a young lady who had called upon him. The young lady, it turned out, was nothing more than a book-canvasser of unusually presentable appearance. Her visit at such a moment was doubtless an annoyance; but it is an annoyance of a kind to which every householder in London has at one time or another to submit. And wise men submit in silence. Yet such was the effect upon the worthy Canon that he forthwith sat down and wrote a letter to the Times in order to air his

grievance, and his temper, before the world.

Coming into the region of politics we find the reign of ill-temper all but universal. Mr. Labouchere has, in his time, doubtless given offence to many persons. But he himself has one distinguishing virtue. He never loses his temper. In even the hottest controversy he remembers that mere violence and bitterness are worse than useless, and he never displays them. Yet there is some person—apparently a member of the East India United Service Club—who is now pursuing him with practical jokes of the most vicious kind—jokes which have nothing humorous about them, but which are sheer ebullitions of the spirit of ill-temper. And at Liverpool there is a person, Mr. Austin Taylor by name, who has been talking, amid the applause of his fellow-members in a political club, of "the indecently prolonged existence" of Mr. Gladstone. But perhaps we had better leave the question of the ill-temper shown towards Mr. Gladstone out of the question here. It is too large a subject to be touched upon in a general article. It will suffice to

take two illustrations of the pervading temper in politics from the proceedings of the House of Commons on Tuesday night. In moving the ad-journment of the House over the Derby Day, Mr. Brookfield, a Tory member, so far forgot himself as to intimate that he had seen a member of Her Majesty's Government, whose identity he intimated with much plainness, engaged in "making a book" with a professional book-maker in the Lobby. The statement was absolutely false; but, whether true or false, the fact that it was made proves that, under the influence of temper, Mr. Brookfield had forgotten the rules which generally govern the relations of gentlemen who, in such places as clubs and the House of Commons, are thrown into close contact with each other without necessarily being on terms of intimacy or even of friendship. Henceforth a member in the Lobby who is engaged in any transaction which, though innocent enough in itself, may not be one that he would care to have advertised to the world at large will need to assure himself that there is no Mr. Brookfield at hand to spread the news abroad. Later on the same day on which Mr. Brookfield spoke Mr. Arnold Forster practically charged Mr. John Morley and Mr. W. Redmond with knowing the authors of certain disgraceful crimes in County Clare which still remain un-punished. Both Mr. Morley and Mr. Redmond, it turned out, were entirely ignorant on the subject. The accusation against them-we need hardly say, a very serious accusation, if true-was merely made under the influence of the temper of the hour.

What is happening that the ordinary restraints of good temper and good feeling are thus being abandoned, even by honourable men who, in ordinary abandoned, even by honourable men who, in ordinary circumstances, would be quite incapable of wilfully wronging an opponent? It seems to us that we are reaping the evil fruit sown during the past six years of bitter and, as Mr. Chamberlain would say, "malignant" political controversy. When the Times took to denouncing Mr. Parnell as an accomplice of murderers, and when the members of the House of Commons refused to accept his solemn repudiation of the infamous forged letters, we had advanced far from the traditional standpoint of public controversialists in this country. At that time those who professed to doubt the evidence of the facsimile letters were openly denounced as little better than lunatics. For long months anyone who acted with Mr. Parnell was taunted with being guilty of virtual complicity with murder, and the Member for Cork himself was treated as an outcast from humanity. It is an old story now, and we should not refer to it herebut for the fact that we think the outburst of bitterness and malignity from which we are now suffering is to be dated from that unhappy episode in the history of the Unionist party. It must be humiliating enough to that party to recall the fact that for years its fortunes were founded upon fraud, forgery, and slander of the most outrageous kind. But we must recall the fact to its recollection, because it was during that period of hallucination that the reign of ill-temper, of bitter and violent language, of venomous insinuation and accusation began. We venomous insinuation and accusation began. We do not say that the ill-temper has been confined to one side. It would have been impossible thus to confine it. Both parties have something to regret, something to atone for, in connection with the controversies of the past six years; but it is not to be forgotten that it was by the Unionists that this most un-English and unjustifiable method of conducting a public controversy was introduced. They began it. Will they not be the first to end it? The thing is spreading now to such an extent that it threatens the social as well as the political life of the nation. All our relationships are being

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embittered by this poison of rancorous ill-temper. Is there no one to stay the plague, and to restore the national mind to its wonted calm, the national temper to its old equableness and fairness?

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

A T first sight it may appear as if events had failed to justify the alarming predictions so generally made upon the dissolution of the Reichstag three weeks ago. The electoral contest in Germany is being carried on among the politicians with plenty of passion and of that bitterness which arises from the severance of old friendships. But there seems to be an absence of excitement among the mass of the people that affords a striking contrast to the struggles of 1887 and 1878. There have been no "frontier incidents," no fresh war alarms; even the Military Press Bureau, so far as we can judge from the German papers this week, seems to be abating the activity of its propaganda. The Czar has not spoken the words that were to set the Balkan States ablaze. France is occupied partly with preparations for the General Election, partly with Chauvinist dreams of Empire in Madagascar and Siam. The speech of the Emperor of Austria to the Delegations is pacific in tone and almost too short for comment. The foreign Press is driven to "make copy" by discussing why it contains no specific mention of the other members of the Triple Alliance. Is it that that alliance is so stable as to be not worth specifying, or is it that the result of the German elections may belie the Emperor's words? teresting ceremony, described elsewhere, at Palestro has given occasion for a manifestation of friendly feeling between France and Italy as well as betewen France and Austria. And whatever the fate of the German Army Bills, the relations of the Great Powers of Europe are not at present likely to be disturbed.

All this is true, and yet there are reasons for apprehension too grave to be counterbalanced by the silence of the Czar of Russia or the speech of the Emperor of Austria. The issue of the electoral struggle in Germany is still utterly obscure. If it is true that the masses are not yet excited, that is mainly because it is felt to be a prelude to a greater struggle still. We do not ourselves share in the confident anticipations of some who have excellent confident anticipations of some who have excellent means for prophecy, that the Army Bills, or rather the Huene Compromise, will secure a majority in the new Reichstag. With all due deference to these authorities, such indications as we gather from the German Press seem to us to point to an opposite conclusion. The secessionists from the Centre and from the Radical party seem to us leaders without followers, except in the upper classes and in their own immediate neighbourhoods. In Silesia, in Westphalia, in Oldenburg the names of Huene and Schorlemer-Alst and Hinze may secure seats. We cannot think the personal influence of these candidates will extend much further. The mere fact that eighteen prominent members of the Catholic nobility and the last Reichstag are about to retire from public life altogether shows how thoroughly democratic, and therefore how much more uniform and stronger, the Catholic Centre has become. The party is not a dovecote, said Dr. Lieber last week, where every sort of pigeon can fly in and out at will. The attitude it now assumes on the Army Bills will give it just that cohesion it has tended to lose ever since Prince Bismarck "went to Canossa." The Liberal Popular party, in spite of some serious blows, is extremely active, and is even likely in some places to secure Ultramontane votes. Its bitter feud with

the Social Democrats will, with the doubtful voters, probably be rather a help to it than a hindrance. But perhaps the surest basis of prediction is to be found in Germany, as in England, in the temper of the Conservative party and the National Liberals. This is even worse there than it is here, and it seems unaccompanied by any boasts of coming success. Moreover, most of the professed supporters of the Bills either put some other question first—as the Conservatives do the repeal of the commercial treaties, and bimetallism—or object to part of the scheme, like Prince Bismarck. It is the Catholics and the Radicals who are confident, and above all the Social Democrats.

Of course, it is possible that the National Liberals and Free Conservatives and Secessionist Radicalswho really put the Bills first in their programme and appeal to the patriotic sentiment of the German nation -may find that among the mass of independent voters they can draw on a fresh and unexpected reserve of support. In that case, however, German politics must inevitably be moulded in the immediate future by the party that contributes the largest number of votes to the Government majoritythe reactionary, agrarian, Protectionist Conserva-tives. Not only will the financial resources of the Empire be taxed to their utmost, and im-portant trades wholly disorganised by the quest for new taxes, but fresh stimulus will be given to all the numerous elements of discontent except the Prussian squirearchy. And all the while the resources and the endurance of the peoples of continental Europe will be steadily approaching their limit. is in the consequent discontent—cut of which the Anti-Semites and Social Democrats now get all the profit—that the gravest danger lies. In Germany, if the Emperor is defeated, there may be a constitutional struggle next month, or it may be postponed till after a subsequent, but not a remote, General Election. If he triumphs, the struggle is only postponed for some months—hardly for some years. Even the return of Prince Bismarck, if it were likely, could only be a temporary adjournment of it. Or we may see the beginning of that "defensive war beyond the German frontiers," the possibility of which is one of the chief arguments for the Army Bills. Last week the new leader of the Catholic Democrats—Herr Sigl, of Bavaria—gave probably the most emphatic expression to anti-Prussian Separatism that has been heard since the foundation of the Empire. The Social Democrats are making vigorous efforts not only to capture Alsace and Lorraine, but to make the present election a test of their strength in five out of six constituencies throughout the Empire. In Austria the spirit of Bohemian Nationalism is only intensified by the dissolution of the Bohemian Diet. The agitation for manhood suffrage is growing in intensity, and with manhood suffrage the Czech vote will make itself felt in other places besides Bohemia. The other Separatism tendencies can only be strengthened by a Young Czech success; and the Irredentists of Trieste, the Roumanians of Hungary, the Slovenes and Slovaks and Ruthenians will all demonstrate more vigorously than ever. In Italy the Ministry is impotent, and so will every other Ministry be until the burdens imposed by the Triple Alliance are removed. In any one of the three allied Powers a collapse would serve as a direct provocation to the enemy. Every day the present demands of the League of Peace continue brings that collapse nearer for purely economic reasons, and stimulates the political discontent which in the case of Austria at least may bring about the collapse by itself. And until the final crash comes all Europe has to bear an ever-growing strain on its resources and its fears.

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THE DERBY MOTION.

THE very emphatic vote by which the House of Commons decided not to adjourn for the Derby this week will in all probability have the effect of killing a tradition. It was a very young tradition, not older than the living generation, and it may die easily—though it is to be noted that it survived one gross violation, when the House, being absorbed in passing a Coercion Bill, did not even deign to consider a Derby motion. We venture to bet (betting is in its place on such a subject) that votaries will be found next year who will argue that the refusal to adjourn while Home Rule was being considered was only a fair set-off to the Coercion sitting, and that the score being thus nicely balanced, the House ought to start with its Derby motions again. If such an argument is not heard of it will only be because that agricultural depression of which Major Rasch spoke so pathetically will have utterly crushed the spirit of the sporting M.P. Be that as it may, we cannot but commend the sober good sense of the House in dispensing with the custom on this occasion. It was really too absurd in these serious times that the Parliament of the British Empire should formally adjourn in order that its members might attend a horse-race. That did very well in the days of the airy and frisky "Pam"—when the custom had its origin-when the Cabinet used to own a favourite or two between them, and Front Benchers drove to Epsom in Derby dillys, with blue veils and dolls in their hats. But we have fallen upon autres temps, autres mæurs. The House of Commons has realised a new sense of its responsibilities, and is determined, no matter what the temptation, when the business of the nation waits to be done it will not lift its nose from the public grindstone.

Some people, we notice, attribute this resolution to the gloomy and Puritanical spirit which they allege democracy is importing into the conduct of our public affairs. This is a sort of statement one often hears nowadays, and it implies so many fallacious assumptions that it is interesting to consider it. In the first place it is open to question whether the sentiment which moved hon members in their vote on Tuesday may be exclusively labelled as democratic. Is it an undemocratic thing to go to Epsom Downs on Derby Day? We should like to have Mr. John Burns's strictly private and inside opinion on this point. Of course it may be said going down to Epsom yourself and the House of Commons adjourning to let you go are two different matters. Granted. And granted also that the House's abstaining from adjourning is a very good and virtuous thing. But that thing is no more entitled to be described as wholly democratic than it is as wholly aristocratic. It is due no doubt to a more zealous sense of duty on the part of members of Parliament, to a greater gravity of temper, and an increased conception of legislative dignity. Whatever all that, in its turn, may be due to we do not say. What we are anxious to point out is that anything gloomy or Puritanical which some persons may pretend to see in this state of mind is not an outcome of the democratic spirit. Indeed, we think it is time that a protest were made in the name of democracy against the habit of imputing to its influence everything of a depressing and morose nature in the symptoms of the times. There are people, of course, who call themselves democrate, but whose spirit is the spirit of Obadiah Hewsitz in pieces before the Lord, who records him-in-pieces-before-the-Lord, who regard every one who does not exactly agree with them as a Malignant, and to whom every ripple of laughter on the face of society is an outrage and an abomination. If democracy were truly represented by these adherents it would appear to the world in the guise of a huge Kill-Joy; mankind would prepare to submit to a spell of it as to a night-mare, from which it would soon awake to throw itself with a sigh of relief into the licence of a twentieth century Restoration. But democracy, happily, owns quite another character. Democracy is gay. The people are by nature joyous and funloving; and, in fact, the true problem of democracy is how to bring more laughter, more insouciance, more holidays, into the people's lives. Wherefore if any think that the House of Commons would be doing a purely democratic thing in setting its face against the idea of taking a holiday now and then, even on the occasion of a race-meeting, we are prepared to contend that there is a degree of error in the conclusion.

We say even on the occasion of a race-meeting. Let it be a humiliating, let it be an ominous, or let it be merely a curious phenomenon, there is no denying the enormous influence of the Turf on every avenue and channel of English life. The Turf may be an aristocratic institution looked at in one way, but it is an intensely democratic institution looked at in another. We are not resting merely on the fact that the Derby is mainly a democratic or proletarian holiday. It is a proletarian holiday, as anyone knows who has ever been there and who has watched the costers and their mokes, decked for the festival, bowling merrily along the road to Epsom. But we speak in a broader sense. We have noticed with interest that some of our morning and evening contemporaries who, like ourselves, approve of the new resolution of the House of Commons, took care to make it clear that the action of the House implied no condemnation of the Turf. As a matter of fact, several even of the papers which chiefly circulate amongst the working classes devote a large share of their enterprise to their sporting news. This is the department in which there is the briskest competition. The Turf, in point of fact, is the one institution which unites all classes in this country in the bonds of a common interest; it is the touch of nature which makes prince and peasant, peer and pot-boy, Individualist and Socialist frankly kin. We have no longer a united national Church, politics divides us all but in the Tark was all but in th politics divides us all, but in the Turf we may be said—for good or ill—to have a truly homogeneous and national establishment. In the House of Commons the other day it was not merely the owners of racehorses among its members who were interested in the fate of Isinglass. The doorkeepers, the messengers, the servants, the telegraph clerks, the policemen, the bootblack had their eyes fixed on the race from afar with as keen a gaze as the busman rolling past the Abbey or the stone-cutter dressing a coign and waiting eagerly for the first edition of the halfpenny evening paper containing the result. In this point of view it might be a question whether the old habit of the House of Commons had not as much that was democratic about it as the new. The new habit, however, has sober sense and dignity to recommend it; nobody need be depressed in spirits because the House has given up a boyish trick; nor will the institution of the Turf (it is to be feared-or hoped) lose any of its glory in consequence.

TRIAL BY JURY IN BENGAL.

ON the last day of last year we directed attention to the controversy that had arisen in India over the decree by which the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal modified the system of jury trial in that province. The questions raised by that controversy

were referred to a Commission, which has since presented an important and significant report. It may be desirable to recapitulate briefly the circumstances under which the Commission was appointed.

Under the Indian Code of Criminal Procedure, trials before a court of session may be either by a judge and assessors or by a judge and jury. Assessors are selected by the judge. The jury are chosen by lot from the panel. The number of jurors must be uneven—not less than three nor more than nine, according to orders of the Executive Government. The verdict of a majority is taken. If the judge disagrees with the verdict, he can refer the case to the High Court. The districts in which trial is to be by jury, and the classes of cases to be so tried, are determined by orders of the Executive Government. In the year 1892 the system of jury trial had been in force for more than thirty years in the seven most advanced districts of Bengal, and had been applied in those districts to almost all the more serious offences under the Penal Code. It applied to offences against public order, such as riot and unlawful assembly; to offences against the person, including murder; to offences against property, and to perjury and forgery. The number of the jury

was fixed at five.

In October, 1892, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Sir Charles Elliott, published a resolution expressing an opinion that trial by jury was "a failure in Bengal in its present shape," and withdrawing from the cognisance of juries offences against public order, murder and most offences against the person, and forgery, but extending jury trial to certain offences in relation to marriage. These orders were issued with the approval of the Government of India, but without any previous warning to the public, and, what is still more difficult to explain and justify, without any previous com-munication to the Secretary of State, although it must have been known that this change of policy would attract attention in England, and would have to be defended by the Home Government. orders appear to have been the outcome of a correspondence which had been going on for some two years between the Government of India and the Government of Bengal, and of some confidential inquiries into the working of the jury system which had been directed by the former Government. It was generally believed that these inquiries had arisen out of a failure to obtain convictions in a well-known riot case. The orders of October, 1892, caused great dissatisfaction and alarm in Bengal, and were seriously criticised in England, and it soon became obvious that the policy which they embodied would have to be reversed or modified. As an interim measure the question which they raised was referred to a Com-mission consisting of three English and two Indian gentlemen, among whom were a judge and an ex-judge of the High Court, and the leader of the Calcutta bar. The Commissioners reported on the 26th of last March.

The report begins with an elaborate history of jury trial in Bengal from the time when it was first definitely introduced under the Criminal Procedure Code of 1861, and shows how the working of the system was carefully watched, and was reviewed from time to time by successive resolutions of the local Government. In 1867 Sir Cecil Beadon, on leaving office, recorded his "deliberate and matured conviction" that the trial of all offences before the courts of session ought to be by jury throughout the whole of Bengal. However, the High Court were not then prepared to advocate an extension of the system and it was not advocated. extension of the system, and it was not adopted. In 1884 another Lieutenant-Governor, after expressing an opinion that the system had worked fairly

well in the more advanced districts to which it had been applied, again asked the High Court judges whether it might not be extended to other districts. But the reply of the majority of the judges was again in the negative. It is obvious that the attitude of the official classes in Bengal during most of this period was, as might perhaps be expected, purely conservative. They were not enthusiastic about trial by jury, but they were not prepared to condemn it. They were not willing to go forward, but neither would they go back. Had anything, then, occurred to justify in 1892 what was certain to be represented as a retrograde step? This is the question which the Commissioners set themselves to consider.

They express an opinion that in the recent official inquiries sufficient attention had not been given to the inherent merits of jury trial as a system. And on this head they quote with approval some passages from a book of Sir James Stephen, including the remark that, "If trial by jury is looked at from the political and moral point of view, everything is to be said in its favour, and nothing can be said against it." They then consider the special merits and drawbacks of the system in its application to India. On the one hand, it is an exotic, and its introduction into India might be regarded as a new and risky experiment. On the other hand, where the criminal law is of foreign origin, and is largely administered by foreign judges, it is of the highest importance that natives of the country should be associated with, and share the responsibility for, its administration. In the administration of justice it is of the greatest political importance that convictions for crime should not only be just in themselves but should be locally and popularly recognised as just. In India there is a special risk of divorce between the popular and the official mind, and between their respective standards of morality, and the jury is a useful link between them. Finally, the native and local juror is often better able to draw inferences of fact and discriminate between truth and falsehood than the foreign judge. But, of course, the jury system is based on the hypothesis that the juryor is fairly intelligent and honest. Are we then juror is fairly intelligent and honest. Are we then justified in saying that the Bengalee is disqualified by mental or moral defects from acting as a juror? This question the Commissioners try by the aid of statistics. The opinions before them show, they say, that experienced officers have frequently complained of the prevalence of wrong verdicts, which they have attributed to various innate defects in the jurors. "The statistics, on the other hand, do not show that there has been any larger number of such cases than might have been reasonably expected, and they certainly do not indicate any breakdown of the system." This expression of opinion is supported by a careful review of judicial statistics since 1877, at the close of which the Commissioners say: "After the fullest consideration of the very abundant materials before us, we cannot come to the conclusion that the jury system in its present shape has proved a failure in Bengal," thus directly negativing the conclusion of the Lieutenant-Governor.

The Commissioners then consider special classes of crimes, such as murder. It is often said that a Hindoo jury will not convict a Brahmin. Is that so? Take the figures. In the six years from 1887 to 1892 the total number of murder cases tried in the jury districts of Bengal was 404. Of the persons charged with murder in these cases twenty-three were Brahmins. Of these thirteen were acquitted and eight convicted on verdicts concurred in by the judge. In two cases the judge dissented from the verdict of acquittal, but in one of these he did not think it proper to refer the case to the High Court.

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And in two of the cases where the jury convicted a Brahmin, and the judge concurred, the High Court, on a review of the facts, acquitted.

"No case," say the Commissioners, in summing up, "has been brought to our notice in which an erroneous verdict can be attributed to undue deference to the social position of the accused

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not urt. In dealing with riot cases the Commissioners very properly observe that there is no class of cases in which it is more difficult to ascertain the truth, and in reference to the particular riot case which so much perturbed the official mind and was the primary cause of the orders of 1892, they remark that there must have been very grave defects in the evidence of identification, since otherwise it is hardly conceivable that the judge before whom the case was tried should not have referred it to the High Court. We all know what police evidence is like in these cases.

The net result of the report is that the Commissioners dissent specifically from almost all the conclusions arrived at by the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. They see no sufficient reason either for the sweeping restrictions on the range of jury trial made by the orders of October last, or for its extension to certain marriage offences, or for reducing the number of jurors from five to three. The two native members of the Commission, one of them being an ex-High Court judge, would extend the range of jury trials, but the majority of the Commission would apparently leave matters substantially as they are. Such a decisive condemnation of the orders of 1892 made their withdrawal a matter of course. In the interests of good government it is much to be regretted that the Government of India and the Government of Bengal should have exposed themselves to such a rebuff. The immediate effect and intrinsic importance of the orders issued by those Governments have been much exaggerated, but it is clear that in issuing those orders they misread facts and ignored considerations which ought to have been present to their minds.

The mistakes which have been committed are singularly characteristic of bureaucracy. They result from the bureaucratic tendency to overlook moral and political, as distinguished from administrative, considerations; to believe in the omniscience and unerring judgment of officials; and to assume that failure of a State prosecution necessarily means

failure of justice.

FINANCE.

A COMPLETE change has come over the money market this week. For about a month previously bankers had been acting with great caution. Not only did they scrutinise suspiciously every security offered, but they called in large amounts of money from the Stock Exchange and the bill brokers, with the result that the Bank rate rose in little more than a fortnight from 2½ to 4 per cent., and that there was a scare upon the Stock Exchange causing numerous failures and a serious fall in prices. This week the bankers recovered from their alarm, and began to lend and discount freely once more. At the settlement they charged only from 4½ to 5 per cent., and sometimes less, and abundance of money was offered, while the rate of discount in the open market has fallen to little more than 2½ per cent. These sudden fluctuations in rates do not speak very well for the management of the banks. The truth is that bankers in their eagerness to earn large dividends lend and discount "up to the hilt" in ordinary times, and then they throw markets into confusion, when any cause for apprehension arises, by calling in loans and

refusing to discount. Just now they have come to the conclusion that the crisis is temporarily past. They may be right, but even if they are, they would act more wisely for themselves and more justly towards their customers if they observed much more caution. By lending very cheaply now they are once more encouraging speculation, and if anything happens to alarm them, they will ruin the speculators by again refusing to lend. The signing of a report by Lord Herschell's Committee on Wednesday was hardly expected, as the members were believed to be hopelessly divided, and it has caused a rise in rupee paper. The rise, however, is purely speculative. The recommendations of the committee are not known, and are not expected to amount to much. That anything can be done to raise the value of the rupee without causing serious disturbance in Indian trade few believe, while almost everyone agrees that nothing can be done by India, at all events, to advance the price of silver. The market for that metal, therefore, has been stagnant this week, the quotation being 37\frac{3}{4}\text{d}. per ounce. The Indian banks, more particularly, are opposed to all change in the Indian currency, and are apprehensive that if anything is done it will be harmful. Consequently they refused to tender freely for the India Council drafts offered on Wednesday, and out of the 60 lakhs the Council wished to sell, only about 18\frac{1}{2} lakhs were bought at

the minimum fixed, 1s. 25d. per rupee.

The fortnightly settlement on the Stock Exchange at the beginning of this week had been looked forward to with great anxiety. Members felt that if the banks again refused to lend freely very many firms would be compelled to suspend. Happily, the banks did not refuse to lend and the settlement banks did not refuse to lend, and the settlement passed over comparatively smoothly, only four failures being announced. But many others had to be assisted, and the scare has seriously weakened the House as a whole. The consequences of the Australian panic have not yet been fully felt, and it would be rash to hope that the troubles in the United States are at an end. Greece, it is feared, will not be able to pay the July coupon of the debt; the crisis in Spain is deepening; and the difficulties of Italy are certainly not decreasing. The better and more general opinion is that business will not improve for a considerable time yet, and that therefore it is incumbent on all concerned to be very cautious in what they do. The negotiations between the Rothschild Committee and the Argentine Government appear to be at a standstill, and as far as can be judged there is little chance of a successful termination. In the United States failures are becoming very numerous. Taken singly they are not of great importance, but taken in combination, they prove the existence of widespread distrust, and a good deal of embarrassment. There was a report at the beginning of the week that the President was about to call Congress together almost immediately, but it has been contradicted, and the opinion is now almost universal that Congress will not meet before September, and probably not until October. Allowing a reasonable time for discussion, it is hardly likely, therefore, that the fate of the Sherman Act can be decided much before Christmas. If so, uncertainty will continue, and with it distrust, and while dis-trust lasts the gold exports will go on, and at any moment may cause alarm.

THE SOLDIER'S TRADE.

COLONEL TULLY, or whoever it is that draws up the prospectus, declares that one of the best means of assisting recruiting for the army is the Royal Military Tournament. Who can doubt it who has witnessed, even once, this singular revival which has sprung up in our midst of customs and tastes which one had almost come to think had no longer a place in our drab, industrial age—this brilliant combination of contests which, in its nineteenth-century

trappings, recalls something at once of the mediæval tournay, the palæstra, the Corinthian games? When I entered the Agricultural Hall the other evening, the event which is described on the programme as play by N C.O.'s under training at the Head-Quarter Gymnasium, Aldershot," was going on. The brown, tan-strewn arena was half filled with men in snowwhite tight-fitting jerseys, white flannel trousers, and white canvas shoes. Their brawny arms were bare from the shoulder, and as they bounded about, vaulting in platoons over gymnasium-saddles, catching each other as they alighted, leaping on each other's shoulders, the clean glow of health and perfect training shone through their bronzed cheeks and enhanced the sparkle of their eyes. These non-commissioned officers are the pick of Aldershot for physique and intelligence. Every man looked a living statue, his pectoral muscles standing out bold and clear, his torso with its sinewy waves fit to be the model for a Theseus. They performed their difficult feats with such ease and consto that they seemed to be at play. They laughed, and were manifestly in a state of vivid enjoyment To me it was a superb picture of the capacities of the human creature: I would call it a revelation, but that I have seen such a sight pretty often, and it has always given me the same reflec-tions. How much the best of it these military men have in the simple matter of getting the utmost value out of existence. Perfect health, perfect physical condition such as these men have attained, is, after all, the indispensable basis for a full enjoyment of such pleasures as this life has to offer. With perfect health, the capacity for enjoying everything, the least thing, as well as the greatest, is magnified indefinitely. Your blood tingles in your veins, your spirits are always high, the heart within you is proud and lusty, and as you gallop in the fresh morning with your thundering troop you shout with glee. You know the joie de vivre. Whatever brains you have are always clear and ready for action. Do not credit the poor flattery with which those of us whose muscles have atrophied, and whom dyspepsia or the black bile holds in its grip, are wont to cheat ourselves. It is not true that for our dark hours, when the brain lies nerveless and undone, and life seems but a dismal duty, we are compensated by bright moments of ecstacy which the man of muscle knows nothing of. Nor is it true that if the physical part develops it must be at the expense of the spiritual part. The Greeks knew better than this, who were not less renowned in the athletics of Academe than in those of the circus. If we were in as good physical form as those N.C.O.'s in their white jerseys, our mental form would be correspondingly improved and our bright moments would occur more frequently. Perhaps we might think less, but it is possible to think too much. At Perhaps we might any rate, existence would become immensely more enjoyable, and that is a fact so patent to all sorts of observers of this tournament that, as the prospectus puts it, it substantially helps recruiting. What though a bullet from a "twelve-rupee jezail" may be waiting to cut the life rather short? While it lasted it was worth living, and we must all die some

Perhaps I reason as a prejudiced person. To be fair, I ought to confess that I never can hear a tuck of drum, or see a squad of men in uniform stepping through the street, without experiencing a thrill of the blood; while such spectacles as those of the Military Tournament give me an exaltation which it is beyond the power of music to produce. But yet when I look around me I perceive that I am not singular in this. Behind me a stout man, who looks like a prosperous grocer, is full of delighted excitement as he strives to explain to a lady the operations of the sham-fight. My seat happens to be next to the barrier which marks off the unreserved places, and at my elbow is an old spectacled proletarian, holding a programme tightly in his hand, with whom I have exchanged some comments on the proceedings.

I am quite sure he is a Radical from some of his expressions, and when at home in his workshop has sound views about militarism; but here all his feelings have given way to an intense enthusiasm regarding every event on the programme. There are plenty of younger men around him with eager faces, and it could not be hard to pick out two or three who are pretty sure to justify the boast of the prospectus and look up the recruiting sergeant when the night is over. Even my own companion, an old soldier who has seen all this mimicry in grim earnest under many a sky, has grown quite excited, and his nostrils expand like those of the war-horse in the Bible, as the smell of even a sham battle gets into them. It is, in fact, a common sentiment. It is one of those elemental things in human nature over which civilisation may have spread a thin veneer, but which it has made no headway in suppressing. Mars has been honoured in all ages and in all states of society, since society began, and despite the great social changes which we are supposed to be on the brink of, and despite the humanitarian sentiments which are almost as universal to-day as they were a hundred years ago, it is extremely likely that he will continue to be honoured for some ages to come. It might even be contended that it would be a bad thing for society if this were not the case. I can conceive of a thesis being set up to the effect that the continuance of war and the warlike spirit is necessary to the safety of civilisation. We must be ready to make war if we are to defend ourselves against the black and yellow races of the future. War, too—internal warplay its part in decimating these foes for us. Indeed, humanity at large threatens to overrun the earth, like the rabbits in Australia, when deprived of the services of its natural enemies-war, pestilence, and so forth, it may be a question whether for the vigour of the race the old remedy of war would not preferable to any of the new checks on population which the philosophers propose. But, without going into these questions, I think it may fairly be maintained, in spite of the Peace Society, that there is a good deal to be said for the military life. It is still, with all its faults, a school of chivalry. French republicans claim that it is also a school of civic virtue, but on that point I will not insist. It is, in Burke's words, a "nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise." Tommy Atkins, his pennon fluttering, his helmet glittering, riding into the lists to a fanfare of trumpets, for joust and tourney is not merely in outward seeming the nineteenth century equivalent for the paladin of the Middle Ages, but he is a paladin in fact. Talk as you please about the reverse side of military glory and the horrors of war; military ambition has its follies even as civil ambition, and war has its horrors no less distressing than those of peace; but it must be a very narrow mind which does not perceive the value of the fact that, if war unlooses some of the most terrible passions, it brings out some of the noblest traits of human nature. Putting it on its lowest level, when, in pursuit of his motives, whatever they may be, a man takes his life in his hand, he is on a different plane of action from him who pursues his motives, whatever they may be, with a safe skin. When the motives are lofty and disinterested, and not merely ambitions—when they are motives of simple soldierly duty, or of patriotism, loyalty, friendship, humanity you have the perfect material of heroism. myriads of records of such heroism does the history of all wars furnish! Search these records, and you will find that one striking fact is clearly established by them—namely, that the most dreadful experiences of war, and its fiercest moments, are not inconsistent with the inspirations of the tenderest and humanest sentiments. Sir Philip Sidney's giving the water to the wounded soldier when he himself lay mortally hit is an incident which might be multiplied a thousand-fold from less famous actions. Sir Walter de Manny's pleading for the burgesses of Calais was a type of what knightly honour meant in a starker age. When Wellington told

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our told Halkett at Waterloo that he could not come to his relief, and that he must hold his ground, the quiet resolution of Halkett and his division to hold their ground while a man remained alive was a case of men deliberately accepting certain death for the sake of duty. Take another instance from Waterloo —Vandeleur's account of what happened to him when wounded: a French regiment going into action almost passed over his body, when one of the French officers, perceiving he was wounded, stopped for a moment to make him comfortable, placing a knapsack under his head and giving him a drink from his flask. Peace has its heroisms, of course; but let it be admitted that war furnishes opportunities for heroism in great abundance; if peace has its heroes and saints, war has its Bayards and Gordons.

It ought to be realised, too, that even England's little frontier expeditions at the present time are fruitful of some of the finest individual episodes. The sham fight at the end of the Military Tournament is supposed to represent the storming of a hill fort on the North-West Frontier. Engineers throw a bridge across a river under a terrific fire from the quaint fortress, the officer in command directing them with his walking-stick with an air of preternatural coolness. It seems a desperately daring incident. Yet it is only a rough representation of the sort of thing that has been going on for the past year in the country round Gilgit. The stronghold of Nilt in the Hunza-Nagar country was taken within the year, a week or two later the breastworks of the Nilt nullah were stormed by Lieutenant Manners Smith. Both these little affairs resulted in three Victoria Crosses gained by British officers for extraordinary feats of courage. Manners Smith, to reach the breastworks, climbed up 1,200 feet of precipitous rocky cliff. Captain Aylmer, of the Engineers, won his Cross by planting his gun-cotton for blowing up the Nilt gate under a fire so close that some of the shots fired at him burned his flesh and clothes. He received three wounds. Nevertheless, the first fuse he lit proving a faulty one, he went back to the gate a second time, facing almost certain death, readjusted the fuse, cut it with his knife, lit a match after two or three attempts, and re-ignited the fuse. These events were dismissed in short paragraphs in the newspapers at the time. The policy of these little frontier wars, the sequelæ of the seizure of Gilgit, is more than questionable; but that is not the concern of the brave men who obey orders and who prove, when the chance offers, that the British Army still breeds heroes.

MR. TOOLE'S LITTLE JOKE.

ANY people who have turned to Mr. Toole's article in the National Review with the expectation of fun must be a little puzzled. It is not a piece of irresistible drollery. Laughter does not hold both his sides over every sentence. There are several pages of scientific analysis, for the genial comedian poses as a metaphysician, and is more at home in "cyclical evolution" than Jasper Phipps on Mr. Barrie's house-boat. Mr. Toole undertakes to explain the phenomena of Ibsen and Oscar Wilde. He finds that Ibsen is not wiser than Shakespeare, and that Mr. Wilde uses the wit of Congreve to tickle a virtuous public. Congreve's raillery at virtue could not have been very amusing in his own day, for then everybody was a profligate; but Mr. Wilde has the great advantage that now everybody is good and decent, and therefore quips at the "Nonconformist conscience" are infinitely diverting. The reader may ponder these propositions without perceiving the joke, for the excellent reason that it is not there. Mr. Toole's complaint of the New Humour is that it merely consists in taking copy-book maxims and making them walk on their hands, as it were, or sit on their elbows. This

is an anatomical freak which, in the nature of things, must be fleeting, whereas the Old Humour rests on its legitimate fundamentals, so to speak, waiting with a slightly contemptuous air for this impertinent rival to make his exit. To illustrate this solidity of the Old Humour, Mr. Toole disguises himself as a professor, and asserts the immortality of the obvious. "The varieties of humour and of moral reflection are infinite. Each age has its own variety; each country in each age its own type; but all the varieties, the geographical types as well as the varieties in time, would be scientifically accounted for as easily as the differentiations of physical species. Humour in all ages lies athwart the dormant normality, the dominant convention of the time; and its character changes, new types of it are evolved with the change, the growing complexity, of the mental conditions of society." This is Mr. Toole's little joke; or to use the appropriate vernacular, this is where the laugh comes in. If any reader is still at a loss, let him imagine the comedian delivering this portentous passage on the stage in King William Street, or even at the Royal Institution. If Mr. Toole in his own person could not lie "across the dormant normality" amidst inextinguishable mirth, then he is not the man we take him for. The passage we have quoted is as good as Dr. Blimber's discourses on the ancient Romans. It is absolutely and delightfully empty—"It's nothing," as Jasper Phipps would say—but it gives us Mr. Toole revelling in scientific jargon in order to play off the Old Humour against Mr. Wilde, by showing that common-place on its head.

Now it happens that by a coincidence — or is it a compact?—Mr. Toole has a potent ally in this great enterprise. Sir Herbert Maxwell has written an article in the Nineteenth Century on the extravagant popularity of fiction. This protest is a striking illustration of the Old Humour in its bearing on what Mr. Toole calls the "growing complexity of mental conditions." So complex is Sir Herbert Maxwell's mind that he "pounces on all that comes from the pen of Mr. Andrew Lang," but is content with "only half of Shakespeare's plays." Such a system of culture flowers in this profound truth: "If people prefer to read of the imaginary acts and conversation, not of an immoral tendency, of characters who never had existence, no objection need be raised on moral grounds." How superior this humour is to the new style, in which we should probably have read that to know half Shakespeare and all Andrew Lang does not make a man a profligate! But Sir Herbert warns us that to have the Waverley Novels at one's fingers' ends is not such a sign of grace as "an acquaintance with the New Red Sandstone and the Silurian beds." We may have the "old red sandstone," of which it is related that at a meeting of a geological society "a chunk" was an effective reply to a point of order raised by Abner Dean of Angel's. But Abner Dean's interest in geology must not blind us to the circumstances that his person, though not of an immoral tendency, never had any existence. The "subsequent proceedings" which "interested him no more" did not take place; but you have a real man of science in the shape of Sir John Lubbock, a shining example of the exuberant interest and variety of life which are stimulated by scientific studies. Sir Herbert exuoerant interest and variety of life which are stimulated by scientific studies. Sir Herbert Maxwell deplores the fact that there are not more Lubbocks. "There are many busy workers following out the clues of truth—more in this age, perhaps, than in any previous one—but there are perhaps, than in any previous one—but there are also many possessed of the priceless boon of leisure who might contribute aid to the work, and thereby earn for themselves unexpected enjoyment, but stand aside, absolutely indifferent, and prefer to occupy their minds with the fictitious predicaments of persons who never existed." Why, there are people who may even give their time to the half of Shakespeare which Sir Herbert Maxwell has not

read, instead of pursuing those "clues of truth" which lead to the acute observation concerning Æsop's fables, that "we are apt to overlook the extraordinary knowledge of human nature condensed into There is something to be these elementary stories." said for the fictitious predicament of the fictitious "dog that dropped the bone he was carrying because in his own reflection he fancied he saw another dog carrying a bigger bone," because this is one of the "everlasting illustrations of the motives of human nature." But when you turn from the dog and big nature." But when you turn from the dog and his bone in the fable to the man and his ambition in the novel you deserve Sir Herbert Maxwell's reproach that you have not preferred the enjoyment to be found in the "Silurian beds," to say nothing of the chance of acquiring the intellectual opulence of a Lubbock.

To these ripe specimens of Old Humour should be added the view common to Mr. Toole and Sir Herbert Maxwell, that realism in art has a tendency to picture "characters whose conduct in real life would ensure their exclusion from all society now held to be respectable." Sir Herbert Maxwell holds that persons who are unfit for respectable society ought not to be painted in novels with "witchery People in stories on whom, if they really existed, Sir Herbert Maxwell would not call, must be made odious. He is "disquieted" by the thought that a book like "Manon Lescaut," written in English, might have "a dangerous effect upon manners." Pouncing on everything that proceeds from the pen of Mr. Andrew Lang evidently leaves him no time for the discovery that an excellent translation of the Abbé Prévost's pernicious work may be had for a trifling sum. But we should be disquieted to find Sir Herbert Maxwell declaring that a woman who is not beautiful is free to find consolation by "identifying herself for the time with the fortunes of Di Vernon or Tess of the D'Urbervilles," if it were not manifestly a piece of Old Humour to put those heroines into the same category, and to treat the experiences of Tess as the natural course of things for any of her sex. How Sir Herbert Maxwell is to make this little joke coincide with the obligations of "society now held to be respectable" is one of those mere affairs of logic which do not trouble Mr. Toole. Our comedian compares the realists to sanitary inspectors and the idealists to decorators of drawing-rooms. "The sanitary inspector may be the faithfullest of his kind; but is he, because his work is nasty, a higher authority on architecture than he whose work lies in the pleasanter regions of the house?" If the drains go wrong the house is apt to become uninhabitable, in spite of its decorative charm. That seems to be the only point of Mr. Toole's image which reminds us, indeed, that the truth about moral health may be more important than the bric-à-brac of life or the elegant paperhangings. But without eternally thrusting the drains on the noses of the company, we may learn to make the local habitation of art quite as interesting as, and a good deal more alive than, let us say, The Birthplace of Podgers, which Mr. Toole, as a crowning stroke of Old Humour, calls a "comedy."

THE DRAMA.

"THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY."

A CORRESPONDENT of this journal the other day called Mr. Pinero a "half-baked clever man." The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, if it did nothing else, would suffice to demonstrate the curious infelicity of this epithet. But, as a matter of fact, it does very much else. For it shows that Mr. Pinero is not only a clever man, baked through and through, not merely a skilled craftsman in the difficult technique of the theatre, but a bold thinker, minded to envisage serious problems seriously. Envisage is envisage serious problems seriously. Envisage is the right word, for the author of The Second Mrs. Tanqueray looks the question he has raised squarely in the face. He nothing extenuates. his language, are naked and not ashamed. He has produced a work at once of high theatrical and high ethical value. Of the former, the enthusiasm which seemed, on the first night, almost to shake the walls of the St. James's, is sufficient evidence. I have never seen a playhouse audience so strongly moved. Of the latter, have we not the best proof in the fact that complaints have already been heard of the "unpleasantness" of the play? It is, indeed, an illustration of the great moral law, which modern science has substituted for the older arbitrary moralities, the law that everything in this world has to be paid for, that we cannot escape the consequences of our own actions-a law which is decidedly "unpleasant."

Briefly, the play tells of the disastrous failure of a quixotic experiment, and refutes the belief that the past can be obliterated by good intentions. A generous-minded man marries a woman of the type which the French call a Daughter of Joy, and the marriage results in the wreckage of his own, his child's, and his wife's happiness. I propose to examine this story in detail, and to note as they occur for the play is quite strong enough to bear a little hypercriticism-points on which the author strikes me as not having been sufficiently explicit, or as having taken a view of the facts which is open to question. Aubrey Tanqueray, a middle-aged widower living in the Albany (opportunity for Persic apparatus, old oak furniture, Venetian glass, and Muscovite napery—the sort of thing they always do well at the St. James's), invites his old friends to a last bachelor dinner. He is to be married on the morrow to a woman whom his men friends will hardly, and the ladies of their families will assuredly not, care to recognise. First question: Why does a man like Aubrey marry a woman like Paula? Aubrey's first marriage was a failure because his wife was too cold and hard. She was "all marble arms and black velvet." He used to "light all the fires and shut all the windows in the hope of thawing her"—in vain. His hunger for affection, thus starved, at length after twenty years breaks out again. He is in the sentimental forties. He has lost his heart to Paula, and determines to make reparation to her for the dishonour she has suffered at the hands of every other man. This is plausible enough—when a woman is concerned, the sentimental temperament is capable of any extravagance—but, all the same, I should have expected Paula to show some conspicuous quality likely to captivate the senti-mentalist. I can find no such quality in Paula. We make her acquaintance in the first act—the rapidity with which Mr. Pinero gets to business is masterly—and we find her vulgar-minded, roughtongued, prone to jealousy, cynical, and in no wise concealing her surprise at Aubrey's quixotry. Here, she says, is a list of my past lovers; had you not better draw back in time? Treat me as the others did; I shall not mind. Perhaps it is this frankness in the woman and a certain childlike naivety she has which have captivated Aubrey. "I adore simple pleasures," says one of the personages in Mr. Wilde's Haymarket play: "they are the last refuge of the complex." Are we to explain the love of Aubrey for Paule by the attraction of the of the complex." Are we to explain the love of Aubrey for Paula by this attraction of the simple for the complex? Possibly; but I should have liked the point a little more fully worked out. Aubrey must have hesitated over the marriage. He must have wrestled with himself. There must have been a long process of mental and emotional evolution. Pinero asks us to take that process for granted. hold that he ought to have shown us some of it; but

From the first the marriage, we see, is a dead failure. The pair have retired to Aubrey's house in Surrey, where the lady is bored to death. For the neighbours, she is "that woman" who must not be called upon. Paula, as was to be expected, has no resources within herself; even "her set" in town was better than this rustic solitude. Domestic "scenes" have already begun-scenes of hysterical

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perversity and violence on the wife's part, of almost perversity and violence on the wife's part, of almost superhuman forbearance and meekness on the husband's. The woman, clearly, is falling into the mental condition of a Hedda Gabler, into a state of nervous exasperation. A crisis is brought about by the presence of Aubrey's daughter, Ellean. Paula has tried to make friends with Ellean; she feels that the leve of this innecent young girl might be the the love of this innocent young girl might be the salvation of her. But Ellean, hardly knowing why, finds it impossible to respond to her advances, and then Ellean is taken away by a neighbour for the London season. (Second difficulty: Aubrey, before marriage, must have known that Ellean would be a stumbling-block—another argument against the marriage which Mr. Pinero neglects to meet.) With the removal of Ellean, Paula's instinct towards things pure and of good reportare suddenly checked; her nostalgie de la boue gets the better of her, and, in direct defiance of Aubrey, she invites to her house a woman of the old set, and a poor drunken sot whom the woman has inveigled into marriage.

We have now reached the third act. Paula has quickly tired of her old companions, and is again showing signs of grace. If only Ellean would return all might yet be well. Ellean does return, unexpectedly, but not the same Ellean. She returns a grown woman, with new hopes and interests in life—in plain English, with a dashing young soldier for a sweetheart. This evidence of humanity in the immaculate Ellean prompts Paula first to gibe— Paula, as I have said, has a terrible tongue, and the vilest of tempers, even for those she most loves-and then to wax tenderly maternal. She determines to take the girl's new-found happiness in her charge. The young fellow is waiting outside the house. Enter Captain Hugh Ardale, to be introduced to his future mother-in-law. And now you are at the crisis of the play: Captain Hugh Ardale's name was down in that list of Paula's lovers which Aubrey had refused to read. They have, as the woman puts it, "kept house together.

At this juncture M. Sarcey would say that the old problem recurs of doit on le dire? Shall Paula tell? The cynical dæmon within me whispers, Why should she? If the girl and Aubrey never know the truth, there is a prospect of happiness, in Ellean's marriage to the man of her heart, for both daughter and father. But Paula's instinct for frankness comes uppermost, and she confesses to Aubrey. Captain disappears, and the marriage is abruptly broken off. Ellean, at first at a loss for the reason, at length traces it by the logical process of exhaustion to the unhappy Paula, and a scene of violent denunciation ensues, a very powerfully written scene in which plain facts are put in a startlingly plain way Never has ingénue been permitted to speakon the stage as Ellean speaks in this play. The more I think of Mr. Pinero's courage, here and elsewhere, the more delighted I am. Evidently we are about to say good-bye to the bad old hypocrisy of the theatre. If The Second Mrs. Tanqueray does only that for us, it will not have been written in vain. Still more powerful is the subsequent scene between husband and wife. The pair review their wasted life, and the woman paints, unflinchingly, the vista of dreary years that lies before them. Here—as I have already said elsewhere-if I had been Mr. Pinero, I would have brought my curtain down, for here, in the prospect of a grey, monotonously dismal future, lies the true tragedy of the situation. But though in post-Wagnerian opera we have abandoned "full-closes," we still retain them in plays. The "fullcloses," we still retain them in pl close" is, of course, Paula's suicide.

As you see, I have hinted at one or two points in this play on which it is possible to disagree with the author; but if I have not at the same time shown you that Mr. Pinero has written one of the strongest plays produced on the English stage for many years, then my analysis has been altogether inadequate. The weightiness and direct simplicity of the dialogue could only be illustrated by quotations of incon-venient length, and to perceive the subtlety of the

character-drawing you must go to the play itself. You will enjoy some very excellent acting, I promise you. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, at last happily delivered from the Adelphi-a release I have never failed to demand for her in these columns—plays admirably as Paula, courageously bating us not a jot of the woman's unlovely nature, yet filling us with a deep sense of her pathetic case. She has advanced, in this part, at one bound to the first histrionic rank. Mr. Alexander is discreetly dignified as Aubrey Tanqueray; Miss is discreetly dignified as Aubrey Tanqueray; Miss Maude Millett, Miss Amy Roselle, and Mr. Ben Webster are good in their several ways; while that delightful comedian, Mr. Cyril Maude, in the character of a good-natured, loquacious friend of Aubrey's, half "chorus," half "raisonneur" to the play, is seen at his very best.

Consideration of Signora Duse in comedy—in which she is as bewitching as in serious drama she is impressive—as well as of Miss Elizabeth Robins in Rosmershalm. I find myself compelled to postpone till

Rosmersholm, I find myself compelled to postpone till next week.

THE GRAFTON GALLERY.

N my last article I said that the exhibition at the Grafton Gallery was the most interesting I had er seen in London. I have been there again, and ever seen in London. am convinced that I did not exaggerate. To write efficiently about good pictures it is necessary to see them more than once, however well they may be But it would be difficult to say how often it would be necessary to see pictures hung in the Grafton Gallery before one could make sure what one really thought about them. Art criticism in the Grafton Gallery is an impossibility, so various are the lights, and so extraordinary the transforma-tions they produce in the pictures. Truly our impressions are at the mercy of every passing cloud. I could not have believed such transformations possible if I had not been the victim of them. A week ago Mr. Whistler's picture of Sarasate appeared to me as an incomprehensible jumble. light caught the paint and brought the back-ground forward; there was no floor; the figure was standing on nothing; the drawing had diswas standing on nothing; the drawing had disappeared. There was no picture on the canvas. Very stupidly, I did not consider the light, and concluded that we were all mistaken about this portrait. But next time I visited the gallery, lo, the picture had come back! I could hardly believe my eyes; it was like looking at a different picture. But as I continued to look at the picture the sun began to shine, and in proportion as the sun came through the clouds the picture faded and went out. Half an hour after it was back again, and so on, and so on. The Sarasate was what suffered most, but all the pictures were affected for suffered most, but all the pictures were affected for better or worse. Mr. Guthrie's beautiful portrait of Mrs. Fergus did not look so well in the grey light; a certain blackness transpired in the background which I had not seen before. Still, my opinion of the exhibition as a whole remains unchanged. I think it is the most interesting we have seen in London, but I confess that I did not see the pictures to-day in the same light (the expression is marvellously wellsuited to the occasion) as I did last week. They are exhibited as they would be in the street, and it is absolutely necessary that Mr. Prangue should see his architect, and explain to him that a gallery should architect, and explain to him that a gallery should be lighted so that the light does not fall directly on the walls. When this is done, Mr. Prangue will have to remove the infamous red plush. Not only does it destroy the colour in the pictures, but the soft texture of the plush accentuates every harshness and roughness of handling. Boldini's art is to me loathsome: his portrait of the little boy with his leg cocked up on the sofa would look vulgar wherever it was hung, but I will admit that its colour would not seem so cold and slatelike if it were hung. would not seem so cold and slatelike if it were hung on a wall painted a nice grey. And a good deal of the coarseness of Mr. Lavery's execution in his

portrait of "Rhoda" would disappear with the plush. Nothing is more enjoyable than giving good advice—except, of course, listening to it; and having got Mr. Prangue fast by the button, I do not think I can do better than point out all his little mistakes, and favour him with all my views regarding the conduct of his gallery. On the occasion of his first exhibition I was moved to devote a whole article to the criticism of the errors of judgment and of etiquette which his hanging committee had slipped into. I was only able to point out the mistakes that appeared on the walls. Since then I have heard that had it not been for the serious efforts of the Glasgow School, Besnard's great portrait and the stupendous Degas would both have been rejected. It appears that some of the directors objected to these pictures. They were not refined enough for There were, I hear, one or two on the hanging committee who objected on artistic grounds. ing committee who objected on artistic grounds. It would be most interesting to know who were these artists. Surely not Mr. Guthrie. Surely not Mr. Walton. Surely not Mr. Melville. Surely not Mr. Stott of Oldham. Was it Mr. ——? I will refrain. There are secrets that had better not be revealed. So, waiving all further speculation on this interesting point, I will say that a good deal of improvement has been made, and that there is, however, room for still further improvement. A grave wrong has been done to Mr. Stuart-Wortley. His portrait of the Prince of Wales has been placed next to the Sarasate. For this piece of been placed next to the Sarasate. For this piece of practical joking Mr. Stuart-Wortley has a just cause of complaint against the hanging committee.

I said the last time I wrote that the exhibition was quite a triumph for Mr. Guthrie. I still think it is, although Mrs. Fergus's portrait did not look quite as well as when I first saw it. Beautiful it undoubtedly is, but it is not Mr. Guthrie's first claim to our admiration. His finest work is his portrait of Major Richard Hotchkiss, and, to come to the point at once, this seems to me to be one of the finest pieces of portraiture of modern times. It would look well in any gallery. It reminds me of Watts and of Reynolds, but Watts never painted a head so fluently as this, and yet a want of fluency is the only fault I find with it. An exceedingly grave and learned piece of painting, in the best English tradition beautiful in colour and compact in the tion, beautiful in colour, and composed in this wise: a great black, the military coat thrown over the shoulders; a red, the tunic underneath; a greengrey, the background against which is seen the short grey hair and the red wrinkled skin of a man of sixty. The painting of the face seems a little slow and uncertain in touch; here and there a high light and an accent in the drawing tell of hesitation and a difficulty of accomplishment. But the red of the tunic is the most beautiful I have seen this many a day; the sash, the medal, the belt—perfect. Close at hand there is a very common and vulgar portrait by Carolus Duran. Look at Duran's red and then at Guthrie's. High up why high up?—I noticed a portrait of James McNeill Whistler when quite a little boy, by the late Sir William Box all. A very sympathetically painted head, for which a place should have been found on the line. Sir Frederick Leighton's portrait of Sir Edward Ryan is a fine work. Surely it is the work of the born artist. An old gentleman has risen from his chair to address the dinner-table. He holds a large open book in one hand; and the placing of that book, its colour and drawing, are most distinguished. The wine-glasses, the oranges, the composition of the old gentleman, head and hands, the selection of what to draw-everything in the picture tells of learning, taste, and accomplishment, picture tells of learning, taste, and accomplishment, and yet the picture is not satisfactory. It looks like a masterpiece, and yet we feel that it is not one. Why? An excess of browns and yellows and reds—learned recollections. The picture is a portrait, and most certainly like the model; yet we feel that every line was revised from memory of other things. True that we should know it to be a Leighton. But what

is Leighton? A very distinguished something, distinguished in many styles—portraits, nude figures, decorations, genre, even in sculpture—but Leighton is not a name that personifies a new way of seeing, feeling, mainting—for instance, like Whistler, Corot, Albert Moore, Burne-Jones. I noticed also two Boldinis—a portrait of a man and a portrait of a woman-both of which exhibit a vast amount of vulgar dex-terity. I saw a portrait by Lefebvre, in which I detected excellent measurements, but not the slightest

instinct or passion for drawing.

In the music-room I like Mr. Lavery's "Rhoda." The little girl stands in a conservatory in certainly two, perhaps in three, different lights. The style is rambling, but there is a distinct sense of beauty in the picture. "Louise," a pastel by Fantin Latour, is most distinguished; it holds the attention by mere force of style. "Miss Hamilton," by Mr. Guthrie, shows Mr. Whistler's influence in the arrangement. It is a full portrait of a girl in a grey dress, standing against a grey-greenish wall, the bottom of the dress beautifully marked with a dark line. The face is unfortunately blotchy; it looks as if the sitter were suffering from a skin So, notwithstanding the charm of the disease. wall and dress, the portrait does not give complete satisfaction. I have spoken of the portrait of Mrs. Fergus, and once again I must stop to admire it: the red and purple of the dress, the thick fat arms, the fan held so well, in a movement at once gracious and natural, and above all the placing of the face and the crown of pale hair in the canvas. I am at the end of my space, but I must not conclude this article without mentioning 93, a portrait by Mr. Mouat Louden. I can hardly imagine a more charming picture to live with. The youth of the girl, the blue dress, the hands crossed over the knees, and so perfectly in the canvas, the admirable harmony of the red-brown background, on which there is some design in red, combine to make a picture the charm of which is peculiarly its own, and of which I regret I can give no idea. There is not much power or knowledge in the picture, the profile has not been either well observed or vigorously executed. It is rather a weak picture whose merits are rather negative than affirmative, yet it is one of the most charming pictures I have seen for a long time. It is like a field flower, as simple and as delightful.

ANARCHY AND TORTURE IN ASIA MINOR.

CONSTANTINOPLE, May 26th, 1893.

THE state of things in Asia Minor is alarming, much more so than appears upon the surface. am convinced by confidential information which has reached me from different parts of the country that there is danger of serious trouble there during the summer unless something can be done to avert it. It is a curious fact that the Turkish Government appears to have arrested only eight or ten of the real Armenian revolutionists, while it is certain that they know who the really dangerous men are and where they are to be found. They arrested and imprisoned more than two thousand innocent men, and subjected many of them to inhuman treatment, especially depriving them for days—in one case eleven days—of food and water with the apparent design of extorting confessions from them, and finally set at liberty all but seventy of them, who are on trial at Angora.

But a large number of revolutionists, including all but one of the leaders, are still at large and have not been molested. It has been reported officially to at least one Legation here that these men were holding meetings in the cities in Asia Minor with the full knowledge of the Turkish authorities, who were afraid to attempt to arrest them. The story seemed to me incredible; but it is now confirmed in such a way that I cannot doubt the fact of the meetings being held with the knowledge of the authorities although it is absurd to suppose that they are afraid

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Why they tolerate them is a mystery, but it is true that for the moment it is the Armenians rather ng, dis. figures, hton is than the Turks who are suffering from the existence of these revolutionary committees. They have terrorised the whole Armenian community. They have murdered five Armenians in cold blood in a feeling. Albert single city, and they are extorting money, with threats of assassination, from all the leading Armenians—who do not dare to refuse or even to speak their minds lest they should be murdered. The money is demanded on the pretence that it is needed for revolutionary purposes. But the ring-leaders declare their intention to take to the mountains and public roads in a few weeks, to rob and murder the Turks, and to force a general insurrectionary movement among the Armenians. Still the Turkish authorities make no effort to arrest

Many of these men are from Russia, and they profess to be certain of Russian support. They have promised certain villages that if they would rise, a foreign army would be ready in a few days to support them. What Russia really has to do with this movement we have no means of knowing, but in all probability the Asiatic Department is doing what it can to encourage it and thus create a state of anarchy.

The Armenians generally are, of course, much excited, and the release of those imprisoned has not diminished the excitement. It has perhaps increased it, for those men who have been set at liberty were not pardoned criminals, but innocent men who had been made to suffer unjustly, and the story of their sufferings is not calculated to calm the spirits of the people.

The number of Armenians who are really revolutionists, or who have any desire or hope of overthrowing the Turkish Government, is very small. They know perfectly well that they are in a small minority, and that armed rebellion can bring them nothing but misery. It is the Armenians in Europe and in Russia, together with the paid professional revolutionists of whom I have spoken, who desire to have massagers of their own people take place in Asia. have massacres of their own people take place in Asia Minor to force the European Governments to interfere in their behalf, as they did in behalf of Bulgaria. But all the Armenians are more or less dissatisfied with their present position, not simply with the fact that the Treaty of Berlin has remained a dead letter, so far as they are concerned, but that they are treated by the Turkish Government with suspicion, if not as enemies, and are far worse off than they were before the Congress of Berlin. Most of them would probably be contented to go back to the friendly relations of twenty-five years ago, when they were treated as loyal subjects, and with more consideration than any other Christians in the

The cause of the present unhappy state of things is obvious. The Sultan has not only neglected to carry out the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin, but the has on the contrary adopted a positive anti-Christian policy with a view to strengthen the Mohammedan element in the empire. No one can blame him for his efforts to educate the Moslem population and to revive their faith and interest in their religion; but his persistent efforts to put down Christian education, and to take away the privi-leges of the Christian nationalities, the thousand annoyances to which he has subjected his Christian subjects, have been as unwise as they are contrary to treaty obligations.

The present state of things in Asia Minor is one of the consequences of this policy and of the long continued inaction of the European Powers. The crisis has been precipitated by the action of Hosnef Pasha and his accomplices during the winter, and it is now too threatening to be neglected. Some of the advisers of the Sultan fully realise the danger, and it is possible that a concerted action on the part of the Great Powers might now lead to a change of policy. It cannot be for the interest of Europe any

more than of Turkey to allow Asia Minor to drift into anarchy. I believe that the English Government is fully alive to the danger, but nothing can avert it but united and vigorous action on the part of all the Powers.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE PROGRESS OF THE HOME RULE BILL.

SIR,—Now that Lord Salisbury has been and acted the part of the "heavy father" in the *Ulster Orange Supremacy Farce*, and the Union Jack has suffered degradation by contact with mean men in pursuit of mean objects, it may be permitted to an

mean men in pursuit of mean objects, it may be permitted to an onlooker to take up the parable of the hour, and point to one or two significant features in the present Unionist Crusade.

Nothing is more striking in connection with the so-called Unionist Party than the lamentable want of statesmanlike minds amongst the leaders. There is brilliant partisan swordsmanship displayed by Mr. Balfonr; clever superficiality in debate by Mr. Chamberlain; dashing horse-play by Lord Randolph Churchill, and ponderous legal pretension by Sir Henry James, but never a glint of statesmanship can be caught through the chinks in their political armour. political armour.

political armour.

The pith of Lord Salisbury's vapid orations, and the orations of all the others, may be summarised in a sentence. After cataloguing ad nauseum, as is their wont, the heinous characteristics of the present leaders of the Irish people, generally with superadded enormities of their own invention, they ask: "Are you going to entrust the destines of Ireland to men like these?" and the indigenent contor swells with patricia pride as the re-

istics of the present leaders of the Irish people, generally with superadded enormities of their own invention, they ask: "Are you going to entrust the destinies of Ireland to men like these?" and the indignant orator swells with patriotic pride as the responsive shout, "Never!" falls upon his ear.

Let me quote the words of a man of the people, the latchet of whose shoes not a Unionist 1 ader of the lot—nay, not all of them rolled into one—is worthy to unloose. Mazzini, one of the noblest minds of this or any past era, writing on a kindred subject—the Condition of Europe in 1852—has the following pregnant remarks:—"In what we have just said, there is the indication of a constant fact, of which these who seek in good faith to appreciate the crisis should never lose sight; the radical and habitual difference between the excited, exaggerated ebullitions of intelligence seeking to progress and brutally repulsed by force, and its practice, its point of view when it descends into the arena of action. Proudhon himself, if in power, would not organise anarchy. There is not one of the preachers of systematic terrorism who, invested with power, would not recoil from the application of the rules which he had promulgated in defeat. This is in the nature of things. Besides the change which takes place in the same men in different positions; besides the difference between the unrestrained impulses of the writer or the propagandist orator, and the course, regulated by all external circumstances, of the legislator or the representative, there is the fact that the work of preparation falls mostly into the hands of factions, whilst the practical solution of the crisis belongs to the mass—to the majority of the country. Now the mass—the majority—never desires the impossible. It instinctively feels that it is called upon to continue, not to create. It takes tradition as its starting point; it advances, but does not break tradition as its starting point; it advances, but does not break tradition as its starting point; it advances,

Manchester, May 30th, 1893.

SOCIALISM AND SHEEPHOOD.

SOCIALISM AND SHEEPHOOD.

SIR,—In inviting me to "define my terms" you observe that I "apparently lump together Socialists, Co-operators, Trade Unionists, and Labour Politicians as Collectivists." I did not exactly do that. I referred to them as "at present associated" in a certain movement—a movement which, unquestionably, is towards Collectivism, towards "the concentration of capital, and of the management of industry in the hands of the State or local authorities" (your definition of Socialism), it being understood that such concentration implies common ownership and democratic control. Whilst "Socialism," as I understand it, implies at present the aiming at the extension of such "Collectivism," it implies a good deal more besides, being founded upon a philosophical conception of the relation of the

so called "individual" to society, and accepting and including the "scientific Anarchism," to which you refer in your review of Krapotkin's "Conquête du Pain."

You explain that the article to which I had referred "experience and the scientific of the scientific and the scientif

Nothing is more certain that the article to which I had referred "expressly denies that any such (Collectivist) system can be lasting." Nothing is more certain than that no system that ever takes form can persist for one moment unchanged; but I venture with all deference to submit that it is quite out of your power to demonstrate the manner in which a Collectivist system would change or break down, since it can never come into existence at ss those antagonistic tendencies which at present seem to or overcome. "Lasting" is an ambiguous term, but such Collectivism as has already been established amongst us does not show much sign of breaking down just yet. If it lasts but three or four generations it will probably have carried us a good deal further than did the anarchy of the first century of modern industrialism. industrialism

I have had intimate acquaintance with the English Socialist movement for eleven years, but I do not recognise the identity of the "professed Socialists" whom you describe as advocating "plans drawn more or less directly from Continental bureau-

cracies."
You observe, "If interference (with industry) to promote individuality and freedom is Socialism... the Liberal party were Socialists long before the birth of either the Fabian Society or the Social Democratic Federation." If this is so, THE SPEAKER might render considerable service to the Liberal party by dispelling a very prevalent impression to the Liberal party by dispelling a very prevalent impression to the Liberal party has done so much on these lines as have the Tories, but something might be effected by a short summary of the achievements in this direction of such representative Liberals as Mr. Cobden, Mr. John Bright, Mr. Gladstone, or Mr. John Morley.

Mr. Cobden, Mr. John Bright, Mr. Glaustone, or Mr. Morley.

Such ancient history, however, may not be very relevant, if the Liberal party are now awake to the present situation in politics. In this connection it does seem to me a little significant that The Speaker should cavil at my "lumping together Socialists, Trade Unionists, and Labour Politicians" as Collectivist in tendency. The disposition to question that classification tallies rather ominously with the mistakes that have been made in the selection of Liberal candidates in certain by elections, the results of which were sufficiently discussed at the time.

Finally, as to your comment that "if nobody but a Socialist can understand what Socialism means, revelation or 'inner light' must displace reason, and discussion must be at an end," may I say that I think that is not far from being actually the case? Men are not made Socialists by mere reasoning, except (if at all) in comparatively few instances. Few men are sufficiently controlled by logic, or emancipated from the bias of their temperament or their position, for that. It needs some pressure of pain, either physical or moral, to direct the attention of the practical reason to devising some project for relief. Those who do not feel this pain, those whom the present individualistic system keeps comfortable and, according to their capacity for freedom, free, are not Socialists, and will not be made so by academic discussion. The formal extension of Collectivism—of all kinds of democratic combination and organisation—is advanced by the free, are not Socialists, and will not be made so by academic discussion. The formal extension of Collectivism—of all kinds of democratic combination and organisation—is advanced by the immediate desire of relief from some such pain, and is opposed by those to whose interests it runs counter. The practical reason—as I have said above in other words—cannot see more than a little way beyond the conditions in which it is exercised. The old political economists might prove conclusively to the "reason" of interested capitalists that Trades Unionism or factory legislation must be mischievous and suicidal; that Socialism or Collectivism must be chimeras; but the Will—the "inner light" or "revelation," if you like to call it so, for Love as well as Hunger is its symbol—makes short work of such arguments and employs the "reason" simply as a tool to devise immediate means for its own relief—in Factory Acts, Education Acts, Eight Hours Bills, municipalisation of industries, and other encroachments—in regard to which the better "educated," and presumably more "reasonable," classes, having economic interests at stake, may quite possibly be arrayed against the "masses," whose "reason" time alone can justify.—Yours faithfully, SYDNEY OLIVIER.

fully, Limpsfield, May 30th, 1893. BUT we do not see how Socialism can include both Collectivists Twe do not see how Socialism can include both Collectivists and scientific Anarchists, who are also Individualists of an extreme type. Love of mankind, dissatisfaction with present social arrangements, a philosophical conception of the relation of the so-called individual to society, have been abundantly present in Comte and the Comtists, and, we might ad I, in Mr. Herbert Spencer and J. S. Mill. Are any of these to be classed as Socialists, seeing that they have all combated Socialism? As the Liberal party, inter alia, has passed the Education Act of 1870, legalised Trades Unionism, reformed Irish land tenure in the interest of the tenant, secured allotments, and formulated the Newcastle Programme, we do not see that it can be charged with neglecting to interfere (we did not mean to limit curselves to manufacturing industry) to promote individuality and freedom, even before modern English Socialism was born. But political measures in this direction had to precede economic, if only because the scientific study of economic fact is a recent study in England. Mr. Olivier must not appropriate to the credit of Socialism all the good deeds done by people who decline to be called Socialists. Except the most selfish of egotists, men are mostly agreed with him as to his end, whether they hunger or not. What we ourselves repudiate is the extended Collectivism which he regards as the sole available means. With mankind as it is, we suspect that the leaders would quarrel over the spoils and the Anarchist wing resort to dynamite. We wait, therefore, without undue impatience, for the neutralisation of those antagonistic tendencies which for the neutralisation of those antagonistic tendencies which at present impede the arrival of the Collectivist system, and prefer meanwhile to take another way.—Ed. Speaker.]

RONDEL.

"See, The ways of Death are soothing and serene."-W. E. H.

THE ways of Life are rigorous and rude, And all the words of Life are sharp and strong, Through shame and sorrow, pain and doubt, and wrong, She bids us stay-to seek and find the good.

A clear spring morning, nature pearl-bedew'd, And human voices singing one grand song; The ways of Life are rigorous and rude, And all the words of Life are sharp and strong.

O young and beautiful untamed, include In your great gladness all the mighty throng Who march together-for the way is long, Beyond it lies the land of Solitude. The ways of Life are rigorous and rude.

D. M. B.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

CAPTAIN COOK'S JOURNAL.

LMOST everything, one would think, has been dedited by this time: and yet every now and then—about once in three or four years—there comes forth a book that sets men wondering with a sort of amused vexation how and why on earth they have managed to do without it so long. The last instance, if I remember, was Sir Walter Scott's "Gurnal." If ever biographer made good was a like material that biographer was Lockhart; and if any figure in literary history stood out transparently clear for our understanding and affection, that figure was Scott's. Nevertheless having read the "Gurnal" we now know that the portrait was incomplete without it, and will presently realise that our stock of English classics (I think this term may fairly be used even of a diary when Pepys or Scott or such another posts it up) has received an addition at least as valuable as the "Epistolae Ho-elianae."

And here, in this year of grace 1893, comes a handsome volume, entitled "Captain Cook's Journal during his First Voyage Round the World, made in H.M. Bark *Endeavour*, 1768-71. A Literal Transcription of the Original MSS. with Notes and Introduction. Edited by Captain W. J. L. Wharton, R.N., F.R.S." (London: Elliot Stock): and it occurs to us to remember that for this, the first edition of Cook's to remember that for this, the first edition of Cook's own narrative of "perhaps the most celebrated and, certainly to the English nation, the most momentous voyage of discovery that has ever taken place—for it practically gave birth to the great Australasian Colonies"—the world has been content to wait for close upon a century and a quarter. The simple cause of this extraordinary state of things was a not extraordinary gentleman of the name of Hawkesworth, who flourished in the middle of the last century, and is now only remembered (if at all) by one astounding *coup*, of which Fleet Street and the Row must have spoken at the time with bated breath, as even now the tradition of it must make them stare and gasp.

This was how it happened. A transit of Venus

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pound too—a Cathe over the sun's disc was to occur in 1769, and the Royal Society, being anxious to observe it, and by observation to determine the distance of the earth from the sun, which was then not precisely known, memorialised the king to fit out a ship for the purpose. The Central Pacific offered the most favourable position (the observation, to be precise, took place at Tahiti), and the opportunity would be an excellent one for continuing the exploration of that ocean which had remained all but unknown from Magellan's day to the middle of the eighteenth century. The uncertainty of procuring water and the certainty of suffering terribly from scurvy in an unduly protracted voyage had frightened all navigators into following the common track, and in consequence the discoveries from the days of Davis, Frobisher, Drake and Narborough to the time of George the Third's accession amounted to nothing, or next to nothing. King George, however, was eager. The voyages of Byron and Mouat in 1764-6, and of Wallis and Carteret in 1766-9, had yielded some results, enough at any rate to excite a desire for more. But when Cook was chosen to conduct the Royal Society's expedition the unknown com-

"... the whole of the east coast of Australia, or New Holland, and whether it was joined to Tasmania on the south and New Guinea to the north; the dimensions of New Zealand, New Caledonia, and the New Hebrides, with the exception of the fact that the northern island of the latter existed; the Fiji Islands, Sandwich Islands, the Phœnix, Union, Ellice, Gilbert, and Marshall groups, with innumerable small islands scattered here and there; the Cook Islands, and all the Society Islands, except Tahiti; the majority of the Paumotu group. The coast of North America, north of 45° N. was unknown, and there was the great, undefined, and imaginary southern Continent to disprove."

Cook was accompanied in the Endeavour by Mr. Banks (afterwards Sir Joseph, and President of the Royal Society), a well-to-do and ardent botanist, who took with him a staff of his own, of artists and others; by Dr. Solander, a Swedish naturalist; and by Mr. Charles Green, one of the assistants at Greenwich Observatory, as astronomer. Now Banks and Solander, as well as the commander, kept journals throughout the voyage, and Green a log up to the date of his fatal illness in January, 1771. After the return of the Endeavour in the July of that year it was decided that a full account of the voyage must be made public, and to this end the journals of Cook, Banks, and Solander, were put into the hands of Hawkesworth of Grub Street. Hawkesworth was an LL.D. (a proud title) and had notions about literature: he also had notions about its proper price; and, better still, he was an editor and had an extremely good notion about getting his price. In fact one could have said of him as the learned Lien Chi Altangi said of Mr. Tibs, "he understands the business of an author as well as any man, for no bookseller alive can cheat him." Were he alive to-day, Mr. Besant would love him: but he had the compensation in 1771 of hauling in six thousand pounds for as arrant a piece of hack-work—and easy too—as ever was frowned upon by St. Paul's Cathedral.

His method was this:—"Cook's Journal" treated the voyage from the point of view of a seaman, explorer, and commander, responsible for life, health, and the general success of the expedition. Banks and Solander wrote as enthusiastic observers in the cause of science. Hawkesworth, LL.D., mixed them together as a salad, tempering Cook with Banks, faking both with Solander, and adding a dressing of his own in the shape of moral reflections and ponderous rhetoric; and brought out the whole in three volumes in 1773. In that year also he died, leaving Grub Street to search for the secret of his great success, and the world to wait for an authentic record of Cook's First Voyage. And now, after one hundred and twenty years, the record has been given to us by Captain Wharton, while the Authors' Society still pants after the secret, and must confess that the scent is cold. Six thousand pounds!

Captain Wharton's volume is sumptuous altogether —well bound, well printed on rich paper, and furnished with excellent charts; and Captain Wharton's editing is exemplary. He has preserved Cook's eccentricities of spelling—if, indeed, they be Cook's, and not chargeable on Richard Orton, his clerk, and the transcriber of his rough original notes—and with rare and admirable reticence has given us just as much commentary as is necessary, and not a jot more. It may be said that "Cook's Journal," in its simple nakedness, undecorated by Hawkesworth, LL.D., is hard to read. Were this true, it would still be an immortal work, and must stand for reference and for study on the shelves of every man who boasts himself to possess a library. But I deny that this book is unreadable. The longer I live the more firmly convinced I grow that the true method in prose narrative is that of Defoe, and that a book to be in the first class must either be written by a non-literary man, or (best of all) by a literary man who can entirely conceal the fact that he is trying to produce literature. On the northern part of the E. Australian coast, the *Endeavour* suddenly found herself in a terrifying situation, embayed with the lightest of winds on the very edge of a line of reefs towards which she was steadily drifting. Her escape from this imminent peril is told in the most succinct and businesslike manner: yet if the passage, (pp. 302-5, in Captain Wharton's volume) fail to move us, I contend that the fault lies in our lack of imagination; and that the author who by a piece of descriptive writing should attempt to supply that of descriptive writing should attempt to supply that lack, would be debilitating us and lowering himself by an appeal to the gallery. The best writer after all is he who forces his readers to put most of themselves into his tale: and this Cook is able to do to a surprising extent by his obvious honesty and by the confidence he manages to inspire that whatever he selects for comment is just that which has importance in the eyes of a man of action. It may importance in the eyes of a man of action. It may cost us an effort to read large quantities of this kind of thing :-

"Tuesday, 14th.—The first part, fresh gales and hazey with rain; the remainder moderate and cloudy, with frequent rain. Wind, Westerly, South; course, S.W.; distance, 32 m.; lat. 49° 6′ S., long. 91° 12′ W."

—but I am glad to make the effort and find myself reading it with increasing ease and pleasure; for whatever its faults, it is not mere talk—the one unpardonable thing in literature.

Let me add that Captain Wharton has done well to provide two or three charts, comparing Cook's drawings with those of the most recent surveys: for as an accurate surveyor and intrepid discoverer he was almost equally great. La Perouse, the great French navigator, confessed that "Cook had left him nothing but to admire." As his editor says, "Wherever Cook went he finished his work, according to the requirements of navigation at the time. He never sighted a land but he determined its dimensions, its shape, its position, and left true guides for his successors. His charts are still for some parts unsuperseded, and his recorded observations still save us from hasty and incorrect alterations desired by his successors." His charts of Newfoundland, drawn during the years 1762-7, may indeed be said to have originated the art of modern marine surveying.

And we hope, now that Captain Wharton has begun this very important work, and begun it so excellently well, he may be encouraged to attack the remaining two Voyages. Dr. Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury, who edited the "Journal of the Second Voyage," asserted that he had altered nothing. Cook asserts that he did. The "Journal of the Third Voyage," interrupted by Cook's death at Owhyhee, was undoubtedly and considerably faked by the Bishop pretty much after the fashion of Hawkesworth, LL.D. Now that the right editor has been found, let him be urged to complete this monumental work.

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REVIEWS.

A FORGOTTEN POET.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM BASSE (1602-1653), London: Ellis & Elvey.

IT would be most ungracious to tax either Mr. Warwick Bond, the learned and patient editor of this stately volume, or Messrs. Ellis & Elvey, its high-spirited publishers, with vain expense in its construction. Book-collectors reject the lore of nicely calculated less or more, and gladly find room for everything affectionate scholarship thinks fit to prepare. It is always good to be magnificent, and though there may be more bravery than wit about this book, that is no reason it should not be welcome. Hitherto the poet's name, one of the best-known in the English or any other language, has been unhallowed by any associations with the Heliconian stream, albeit pure water plays a great part in the famous compound of Burton. It cannot, indeed, be said that the poetry of Bass, or Basse, as Mr. Bond spells it, is equal in merit, or will be ever equalled in renown with the beer known by the same name, a name which Calverley, the love of undergraduates, declared should be on every infant's tongue. Still it is a new association for which we may be grateful.

The name of the poet Basse ought not to strike so strangely upon the ear as it does, for it is fairly printed and set out in one of the most famous and best-beloved of English books, Walton's "Compleat Angler," where Piscator says, "I'll promise you I'll sing a song that was lately made at my request by Mr. William Basse, one that hath made the choice songs of the "Hunter in his career," and of "Tom of Bedlam," and many other of note, and this that I will sing is in praise of angling." A little later on Piscator keeps his word and sings the well-known angler's song:—

"As inward love breeds outward talk,
The hound some praise, and some the hawk;
Some, better pleased with private sport,
Use tennis; some a mistress court.
But these delights I neither wish
Nor envy while I freely fish.

I care not, I, to fish in seas,
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
Whose sweet, calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate;
In civil bounds I fain would keep,
And for my past offences weep."

All readers of the "Compleat Angler" must remember the song, but the name of the author, notwithstanding Piscator's pains to tell it us, had, we expect, slipped the memory of most. But to be quoted by Walton at all is to achieve immortality, to lie embalmed in amber. The Hunter's Song has not enjoyed such good fortune as the Angler's, as until the volume under notice it only found its way into two collections of songs and ballads, the latest bearing the date 1725. It is not so good a song as the Angler's, but it has some merit. We print one of the five stanzas:—

Now bonny Bay
With his foam waxeth gray,
Dapple Gray waxeth bay with blood;
White Lily stops
With the scent in her chaps,
And Black Lady makes it good.
Sorrowful Watte
Her widowes estate
Forgets, these delights for to hear;
Nimbly she bounds
To the cry of the hounds
And the music of their career.

Fredlam "haing printed in Percy"

"Tomof Bedlam," being printed in Percy's Reliques, has had many readers. As a mad song it is remarkable.

"Poor Tom is very dry,
A little drink for charity—
Hark! I hear Actæon's hounds,
The huntsmen whoop and hallow,
Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
All the chase doth follow.

"The man in the moon drinks claret, Eats powder'd Beef, Turnip and Carrot, But a cup of Malligo sack Will fire the Bush at his Back."

Basse also wrote an elegy on Shakespeare which appeared in the first edition of Dr. Donne's poems, a quarto published in 1633, entitled "Poems by I. D.," and afterwards in the edition of 1640 of Shakespeare's poems, a small octavo entitled "Poems, written by Wil. Shake-speare Gent." The lines begin:

"Renowned Spenser lye a thought more nye To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lye A little nearer Spenser, to make room For Shakespeare."

This we think is all that could be said to be known of Basse prior to the publication of the present and first collected edition of his works, for some singularly feeble lines prefixed to the first quarto edition of Massinger's fine play, "The Bondman," which were not reprinted by Gifford in his edition of the dramatist, have escaped attention and certainly deserve none. Hartley Coleridge in his edition of Massinger, reprinted the lines, but only for the purpose of sneering at them. The final couplet is not so bad—

"And in the way of Poetry, now-a-days
Of all that are call'd Workes, the best are Playes.

When we turn from these scattered but not unlucky pieces, obscurity deep and dark has hitherto enfolded the poet Basse and all his works. In his own life, which was a long, and apparently an easy one, he published three volumes, but of the first, only two copies (and one is incomplete) exist, of the second, but one copy; and of the third, only two copies, one of which lacks seven pages.

The first of these publications, called "Sword and Buckler, or Serving Man's Defence," is an ingenious bit of pleading for a class of men on whose behalf the muse has rarely deigned to speak. Mr. Bond speaks somewhat lightly of it, nor is it as poetry any great matter, but socially it is interesting. So long ago as 1602, to wear plush, or its equivalent, was to expose yourself to ridicule and slander.

"But see how hateful is but lately grown
The fatal title of a serving man,
That every dung-hill clown, and every drone
Nor wise in nature nor condition,
Spares not to vilify our name and place
In dunsical reproach and blockish phrase."

As to the charge of drunkenness the poet employs an unblushing tu quoque worthy of Mr. Goschen,

"In this foul vice you all sometimes transgress,
Clerk, layman, yeoman, tradesman, clown and all,
And many gentlemen love drunkenness,
And use it to their great disgrace and fall;
And, therefore, 'tis absurdity to think
That none but we do use immoderate drink."

There are seventy-five of these stanzas.

Basse's second publication were three Pastoral Elegies of Anander, Anetor, and Muridella, which were printed at the sign of the Great Turkes Head in Fleet Street, also in the year 1602. They belong to the school of Spenser, but they are entirely deficient in the gracious dignity and exuberant sweetness of their master. They are neither natural, courtly, nor purely artificial; they are not modest, but neither are they wanton. In no mood do we demand poetry like these pastorals. Anander is a courtier who confides in the shepherd, Anetor, his love for Muridella, whose person and clothing are described at great length.

"Of silken green her nether stocks were knit,
One of her garters could I hardly see,
For she above the joint had twisted it,
Yet seemed it like to that below the knee,
Because I saw the endes were sembled fit
With broydery as like as like might be;
Her shoe was low because she did defy
Any additions to make her high."

Shenstone, or, indeed, any of the eighteenth century men, could do better than this. But every now

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Basse. manuscri pared for entitle William time, sinc Park, allo series of of the A things w grave, no age Basse Virelaye days," ar only one would h Library, other da the requ himself have be Another suppose only i vast coll Mr. Cor A books script, b died in for the then the Heber's that dis cherish sumed. our loss existen printed They a sample, most-re all is sa

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and again a line, or at least an expression, occurs which carries us back to the great age of poetry. Basse's third publication was a short poem published in 1613, called forth by the death of Prince Henry, "Great Britain's Sunset, Bewailed with a Shower of Tears." It is composed in a very difficult stanza, which one might well wish had been impossible. The poem is full of foolish conceits, and is destitute of interest.

Basse, who is supposed to have died in 1653, left Basse, who is supposed to have died in 1953, left manuscripts behind him, one a folio already prepared for the press. This manuscript still exists, and is entitled "The Pastorals and other Works of William Basse." It is not now printed for the first time, since in 1870 its owner, Mr. Cosens, of Clapham time, since in 1870 its owner, Mr. Cosens, of Clapham Park, allowed the late Mr. Collier to publish it in his series of miscellaneous tracts. With the exception of the Angler's Song, these pastorals are the best things we have of this poet: they are sincere and grave, nor is their moralising offensive. In his old age Basse seems to have lamented over "the wanton Virelayes," the "fancies" of his "phantastique days," and the false praise he bestowed on swains and nymphs. Had the poor man but known that only one copy of his pastoral elegies would have only one copy of his pastoral elegies would have come down to us, and that this solitary creature would have been buried in Winchester College Library, unknown to everyone until disinterred the other day in consequence of a search instituted at the request of Mr. Bond, he need not have made himself uncomfortable. But perhaps the truth would have been more discomforting than the remorse. Another manuscript volume of Basse's poetry was supposed to be, and perhaps still is, in existence—only it has gone astray. It was formerly in the vast collection of Mr. Heber, and passed from him to Mr. Corser, whose manuscripts were sold in 1868. A bookseller named Honnor bought the Basse manuscript, but for whom is not known. This bookseller died in 1883, and nobody now knows where to look for the manuscript. It will turn up some day, and then there must be a new edition of Basse. Besides Heber's manuscript there was once a duplicate, but that disappeared so long ago that it would be vain to cherish the inviolate hope that it has not been consumed. We are fortunately in a position to appraise our loss, for both these missing manuscripts when in our loss, for both these missing manuscripts when in existence were carefully examined and partially printed. Mr. Bond now reprints these fragments. They are quite worthless. If the bulk were like the sample, our loss is nought. No one need grudge this most-retiring poet his present splendour, but when all is said and done, his niche in human memory is his place in Walton's "Angler."

CHARLES WORDSWORTH.

Annals of My Life, 1847-1856. By Charles Wordsworth. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

THE second volume of these Annals justifies the apprehension with which we 'qualified our admiration of the first. The brilliant Oxford student and tutor, regenerator of Winchester, pioneer of improved Greek scholarship, ends, like his Swedish namesake, amid the trivial surroundings of a barren fortress and a petty strand. "That man," whispered the Earl of Malmesbury to Lord Derby, as Wordsworth shook hands with the Chancellor on receiving his degree in the Oxford Theatre, "might have been anything he pleased." He pleased to be the Master of a third-rate school and the Prelate of an insignificant sect; and if his moral character is exalted by the sacrifice involved, the interest of his life is dwarfed. Judicious compression might have brought out the man's natural greatness, in spite of the sterility of his scholastic and episcopal life; but this second portion covers less than twenty years, and a third is contemplated. If the circulation of Vol. II. is ensured by the merits of its forerunner, it will not, we fear, bequeath commensurate popularity to Vol. III.

In a charmingly written preface the bishop reviews his reviewers. As regards his prose style, his English poetry, his autobiographic egotism, his liberal infusions of Greek and Latin, he is able amusingly to cancel blame with praise; his critics, like England and France before Angiers, "shoot into each other's mouth." He is disquieted by our having credited or discredited him with an attempt to introduce the Confessional at Winchester; but his memory is at issue with that of the present writer and of several amongst his contemporaries, who agree in recalling a distinct invitation from his lips to periodical private confession. The preface contains, also, interesting anecdotes of Porson, of James Hope, of Lockhart's false Latinity, with letters from or concerning Dean Liddell, Newman, Manning, Lord Selborne. If the rest of the book is fated to be unread—tineas pascet taciturnus inertes, as its author would have said—we hope that this introduction will be preserved as an appendix in future editions of Vol. I.

Trinity College, Glenalmond (the Glen-Almain of the poet Wordsworth's lines on Ossian's grave), was, like St. Columba's College in Ireland, an offshoot of the Oxford Movement. The creator of St. Columba's was the eccentric William Sewell, of Exeter, whose career as a founder was abruptly terminated by his inability to distinguish between Faith and Tick. The scheme of Trinity College was conceived by James Hope and W. E. Gladstone, both at that time Newmaniac enthusiasts, and was worked out with the assistance of Dean Ramsay; a site was pre-sented, £24,000 subscribed, and a school built to accommodate two hundred boys and twelve theological students. Much depended on the Head; he must be so far pronounced theologically as not to alienate the Oxford High Churchmen on whose money and goodwill the enterprise depended, not so advanced as to scare the Evangelical party then influential if not dominant in the Episcopal Church Wordsworth, while incontestably of Scotland. orthodox, had never been drawn into the Newman vortex; his two old friends and pupils eagerly turned to him, and in 1847 he took his place as Warden. It is probable that a heaven-born Pæda-Warden. It is probable that a heaven-born Pædagogue, an Arnold, a Cotton, a Percival, would have under the circumstances failed. Wordsworth certainly did not succeed. He seems to have flown too high; he would have a little Winchester or Harrow on the banks of Tay—parvam Trojam simulataque magnis Pergama; he devoted himself zealously to teach and organise, contributed £8,500 to the erection of a chapel, secured the aid of men since eminent, such as the present Canon Bright and Bishop Barry. But his autocratic government was offensive to Caledonian independence; his ornate, musical, surpliced, daily services raised an alarm of Popery; his governing body resented necessary ex-pulsion and forbade the use of the rod; he overweighted himself finally by acceptance of a bishopric while still retaining his Wardenship; until retirement was pressed upon him by the Council—most forcibly of all by Mr. Gladstone, as the old man with Et tu, Brute," somewhat bitterly records-and in 1854 he resigned.

In 1853 he had become Bishop of St. Andrews. The suffrages for and against his election were equal, and his own vote as Presbyter, given for himself, decided it. He found himself the pastor of a flock at once minute and heterogeneous. Episcopalians in Scotland represented only three per cent. of the community. Some of them were "qualified congregations," liturgical and Anglican in worship, but until recently rejecting the jurisdiction of the Bishops; others were rabid High Churchmen from across the border, beholding in the Scottish Church, by virtue of its partial adherence to the Prayerbook of 1549, a happy hunting-ground for anti-Protestant excursionists. To trace the magnanimity, evenhandedness, ultimate success with which Wordsworth stilled these fluctus in simpulo, reconciled and elevated these petty conflicting jealousies, is beyond

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cennow the limits of the present volume. Scattered through its pages are short notices of interesting impersonal The installation of Lord Derby is described, and a clever Latin epigram wreaked upon poor Vice-Chancellor Cotton's two hours' speech, which shortened the Prime Minister's oratory and altogether crowded out Disraeli's. Bishop Hamilton's account of his promotion is new; and those who remember Sir Alexander Grant at Oxford will be amused by Wordsworth's encounter with him in a public lectureroom. We fail to recognise Samuel Wilberforce as "G. Oxon." (p. 139), and on the following page the aged President of Magdalen is made to write a letter five months after his death. The controversy with and concerning Mr. Gladstone or the University elections may possibly be intelligible when the publication of Mr. Gladstone's letters in full shall expand the enigmas quoted from him by the Bishop. As they stand, the attack and the defence are equally unintelligible. Mr. Gladstone, as we are informed, reserves the letters for the use of his own biographer in the future; we rejoice that they will not be lost, for they will mark an epoch in his mental history, the moment, namely, at which, in the opinion of his old admirers and friends, the rigid principle of his earlier life first became tinged with political op-portunism; the moment, in impartial parlance, of his first conscious gravitation from Toryism to Liberalism.

MINOR BOOKS IN THEOLOGY.

FAITH. By H. C. Beeching, M.A. London: Percival & Co. THE SOTERIOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By W. P. Du Bose, M.A., S.T.D. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

PLAIN WORDS ON GREAT THEMES. By Rev. J. Oswald Dykes, M.A., D.D. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. CHRIST IS ALL. By Rev. H. C. G. Moule, M.A. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

THE CENTRAL TEACHING OF JESUS CHRIST. By T. D. Bernard, M.A., Canon and Chancellor of Wells. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

EVOLUTION AND SCRIPTURE. By Arthur Holborow. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

HERE is a selection from our library table of minor books in theology; such books have their place. Classics in theology, as in other things, are not made every day. If they were they would soon cease to be classical and become commonplace. It is to the contrast supplied by the humble multitude of the average and ordinary writers that we owe our enjoyment of the rare and delightful genius that now and then visits those flat and monotonous plains sacred to theology. We have discoveries just beginning to raise, as it were, an index-finger above the horizon, and some day books may come that shall move us all with the lost world they reveal. Meanwhile we turn to our minors, grateful that, like the poor, they are always with us.

This first is a thoughtful booklet, with a delicate literary touch, insight, and sensitiveness. Mr. Beeching writes well; he has a practical end in view which makes his teaching definite. The congregation that heard these sermons is favoured; they are spiritual, cultivated, simple yet dignified, refined yet familiar. They have nothing technical about them; the once thorny subject of "the righteousness of faith" is handled in a quiet style which knows nothing of the great controversies that once divided churches. It is all the better for this oblivion; the sermon has nothing to do with the doctrine, but it has much to do with what is practical both in faith and life. We sincerely wish the book a wide circle of readers. A Sunday evening quietly passed in meditation over it would be a Sabbath well spent.

The title of Mr. Du Bose's book is slightly misleading. We should expect as a preliminary to setting forth the doctrine of the New Testament in its unity, a detailed discussion of the teaching of its several writers. The author admits certain differences of

thought among the writers, but after explaining one position, generally the Pauline, he proceeds to show the harmony of the others with it or their supplementary character. The first eight chapters are taken up with a discussion of the meaning of Salva. tion and related terms, Reconciliation, Resurrection. Then from the ninth chapter onwards, he treats of Soteriology in its relation to the doctrine of the Incarnation. Salvation consists in the fact of our Lord's sinlessness, in the crucifixion of the flesh or nature of sin by the personal holiness and obedience of the incarnate Logos. This is a positive conquest, not by His divine nature, but by His human self, through the Holy Ghost. In this connection the following important propositions are maintained: whatever of divine there was or is in the knowledge, power, or any other function of Jesus Christ as man, it is by the communicated divinity of the Third Person of the Trinity and not the original or underived divinity of the Second Person; our Lord is not only God incarnating Himself in man, but man incarnating God in himself. Hence His personality is from one side essentially human: His faith, holiness, righteousness are human; and His value for us consists in what He became and was Hence at once the objective character of His work and its subjective application to ourselves. We are redeemed in the act and fact of our own death to sin and in our resurrection with Him to the new life in the spirit. The book is suggestive and full, perhaps too full, of close reasoning. More frequent reference to chapter and verse with an

index of references would greatly enhance its value. For a scholar and theologian to be a good preacher, it is often necessary that he should suppress some of his deepest interests before the public. To translate the thought and reading of the study into the speech of common men is no easy task in these days of a rigorous scientific method. Dr. Dykes in his "Plain Words" amply proves his power to do this. His theology is living, and its problems though often profound are yet intensely practical. A strong framework of thought underlies his vivid historical pictures, homely lessons, and spiritual appeals; while his literary power and nervous English are remarkable. Conservative and Catholic, he is yet appreciative of all true progress in research and thought. This volume of sermons, at once so rich and so simple, has food for meditation for men of all classes.

Mr. Moule's sermons, preached mainly at Cambridge, are Evangelical in tone and doctrinal in substance. The texts are drawn from the New Testament, and almost all of them from the Epistles. In keeping with this a certain limitation of subject may be observed. To the author the personal figure of Jesus, as portrayed in the Gospels, is little. His supreme importance is in His death and at one ment. His theology is a theology of the cross. A strong sense of sin, a firm belief in the "dread and blessed law," a reverence amounting almost to timidity, a passionate love for the Saviour, and a high ideal of Christian life, combine to make his words powerful appeals. His theme is one, but his handling of it is ever fresh and forcible.

"The Central Teaching of Jesus Christ" is a study and exposition of St. John xiii.—xvii. It is given this name as being the transition between the synoptic teaching and the apostolic epistles: it closes the teaching of Christ in the flesh and foreshadows His teaching in the spirit. The book is a running paraphrase and commentary on these five chapters, linking together passages abruptly connected and throwing light upon some important words. They are discourses spoken by Christ to a select audience, the Apostolic College, to comfort them in their distress on account of the great sorrow that was impending, to instruct them in the truth, and to give them His last promises, benedictions, and prayers. The author admits the want of method and the involution of these discourses, but, following the course of Scripture, seeks to give a true and trustful explanation of them.

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development to reconcile Scriptural two principles the Regiven time must be dependent to convey Colenso in frevelation philoso the book remove an Divine instinger or reconciled to the sook remove an Divine instinger.

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ters are of Salva. Still, his method fails to bring out the underlying movement of thought, and his exegetical remarks are too discursive to be helpful. The treatment lacks force and point; the author, be it said in all reverence, is given up too much to mere admiration of the words to make a good or a suggestive expositor.

The last book on our list is not a discussion of the development of revelation in the Bible, butanattempt to reconcile the positions of modern science with the Scriptural history. The author lays down the two principles of growth in revelation and the use by the Revealer of the ideas and usages of a given time. Hence the Scriptural account of events given time. Hence the Scriptural account of events must be defective judged in the light of modern knowledge, but yet embodies truths that God wished to convey to mankind. The author, who follows Colenso in criticism and Mozley in his doctrine of revelation, shows a great lack of knowledge and of philosophical ability. As a piece of apologetic the book is irritating, and is hardly calculated to remove any difficulties or to deepen faith in the Divine inspiration of the Scriptures. Divine inspiration of the Scriptures.

A TALE OF NEW JAPAN.

ATAME-SAN: A JAPANESE ROMANCE OF THE TWENTY-THIRD YEAR OF MEIJI (1890). By A. M. Illustrated by Photographs by W. K. Burton; reproduced by K. Ogawa's photo-mechanical process. London: Walter

THE attempt to write a novel, the scene of which is laid in an oriental country, and in which many of the principal characters are natives, is always a doubtful experiment. There are very few English-men who know enough of the inner life of Easterns to enable them to describe their motives and to analyse the character of those little-understood peoples with sufficient clearness to make them stand out on the pages of a romance as living personages.

The inevitable result of this inability is to take all spontaneity out of their action and to reduce them spontaneity out of their action and to reduce them to the level of puppets on a stage. This is very much the position which the Japanese in A. M.'s "Ayame-San" occupy. They move mechanically through the different scenes of the book, and on the only occasions in which they reveal their thoughts they appear rather in the likeness of Europeans than in that of Orientals. in that of Orientals.

The two leading European characters are an artist—a Mr. Gifford—and an Irishman who answers to the name of Phelim O'Rafferty. The lives of these two form the motive of the book. They are close friends, and both are habitues of tea-houses and intimate acquaintances with the Geishas in Tōkyō. O'Rafferty being a half-bred Japanese speaks the language perfectly, and one only wonders how, this being so, he had time to perfect himself in the very penng so, he had time to perfect himself in the very pronounced Irish brogue in which his English is disguised. A. M. is evidently one of those who consider that the great charm about Japan is the idyllic simplicity and natural modesty of the women, although if the truth is to be told these qualities occasionally exhibit themselves in a somewhat startling manner. The custom of bathing in public, which, though discontinued in the towns, is still a common practice in the country districts, is commonly regarded, by an inversion of the usual sentiment, as testifying to the innocency of the people. It was on an occasion of this sort that the artist Gifford first saw the heroine who was destined to become his wife. Speaking generally, Japanese women have not finely-shaped figures. As became a heroine, however, this lady, Ayame-San, was cast in a mould which satisfied every artistic requirement, and Gifford falls in love with her at first sight. He makes her acquaintance through the accident of having saved her brother, while bathing, from the attack of a sea monster, and finds her possessed of all the good qualities with which the sight he had gained of her emerging from her bath had prompted his fancy to endow her. He subsequently persuades her to allow him to paint her in that

denuded condition, and afterwards exsame changes ideas with her on the "Odyssey," and other unoriental subjects, which by a happy chance her complete knowledge of English enables her to discuss. It would be unfair to the possible readers of "Ayame-San" to describe the plot of the story. We need only say that Gifford is obliged to return to America, and that during his absence Ayame-San's uncle, Tanaka, with whom she lives, is reduced, by the secret machinations of his niece's native wooer, to such straits that he is obliged to consent to her becoming engaged to the contemptible wretch who has compassed his ruin. The final catastrophe is pre-vented by Ayame-San refusing at the last moment to go through the wedding ceremony, and in default of a rich husband she enters the ranks of the Geisha, or singing girls. It is needless to say that her talents, and, curiously enough, her knowledge of English, raise her to the height of popularity. She is in request everywhere, and when Gifford returns to the country he finds her on the pinnacle of fame. By the very ingenious contrivances of O'Rafferty, the lovers are brought together again, and the curtain drops on their approaching marriage.

As a novel, the work is not a masterpiece; but, incidentally, it throws some light on native manners and customs. Although much has been written about the curious position held by the Geishas of Japan, A. M. has much to say on the subject which has not been touched upon by previous authors. Like the Hetairæ of Greece, the Geishas were until lately the most accomplished women in Japan. They were, and still are, carefully taught and trained in all the graces of life. Their profession is to amuse and entertain, and no pains are spared to make them proficients in these pleasing arts. As in ancient Greece also, the relations between the bachelors, and even the married men, of Japan with the Geishas are socially intimate, and the influence they gain over their admirers often extends beyond all personal aims into the higher domains of legislation and politics. Not infrequently in the country districts elections have been lost or won as some locally popular Geisha has decreed, and domestic policy is not seldom moulded or modified at some such entertainment at the house of a fashionable Geisha as that for taking part in which three Cabinet Ministers were lately arraigned. The whole subject is very interesting, and A. M. has evidently sounded its depths.

We cannot close this notice without express-ing our unqualified admiration of the illustrations which accompany the text. The subjects are well chosen, and the results reflect credit on the artistic skill of Messrs. Burton and Ogawa. The covers of the book also are designed with great taste in the Japanese mode, and altogether the work may well become popular as a pretty gift book.

FICTION.

- AN AUSTRALIAN MILLIONAIRE. By Mrs. A. Blitz. In 3 vols. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

 THE RED SULTAN. By J. Maclaren Cobban. In 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

 FROM WHOSE BOURNE, ETC. By Robert Barr (Luke Sharp). London: Chatto & Windus.

 THE GREAT CHIN EPISODE. By Paul Cushing. London: Adam & Charles Black.

- "AN AUSTRALIAN MILLIONAIRE" has a narrow escape from being a good novel. A little less stodginess in the style, greater deftness in compounding the materials of the plot, and we might have had another good story from the Antipodes to be grateanother good story from the Antipodes to be grateful for. As it is, we must acknowledge the untiring conscientiousness of the author. If she falls short in her attempt to satisfy the reader, it is certainly through no want of care, nor can it be said to be from any lack of material. There is plenty of plot in "An Australian Millionaire;" mystery and incident abound: there is quite as much love making as is abound; there is quite as much love-making as is

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good for the average reader, and there are descriptions of scenery sufficient to stock three three-volume Millionaire number one marries one of the beautiful but heartless adventuresses for whom Australian millionaires are recognised prey. He has a devoted friend, who saved his life in the far-off past, and who attends his old partner's wedding wearing a funereal countenance. The millionaire does not perceive this, but his youthful bride does, and resolves to snub Mr. Washington Larry at the earliest opportunity. Now the beautiful bride had been engaged to young Mr. Lockstud before ever the man of millions had appeared upon the scene. She had thrown him over without a thought in order to secure Mr. Goldwin; but, having attained that object, she shows an inclination towards amorous interviews with her old lover—who, by the way, has also married, just to prove his independence of the fair Mrs. Goldwin. In due time two babies appear; one, the son of the beautiful but false Mrs. Goldwin; the other, that of gentle Mrs. Lockstud. Almost simultaneously with their appearance, Mr. Washington Larry informs his old friend Jeremiah Goldwin that his wife is in the habit of receiving visits from Mr. Lockstud more frequently than she ought to do. Of one of these visits Mr. Goldwin is a witness, and it has such an effect upon the old gentleman that he falls in a fit, and presently expires, after making a will in which everything is left to his son, and, in the event of the infant's death, to his next-of-kin, the wicked young widow being cut off with a bare Very soon after this will has been promulpittance. gated, one of the two babies dies. everybody believes it to be the child of the penniless Lockstud, but the reader knows better, and from this point is well aware that millionaire number two, the pampered heir of the Goldwin fortune, is an impostor, upon whose head in due time a heavy retribution must fall. We have now reached the end of Volume I., and may fairly spare our readers a detailed account of the remainder of the story. There are villains in it, likewise angels; and, above all, fools. We do not impute it for blame to the young impostor millionaire that he becomes engaged to his own sister, though we think that Mrs. Blitz, with her abundance of incident, might have spared us this. But we do think that Mr. Roland Kovodel Goldwin, as the innocent impostor is called, need not have been quite so great a prig as he is. But he has his troubles, and we may hope they made a man of him. Of course the truth regarding his birth comes out, but those who can forge their way through this book—as sweet and satisfying as a plum puddingto the end will be relieved to find that Mr. Kovodel Goldwin retains the millions of his reputed father (the reason being that he is in reality the old man's grandson), and marries the girl of his choice, who is not, we are glad to say, his sister.

The author of "The Red Sultan" has not studied Mr. Stevenson in vain. In the Scotch chapters of this stirring romance there are many passages which recall—faintly, it is true, and afar off—the author of "Kidnapped" and "The Master of Ballantrae." But and "The Master of Ballantrae." But the promise with which the book opens is hardly maintained. The Moorish scenes are vivid and picturesque enough, but they are not convincing. The hero of the story, Cosmo MacLaurin by name, goes to Morocco in search of his grandfather, a refugee from the '45, who, when the story opens, had been lost to sight for forty years. supposed to have taken service under the Sultan: and young Cosmo, having met with an old comrade of his grandfather's who had been a Moorish captive, accompanies him on his return to Morocco. who love hairbreadth escapes, intrigues, crimes, battles, and love-making, accompanied by the plentiful letting of blood, will find "The Red Sultan" a book after their own hearts. We have said that it does not carry conviction with it in the Moorish adventures; but when we say this, we are comparing Mr. Cobban to Mr. Stevenson. Compared with the ordinary writer of tales of adventure-Mr. Rider Haggard or Mr. Henty, for example—Mr. Cobban holds his own. He has some wonderful fighting Scotsmen, who have spent their lives among the Moors without losing the brave dialect of the Canongate. He has, above all, a wonderful old Irish woman, who had been in turn the wife of the hero's grandfather and the Sultana of Morocco. There is, in short, in "The Red Sultan," all that the lover of the mere adventure-story demands; and though the high excellence of the opening chapters of the tale is not maintained, the novel will certainly not be found to be a dull one by the sympathetic reader

The story which gives its title to "From Whose Bourne" is the weakest of the three which make up the book. It is always easy to produce a certain effect when an author deliberately oversteps the limits of natural law, and mingles the impossible with the possible. Mr. Robert Barr introduces us to a gentleman who dies mysteriously within a page of the introduction, but who continues after death to be the leading personage in the story. It is with his disembodied spirit, as it hovers over the scene of his tragical end, and watches the fortunes of the friends he left behind him, that we are invited to sympathise. It is an invitation with which we cannot comply. Fiction, like the world itself, is for the living and not for the dead, and Mr. Barr has made a grievous mistake in combining a really ingenious story of the detective order with that world of spirits of which he knows no more than the rest of us do. How Mr. William Brenton really came by his death is the problem to be solved, and the solution is satisfactory enough; but when we say that the closing scene in the story represents Mr. Brenton in the spirit, looking on with extreme dissatisfaction whilst his wife in the flesh accepts an offer from the man who has vindicated her from the charge of murder, we have said enough to show that the story must be caviare to the general. Very different is the case with the two other tales which make up this entertaining volume. We have nothing but praise for "One Day's Courtship" and "The Heralds of Fame." The former we read with admiration some time ago in an American magazine. It is a delightful sketch of the wooing of an independent and self-opinionated American girl by an English artist. It is a Scotch wooing—all scratching and biting. Not until the hero has succeeded in making a very considerable rent in the imperturbable self-conceit of the heroine is he able to effect an entrance into her heart. humour of the story is remarkable, and as no spooks obtrude themselves upon the scene, every reader can enjoy it. In "The Heralds of Fame" we have a sketch shorter, but not less finished. It is all about a voyage across the Atlantic, the principal personages in which are Mr. Lawless Hodden, the famous novelist; one Kenan Buel, a hitherto unsuccessful rival; and an American girl, rich, pretty, and amiable. Buel is overshadowed by the established greatness of Mr. Hodden; a greatness which makes itself felt-like But when the ship reaches New York, the heralds of fame, in the shape of the newspaper reporters, come aboard, and the name upon their lips is not that of Mr. Hodden. Here, too, we have real humour, and we are grateful to Mr. Barr for having given us a story which everyone may enjoy. "The Great Chin Episode" has nothing to do

"The Great Chin Episode" has nothing to do with a tribe in Central Asia. Chin is a village in which a murder is committed, of which the squire is the victim, and the story has to do with the discovery of the murderer. A very good story it is, combining as it does the attractions of the detective romance with those of a well-told love episode. The squire's housekeeper is a beautiful and mysterious young woman, at whose instigation he disinherited his nephew in order that he might bequeath all his wealth to her. When the unfortunate old gentleman is found shot dead in his own library, local suspicion naturally fixes itself upon the woman who profited by the deed. The disinherited nephew—an officer and wearer of the Victoria Cross—arriving upon the

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r. Cobban fighting nong the cene, shares the popular feeling; and in order to olve the mystery, secures the situation of butler in the house of the now wealthy Miss Knivett. How his mistress falls in love with the butler, and how ne Canon. his mistress falls in love with the butter, and how the latter discovers what seems to be damning proof of the lady's guilt, need not be told here. Everything is in the end cleared up satisfactorily, even the character of the penitent Miss Knivett. But the end of the story is not that foreseen by the practised novel reader; and for this reason, if for no other, "The Great Chin Episode" will be welcome to those old Irish. he hero's There that the nds; and chapters certainly pathetic tho are surfeited by the ordinary conventions of

THE CITY OF YORK.

HISTORIC TOWNS—YORK. By James Raine, M.A., D.C.L., Chancellor and Canon Resident of York, and Secretary of the Surtees Society. London: Longmans.

The City of York has enough of historical associations and easting monuments to make it a very promising subject for one of the series of monographs projected under the editorship of the late Professor Freeman. A book of this kind may be exceptionally valuable and interesting, when literary skill and historical training have abundant material to work upon; but we cannot say we think Canon Raine's book has reached a high level of excellence. Still, he has given a careful and conscientions summary of the city's history, and has extracted much carious and valuable information from the municipal records. The first part, comprising "The General History of the City," extends from pre-Roman times to 1688. No reason is given for stopping at the latter date, unless it be that after that the importance of York was less obvious, though it was not for some time that the rise of the great towns of Lancashire and the West Riding deprived it of its position as the capital of the north. The second part is concerned with "Church History, Education, and Charities;" and the third, to which comparatively little space is devoted, with "The Municipality and City." The rolume contains a map which shows the position of the Norman fortresses at York. THE City of York has enough of historical associations and

A ROYAL MANUAL.

THE COUNTY FAMILIES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM, OR ROYAL MANUAL OF THE TITLED AND UNTITLED ARISTOCRACY OF ENGLAND, WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND. By Edward Walford, M.A. London: Chatto & Windus.

This is the thirty-third annual publication of Mr. Walford's notable book, embodying the very numerous additions which during the past year have been made to the Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage of the United Kingdom, and the many changes which have been rendered necessary by the deaths of Peers, Baronets, Knights, and Privy Councillors, and of nearly four hundred and forty heads of families, as well as by alterations is the premistors him of certains. in the proprietorship of estates.

On the publication of the last edition of Mr. Walford's Manual" we remarked on the actual interest of the book, and "Manual" we remarked on the actual interest of the book, and are again disposed to indicate how much food for reflection may be found in its twelve hundred pages. The very first matter, the two simple lists of "Order of Precedence," offers abundance of entertainment for the well-disposed, and a target for the satire of the cynic, a theme for the denunciation of the demagogue. While courts and titles exist it is doubtless necessary that the exact position at a function of "the younger sons of the younger sons of peers" should be determined. Above all it is important that "wives of younger sons of Knights Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George" should know their place, and not attempt to elbow their way in front of "wives of younger sons of Knights Grand Cross of the Bath," nor yet suffer the "wives of younger sons of Knights Commanders of the Bath" to push in front of them. What direful consequences would follow if the daughter of the younger son of a peer attempted to crowd the daughter of the younger son of a peer attempted to crowd in before the wife of the eldest son of the younger son of a peer, we do not know; but we are certain that nothing short of beheading would be a sufficient punishment for the temerity of any younger son of a viscount who should dare to take a seat while a Commissioner of the Court of Bankruptcy remained

After "Precedence" come lists of clubs and hotels, the number of the former being double that of the latter. The necessity of drawing a line somewhere applies universally, doubtless, but probably Mr. Walford has no "exquisite reason" for the exclusion of the "Hogarth" from a list of clubs containing the "Arts and Letters" and the "Savile."

It is needless to refer to the admirable fulfilment of the purpose intended in "County Families." Its continuous publication for thirty-three years, and the regular assistance given to the editor by those whose family histories are recorded, as well as by many correspondents who have aided in supplying the omissions and rectifying the inaccuracies unavoidable in a work of such magnitude, are ample proof of its unique value.

SANITATION AND THE STATE.

THE NATIONALISATION OF HEALTH. By Havelock Ellis. T. Fisher Unwin.

SANITATION AND THE STATE.

The Nationalisation of Health. By Havelock Ellis. London:

T. Fisher Unwin.

The reader will find in this work of Mr. Ellis's much that is both interesting and instructive. It deals with the very important questions of the relationship between medical men and hospitals and the municipality and the State; and also with the measures and organisation necessary to preserve the "national health"—questions which are of great importance to every member of the community. The State (in England) has for many years organised a department which directs and controls the measures necessary for preventing the spread of disease, for improving the water supply, drainage, etc., to the faulty condition of which so many epidemic disorders are due. Although much has been done, a great deal more remains to be accomplished, and it will be many years before a perfect hygienic system can be established, not only on account of the difficulty in organising inspection of sanitation and the proper carrying out of sanitary methods, but also on account of the incompleteness of our knowledge of infectious diseases. What Mr. Ellis has said on this aspect of the question is stated in so clear a manner that every non-medical person can understand it, and he has emphasised his conclusions by giving an illustration of the policy of laisses faire in the condition of sanitary matters in Russia. In dealing with the present position of medical men and their relationship with dispensaries and hospitals, and of the position of voluntary hospitals, Mr. Ellis might be considered as treading on very delicate ground if the subject had not been so fully discussed during the last few years. The system of medical men being private practitioners is, according to him, a bad one. In the first place, the patient is regarded too much as a paying machine. The general practitioner, moreover, being supposed to treat all diseases, both severe and slight, is but feebly equipped for the task, as his training has been intufficient. The voluntary THE reader will find in this work of Mr. Ellis's much that is from the discoveries of sanitary science. The progress of medical science does not depend on any tinkering of the conditions on which medical men live; it depends on the centres of medical education, and such centres as we have in London rank deservedly among the highest in the world. Any great interference with them would lead only to chaos and to decadence.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

In many respects "The Skeptics of the Italian Renaissance" is an able, and even a remarkable contribution to the history of

* The Skeptics of the Italian Renaissance. By John Owen, Rector of East Anstey, Devor. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. 8vo. Electricity and Magnetism. A Popular Introduction by S. R. Bottone, late of the Collegio del Carmine, Turin. Illustrated, Library of Popular Science. London: Whittaker & Co. Crown 8vo. Geology. An Elementary Handbook by A. J. Jukes-Browne, F.G.S., Member of the Geological Survey. Illustrated. Library of Popular Science. London: Whittaker & Co. Crown 8vo. Essays on Ruparl Hyginne. By George Vivian Poore, M.D., F.R.C.P. London & New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Crown 8vo. The Chronicles of the Sid, or, The Life and Trayels of Adelia Gates. By Adela E. Orpen, author of "Stories of Precious Stones," etc. Illustrated. London: The Religious Tract Society. Crown 8vo. The International Extinction of Elizabeth to the Restoration.) By W. H., Low, M.A., Author of "The English Language: Its History and Structure." London: W. B. Clive, University Correspondence College Press.

is of opinion that whether such methods be regarded by the is of opinion that whether such methods be regarded by the modern light of bacteriology, or by the evils and expenses of which they are notoriously the cause, they must be condemned as unscientific, thriftless, and immoral. The sanitary questions which arise in country towns and in growing suburbs are illustrated by an appeal to the author's professional and personal experience, and the facts and statistics which are given in this connection—whatever may be thought of the conclusions which are drawn from them—deserve the attention of all local authorities and sanitary reformers. Although we are not prepared by any means to endorse all the opinions expressed in these pages, the book is ably written, and in the main its appeal to the instinct of self-preservation in village communities is marked by abundant common-sense. abundant common-sense. It is not the exploits of the famous hero of Castille in the

eleventh century, but those of a brisk little American woman in the nineteenth, which are set forth in "The Chronicles of the Sid." The word as here used was given to Addis Center of Sid." The word as here used was given to Adelia Gates during her African wanderings, and it simply means lady. These "Chronicles" were begun, we are informed, with the idea of show. "Chronicles" were begun, we are informed, with the idea of showing how the Sid spent two months in the Algerian desert, but, in the hands of the heroine's enthusiastic young lady friend, they have grown into a record of the whole of Miss Gates' life and travels. The story was worthy telling if only as an example of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. The Sid was born of humble parentage, and spent her childhood in a log hut in the Susquehanna Valley, and afterwards all that the world had to offer was the position of a factory girl in a New England town, and there she toiled for more than twelve hours a day. Then she qualified herself for the work of a school-teacher, and eventually, at the mature age of fifty, she appears to have found her true vocation as an artist. Since then, though always as poor as she was plucky, Miss Gates has been able, thanks to her pencil, to gratify her wish to travel, and these pages are interesting as a revelation of mother-wit and ingenuity on the part of a poor woman who was determined to see as much as interesting as a revelation of mother-wit and ingenuity on the part of a poor woman who was determined to see as much as possible of the world. Difficulties innumerable—but impossible here to state—stood in the way, but the Sid, even at sixty, had a will of her own and a spirit which conquered every obstacle; and so it came to pass, these pages tell us, from the prairies of Kansas to the sands of Sahara, from the sacred sights of Palestine to the midnight sun of Norway, from the volcanoes of Lipari to the geysers of Iceland, she bustled about the world with all the zest of a globe-trotter of five-and-twenty. We gather that the Sid—she still survives in a hale old age—is blest with humour as well as courage, for she laughed to scorn in her wanderings the notion that, even in Algiers, the Arabs would take the trouble either to murder or run away with an old take the trouble either to murder or run away with an old woman; and she disarmed the cupidity of the most unscrupulous by her mean clothing and her paltry baggage. She contrived to get a vast amount of enjoyment from her wanderings, and in these "Chronicles" others are made to share it. The book is brightly written, and throughout the narrative the Sid is always herself, and never poses.

We have received a text-book of English literature from the accession of Elizabeth to the Restoration, which shows a comprehensive grasp of the subject as well as a practical teacher's acquaintance with what is required in a manual expressly intended for examination purposes. Mr. Low rightly lays stress on the immense stimulus given to the intellectual activity of England by the spread of the New Learning, as well as by the progress of geographical discovery and the keen struggles which marked the Reformation. Afterwards, in clear struggles which marked the Reformation. Afterwards, in clear and lucid terms, the characteristics of Sackville, Gascoigne, and other earlier Elizabethan writers are briefly indicated. More detailed criticism is devoted to Shakespeare's forerunners—Lyly, Peele, Greene, Lodge, and Marlowe—then Shakespeare's superb and many-sided contributions to the literature of the age are discussed in their chief bearings, and the work of Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Ben Jonson, Bacon, Hooker, Spenser, Donne, More, Hobbes, Cowley, and a succession of other epoch-making men, is made the subject of passing criticism and comment. The book is admirably arranged, and contains an excellent chronological table, as well as a synopsis and index of authors.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE LEGENDARY LORE OF THE HOLY WELLS OF ENGLAND. By Robert Charles Hope, F.S.A., F.R.S.L. London: Elliot Stock.

ACADEMY SKETCHES, 1893. Edited by H. Blackburn. London: W. H. Allen & Co., Limited.

THE NEW GALLERY, 1893. With Notes by H. Blackburn, London Chatto & Windus.

RETROSPECT AND OTHER POEMS. By A. Mary F. Robinson. (Madame James Darmesteter.) Cameo Series. London: T, Fisher Unwin. Break of Day and Other Poems. By Rollo Russell. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

SONGS, MEASURES, METRICAL LINES. By Jean Carlyle Graham. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Limited.

FRENCH JANSENISTS. By the Author of "Many Voices," London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Limited.

A HISTORY OF THE THEORIES OF PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION IS ENGLISH POLITICAL ECONOMY. From 1776 to 1348. By Edwin Cannan, M.A. London: Percival & Co.

philosophical thought. Although it is not a book which ought to be lightly dismissed, anything in the nature of detailed criticism is of course impossible in this column, and therefore we must content ourselves, at all events for the present, by indi-cating in a sentence or two its chief characteristics. Mr. Owen cating in a sentence or two its chief characteristics. Mr. Owen has quite obviously written the work with patient and leisurely care, and no one can read it without perceiving that it is based on adequate scholarship and sturdy mental independence. Indeed, when we are least inclined to accept Mr. Owen's conclusions without important reservations, we are compelled to recognise both the courage and the candour which distinguish the reasons which he advances in their support. The strength recognise both the courage and the candour which distinguish the reasons which he advances in their support. The strength of the book lies in its subtle and suggestive handling of the intellectual aspect of the Renaissance, and in its vigorous, though in our opinion sometimes one-sided, criticism of men and movements. The word "skeptic" is used by Mr. Owen in a somewhat misleading sense, and it scarcely seems appropriate when applied to some of the thinkers with whom we are confronted in these chapters. The tone of the work can hardly be described as judicial, but in the main these verdicts on Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Luigi Pulci, Machiavelli, Giordano Bruno, Vanini, Pomponazzi, and the rest, though occasionally too sweeping, are shrewd in themselves, as well as full of uncommon insight into phases of emotion and thought which lie strangely remote from the life of to-day. The form in which Mr. Owen has chosen to fashion his criticisms is irritating, and therefore unfortunate. Philosophical discussions in which four or five imaginary personages take part, have had their day, and to the imaginary personages take part, have had their day, and to the vast majority of educated readers have ceased to be attractive. Yet interwoven with these more or less academic deliverances are biographical and critical estimates of much discernment as well as enough high thinking along other lines to give the book a deserved vogue in thoughtful circles.

a deserved vogue in thoughtful circles.

"Electricity and Magnetism" forms the subject of the latest volume in Whittaker's Library of Popular Science. Evident pains have been taken to render the book not merely simple and attractive, but also exact, and nothing appears to have been introduced into these two hundred pages which the beginner will afterwards have to unlearn. The author is, we simple and attractive, but also exact, and nothing appears to have been introduced into these two hundred pages which the beginner will afterwards have to unlearn. The author is, we need scarcely say, an authority on all that relates to the practical application of electricity in the modern world, and these pages are accordingly written with that bold and easy mastery of the youngest science which is the outcome of adequate knowledge, not only of its theories, but its practice. The work is avowedly not intended as a text-book, but merely as a popular introduction, and therefore it contains no recondite calculations, and the enumeration, on a more or less elaborate scale, of all the existing electro-magnetic appliances does not fall within its scope. We are inclined to think that the value of this treatise would have been perceptibly heightened if the author had taken the trouble to sum up in the closing pages the salient points of his exposition: the narrative as it stands ends too abruptly, and this is a blemish which we hope will be avoided in subsequent editions. There are upwards of a hundred diagrams and other scientific illustrations scattered through the text, and the book scientific illustrations scattered through the text, and the book is of the kind to enable young students to grasp the theories of electricity, as well as to approach with interest and intelligence more advanced and technical works on the subject. In the same series there has also just appeared an elementary handbook on "Geology." Mr. Jukes-Browne, of the Geological Survey, has felt the difficulty of making the subject interesting and clear to readers who do not possess any knowledge of chemistry, mineralogy, and biology, and there is truth in the contention that little progress is possible in geology without at least superficial acquaintance with these allied sciences. Geology, we are reminded, is a science of very recent growth, and until William Smith published his "Tabular View of British Strata" in 1790 the great chronological succession of rock-groups remained unsuspected. No attempt is made in these pages to give a strictly accurate and scientific definition of geology; indeed, Mr. Jukesaccurate and scientific definition of geology; indeed, Mr. Jukes-Browne asserts that for all practical purposes it is enough to say that it is the study of rocks, fossils, and rock-groups. In other words, geology is the science which deals with the rocks which form the crust of the earth, and which concerns itself with their differences in structure, their fossil contents, and their relations to one another. Stress is chiefly laid in these pages on the agencies concerned in the formation of rocks and other problems of physical geology, though it is only right to add that the historical aspects of the subject are by no means over-looked.

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THE WEEK.

THE progress in Committee on the Home Rule Bill during the present week has been no better than before. Clause 3 of the

than before. Clause 3 of the Bill was still under discussion when we went to press, a fortnight of almost wholly futile and meaningless talk having been expended on it. It is not wonderful that the House of Commons is getting tired of the manner in which the game of obstruction by talk is being kept up. Fortunately the supporters of the Government, with one or two exceptions, are just as resolute now as they have been at any time since the struggle began, and, however long the battle may take, they have no intention of allowing themselves to be tired out. Patience and reticence on their part are, for the present, their best weapons. But Ministers must have in reserve the drastic proposal we have so often urged upon them—they must have, that is to say, the power of applying a real closure to the Bill, and applying it effectually, when the psychological moment comes. Nor need they fear the charge of suppressing debate which is likely to follow any measure of this kind on their part. To say nothing of the fact that they will merely be following the example of their predecessors, they may rest assured that the country understands the conspiracy by means of which the Opposition are now seeking to stifle the Bill, and will not be moved to any outburst of wrath by the successful frustration of that conspiracy.

GREAT as are the services of Sir Charles Russell in the Court of Arbitration at Paris, it cannot be pretended that he is not sorely missed in the House of Commons during the present debates. The Solicitor-General is an admirable lawyer and a very able and clear-headed man. But he has not yet had the experience in Parliamentary tactics which is necessary to enable any representative of the Government successfully to cope with the kind of obstruction which is now being practised on the Tory and Liberal-Unionist benches. Sir Charles Russell would be invaluable at this moment if he were in his place on the Treasury Bench.

WE have spoken of the resolute manner in which the Ministerialists are sticking to their guns. There have, of course, been one or two exceptions to the rule. Mr. Saunders, for reasons which nobody can pretend to understand but himself, has intimated his intention not for the present to vote in the Home Rule divisions, and Mr. T. H. Bolton, for equally obscure reasons, has voted several times of late against the Government. We must of course expect that individual eccentricities of thought and action should make themselves felt in the course of so prolonged and fierce a contest as the present. But it is hardly necessary to say that the Liberal abstentions have no political significance. They represent nothing more than the erratic action of individual men, who either do not know their own minds, or are guided by motives which have nothing to do with general political principles.

In the meantime one very noticeable fact is that the debate in Committee has been uniformly favourable to the Home Rule Bill. It is not only in the division lobby that the Government have beaten their opponents. They have triumphed over them still more completely in argument. Some of the wiser Tories are becoming conscious of this fact, and are beginning to see the folly of the tactics which their party is now pursuing. This section of the Opposition wants to concentrate its strength upon Clause 9, which still lies a long way ahead. Clause 9 9, which still lies a long way ahead. Clause 9 will be the turning-point in the debate in Committee. We are greatly mistaken if, when it is reached, Ministers do not score another triumph. But be this as it may, the only bona fide opposition to the Bill must now centre upon that particular clause, and upon the financial provisions, and the Opposition are making a mistake in expending their strength upon minor questions. What, for example, could be more ludicrous than the debate initiated by Mr. Courtney this week? Mr. Courtney, who not unwilling to keep the Irish people in a state of perpetual coercion, nevertheless insists that if they get Home Rule at all, they should be left free to deal with trade revenues, and the taxation of commerce. For a Fifth Form debating - class Mr. Courtney's proposal might have had some attractions; but it was nothing less than an insult to ask Parliament to discuss it, and even Tories seem to be conscious of

More and more it becomes evident that the intense bitterness which is being shown on the Opposition side, not only in Parliament, but throughout the country, is arousing a responsive spirit of determination among the Ministerialists. If the Government are to be subjected to the kind of attacks which are now the order of the day on the Tory benches and in the Tory Press, it is all the more necessary that they should stubbornly adhere to their programme and carry it out to the end.

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So attention is again being drawn to the great measures which are to come after Home Rule. There is to be a demonstration to-day in Hyde Park in favour of the Local Veto Bill, in order to strengthen the hands of Sir William Harcourt, whilst that more important measure, the Parish Councils Bill, is receiving the close attention of Radicals both in and out of Parliament. It is one of those Bills which ought to become law during the present year, and we see no reason why this end should not be secured. Ministers, it is clear, will not be beaten on the Home Rule Bill, and, though that measure will be thrown out by the House of Lords, it will be brought before the House of Commons next year under far more favourable conditions than those which at present exist. No one will then tolerate a renewal of the obstructive tactics of the present Session; and it is probable that the measure will be sent a second time to the House of Lords very early in the year. That means that the House of Commons will not only have a long autumn Session this year, but nearly the whole of next Session for legislation for Great Britain and

The only comment we have to make on Mr. Carvell Williams' proposal on Thursday, for applying the closure in Committee, is that so far as it implies a special resolution of the House it is quite unnecessary. The precedent of Mr. Smith's way of closuring the Coercion Bill, quoted by Mr. Macfarlane, also needed a resolution. There is no occasion for a resolution at all—which means a full-dress debate and a first-class battle, and is a clumsy and provocative expedient—for there exists already among the Standing Orders a rule of procedure which was expressly designed to meet such a state of things as now exists in Committee on the Home Rule Bill. We quoted this rule several weeks ago. Here it is:—

"Closure in the form of Motion, That the question, That certain words stand part of a clause, or That a clause stand part of or be added to a Bill, be now put, may be moved or claimed to the exclusion of amendments to the clause of which notice has been given."

This rule could be applied at any moment to Clause 3 of the Home Rule Bill; it could likewise be applied at any moment to Clause 4—of course after sufficient time had been allowed for the clause to be reasonably debated; and so on, clause by clause, through the whole Bill: a process which would be immensely facilitated if the Government would make a little statement beforehand—say, at the beginning of every week—of the proportionate amount of time they would deem reasonable for the discussion of each clause or set of clauses. Such a system, as we have many times remarked, would not only be orderly and unrevolutionary, but would eminently conduce to the general smoothness of business in the House.

The meetings of the Women's Liberal Federation which have been held this week are a distinctly encouraging sign of the times. They prove that there is a large and influential section of our "political women" who do not regard Female Suffrage as the first if not the only question of importance in the world of politics. They show, too, that women are quite as capable as men are of realising the fact that opposition to them on one particular point does not imply any sort of general antagonism to them. The Federation at its meetings concerned itself with the actual political questions of the hour. The Ministerial programme, which has for the moment almost dropped out of sight in the House of Commons, received due attention, and it was made evident that the ladies forming the Federation are in hearty sympathy with the general policy of the Government and the majority of the House of Commons. Those who feel the gravest doubts as to the desirableness of revolutionis-

ing the Constitution in order to give a few women the right to vote, and (as a necessary consequence) to sit in the House of Commons, are not the least ready to recognise the value of women's work and influence in politics, and it is refreshing to find that so many women are ready to support the cause of progress without demanding as a reward the establishment of female suffrage.

MR. BRYCE was made the subject of a severe and combined attack in the House of Lords on Monday. All sections of the Tory peers joined in the onslaught, whilst Lord Sefton, in relating the sad tale of the sorrows and indignities to which he has been subjected, solemnly affirmed that he had never appointed a single magistrate for political reasons, We do not for a moment doubt Lord Sefton's veracity; but we confess we wonder that a sense of the ridiculous does not prevent his dwelling upon this point. Granting his absolute freedom from political preposessions of any kind, we are still face to face with the remarkable fact that the overwhelming majority of the magistrates he has appointed in Lancashire for many years past have been of one political complexion, and that in recent years such a thing as the appointment of a Home Rule magistrate has been almost if not absolutely unknown. It is difficult to preserve one's gravity when reading the lofty discourses of the Tory peers concerning the iniquity of political appointments to the bench. Seeing that throughout the length and breadth of England for seven years past hardly any magistrates have been appointed except those who were the supporters of the Tory Coercionist Government, seeing that in many instances men have been induced to become the supporters of that Government from their belief that only by doing so could they hope to obtain a seat upon the bench, it is ludicrous to have these pompous protests from the Tory leaders. Mr. Bryce has acted not in the interests of the Liberal party, but in those of justice in the action he has taken in Lancashire, and we sincerely hope that his example will be resolutely followed in other parts of the country by the Lord Chancellor.

WE have hitherto in this country been happily unacquainted with one of the most degrading features of American journalism. But this week an American gentleman, who has pitched his tent amongst us with a view to acquiring a position in English society, and who in pursuit of his laudable ambition has purchased an evening newspaper, took pity on our ignorance and favoured us with a highly characteristic specimen of Western newspaper ways. We allude to the disgraceful attack on Mr. Arnold Morley which appeared in Monday's Pall Mall Gazette—an attack quite in the style of the tactics which the lower sort of American newspapers resort to when a candidate for office is to be "knived." The performance, we are glad to think, will not be repeated here. The English public have had enough of it, and the American gentleman has probably learned by this time that if he wants to get on in English society that is not a good way of going about it. There is, doubtless, a class of politicians who would be glad enough to use him for such dirty work if such dirty work suited over here (which it does not); but even these would be glad to have as little as possible to do with him when he had served their purpose. The umbrae by whom he is surrounded are evidently incompetent advisers in this matter.

ABROAD. ABROAD. ABROAD. At Saturday's and Monday's sittings of the Austrian Delegations together strengthen the favourable impression produced by the speech of the Emperor and the silence of the

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Czar. The influences (he said) favourable to the maintenance of European peace continue to work; the relations between the Governments of the Dual Monarchy and of Russia are thoroughly friendly; the Balkan States are perfectly tranquil, and though there is no prospect of a general disarmament there is some hope of a truce in the military preparations of Continental Europe. The speech, like all speeches from Ministers of Foreign Affairs, takes too much account of the feeling in Court and diplomatic circles, and too little both of that prevalent among the peoples and of the numerous incidents that may any day arise to set Europe in a blaze. The Russian Press, for instance, may not count for very much, but Panslavist feeling and intrigue and the sentiment of the non-German or non-Magyar subjects of Austria may easily combine to produce a dangerous explosive. And in the condition of the Turkish Empire there is a store of inflammable material which only the extinction of that Empire can exhaust.

STILL, so far as regards the immediate outlook, the speech is reassuring and satisfactory enough—except to the supporters of the German Army Bills, some of whose organs in the Press complain loudly of its unfavourable effect on their prospects. It is true, of course, that the speech deals with the immediate future, and the German Army Bills provide for a remoter period. But remote contingencies do not much affect the minds of the electorate anywhere.

WE refer elsewhere to the internal situation in France. One of the special dangers of France at the present time, in the absence of a strong and responsible Government, is the recrudescence of provocative activity along its colonial frontiers and amongst its Chauvinist Press at home. We are accustomed to something of the same kind ourselves on the eve of General Elections, but with France it is generally the inspiration of individual and thoroughly irresponsible adventure. M. de Lanessan, for example, "Viceroy" of Annam, a genuine "prancing proconsul," thinks it will be a great thing for his honour and glory and profit if he can grab all of Siam on the left bank of the Meikong and make the Meikong a French river. Who is there at home to check him if it be deemed bad policy just now to make this move? He knows very well that a Government of Dupuys are not likely to stay his hand, and are much more likely to be carried away by his projects, and so he goes ahead. This sort of thing would not be so serious if it were a case of isolated colonial enterprise, even though that enterprise were costly and probably worthless, as in Dahomey; but when it is calculated to lead towards complications with a Power so peculiarly situated towards France as England is, and when French journals set themselves with incredible industry to giving it that aspect, the proceeding is mischievous in the highest degree. If there is any public man in France with a proper sense of the situation, he will do his best to get his countrymen to throw cold water on the Siam enterprise, until at least the elections are over and a strong Government which can properly manage the affair in power.

THE Figaro has done its country a great and patriotic service this week. It sent a special correspondent—M. Dubois—to Egypt to get up material, as the correspondent confesses, for a typical Chauvinist attack on the English occupation. But the correspondent inquired honestly, and has come back a Balaam. He found that the English occupation was not what French journalists whose travels are

limited to the Boulevards have painted it. He found that Englishmen, instead of persecuting the Egyptians, have been protecting them from oppression; that they have been honestly endeavouring to establish a reign of justice and law; that they have immensely improved the resources of the country; and that it is at least premature to talk of the cry of Egypt for the Egyptians having a genuine or unanimous force. The remarkable thing is that M. Dubois has said all this in an elaborate article, and that the Figaro has had the courage to publish it. We feel certain this article will do a great deal of good, and we venture to say if more articles dealing with Anglo-French questions in a similar frank spirit were published in influential French papers, not only would a good deal of the misunderstanding between England and France be removed, but the foundation of a most important development in French foreign policy might be laid.

Thursday next is the day appointed for the General Election in Germany, or rather for the first ballots. It cannot be said that the chance of the Army Bills has much improved. The Grand Duke of Baden has strongly advocated them in a speech to the War Veterans' Association at Offenburg, but the support of these associations has been sufficiently exploited already, and the feeling against militarism is so strong in the country districts, and especially in South Germany, that the words even of a Sovereign will probably have little effect. Herr Richter, indeed, declares that only effective organisation is wanted to secure the rural electors in Prussia; but of that, unfortunately, his Liberal Popular Party—at least, in the country districts—is destitute. The polling districts are very small, and the landlords and clergy are careful to obtain a large poll—sometimes ninety per cent.—in the interest of their own party. However, the tone of the real supporters of the Government is extremely gloomy. We do not include Conservatives, for whom agricultural protection and bimetallism are the questions really at stake.

Herr Richter, on the other hand, is extremely confident; and it is expected that in spite of the Liberal split his section of the party will carry some fifty seats. But the most hopeful of all are the Social Democrats. In order to take a census of the party, they are contesting 380 out of the 397 constituencies; they are making desperate efforts to capture Alsace and Lorraine; the programme formulated by Herr Liebknecht at Metz contains little (except a proposal that legal and medical aid shall be rendered gratuitously by the State) which is not part of the creed of English Advanced Liberalism; and we can hardly doubt that at the second ballots they will secure many Liberal votes. However, they do not expect to obtain more than fifty or sixty seats—a considerable advance on the thirty-six they held in the last Reichstag. And the repeated dissolutions which some people in Germany expect can only increase their number. The Catholic Centre party, meanwhile, is going through the same sort of experience as the Catholics of Ireland in recent years. It has lost its aristocratic leaders, and some of the higher ecclesiastics. But the inferior clergy and the mass of the party are more united than ever; and there are the usual complaints that the parish priests are exercising their spiritual influence for political ends. Even the supporters of the Silesian secession under Count Huene do not much expect that it will secure any seats.

Particularism meanwhile is rampant, and not only in Bavaria. There is even a Lithuanian party, which, we presume, demands the same concessions in respect of the use of its interesting language in the schools as were not long ago obtained by the Prussian Poles. If so, it assuredly deserves the sympathy of all philologists. But such concessions are not an

DINNER IN THE TRAIN.—The Midland Railway Company's announcement that the Third Class Dining Carriages would be a full accomode in July has been followed by like notices by the other large Companies. On July 3rd the Midland Company will place on the Scotch and Northern service additional afternoon expresses, on which Luncheons, Dinners, Teas, and other refreshments will be served, both in first and third classes, in the best style, at moderate charges.

Imperial matter. There is a Hesse party and a Mecklenburg party, and all sorts of independent candidates, from Count Herbert Bismarck to Herr Ahlwardt, who now stands alone. In view of these complications, we need not expect that the first ballots will give us any very definite general result.

What will happen after the elections? One prophecy is that a compromise will be effected on the Army Bills, and that the real struggle will develop later—on Protection, Bimetallism, and the return (perhaps) of the Jesuits as an order. Another is that, should the elections result in the return of a large and decisive Opposition majority, the Reichstag will be dissolved again and again; and a fierce controversy is now in progress as to the constitutionality of this proceeding—Prince Bismarck, of course, taking part, through his organ, as a champion of Parliamentary right against autocracy. Manifestations, too, against universal suffrage are being got up in view of this struggle, and a scheme of election by many degrees—the communal councils appearing at the bottom and the legislature at the top—seems to find some favour among the supporters of the Government. The Emperor, however, is said to have declared emphatically that he will not have any tampering with the suffrage or the mode of election; and both his own attitude and that of the Government—except perhaps the Military Press Bureau—have agreeably falsified the sinister expectations that were, not unnaturally, entertained at the outset.

The Belgian Chamber has this week begun the discussion of the reform of the Senate. Here, as in the matter of the franchise, it seems as if no proposal will secure the necessary two-thirds majority. The Ministry favours the election of the Senators by specially chosen electors, and the restriction of the electorate who choose these electors to persons over thirty-five years of age—another example of that curious distrust of youth which has already been seen in connection with the plural vote. Moreover, the Senatorial electors are to be classified in such a way as to secure the "representation of interests"—in other words, of the various professions and the artisan class. This is a favourite device of Continental doctrinaires, but is not (we think) in force anywhere except in Austria. It seems to be the only part of the scheme which finds general support. Among the Liberals objection is very generally taken to the restriction, or, as the phrase is, the "amputation" of the proposed electorate of the first degree: and the system of double election has many adversaries both among all the sections of the party and among the Right. It is possible, therefore, that there may be another deadlock—and it is hardly likely that a general strike will this time be organised to induce the Chamber to make up its mind.

From 1846 until last Sunday the Canton of Berne had lived under the same Constitution. But marked differences existed between the older part of the Canton and the Bernese Jura, which, since its incorporation in 1816, had maintained its own poor law and other peculiar institutions. These have now been abolished, and the administration of the Canton unified, by the new Constitution adopted on Sunday by a vote of approximately 56,000 to 13,500, the minority being drawn chiefly from the districts affected. It is curious that the abolished Constitution was not only older than the first proper Federal Constitution, but was the oldest of any of the existing Cantonal Constitutions. We have heard much of late years of the natural Conservatism of Democracies. Considering what a complicated matter

Constitution-making is, we cannot trace any apathy in respect of it either in Switzerland or in America.

THE Italian Ministry has surmounted the danger with which it was threatened in the Senate—a defeat on its Pensions Bill—by the narrow and unexpected majority of ten votes. But as an important part of the Bill is postponed for reconsideration and amendment until November next, the progress of the Ministerial programme is not accelerated much. The debate was noticeable for the frank announcement of the Premier that only two fresh taxes could be borne by the nation—the grist tax, which is universally detested; and a progressive tax on income, or on capital, which nobody can venture to propose. But the annual deficits show a considerable decline. Still, there are no signs as yet of any considerable reforms from the present Ministry; their plan for the amalgamation of the banks of issue has been unfavourably received; they have many rocks ahead during the debate on the Civil Marriage Law; and the trials of the defaulting officials of the Banca Romana and Banca di Napoli (the latter of which began on Monday) will probably be fertile in startling revelations.

A MINISTERIAL crisis in Spain has been averted—partly, it would seem, in view of the threatening attitude of the Republicans—and an arrangement come to between the Ministerialists and the Conservative Opposition for the passage of a portion of the financial programme of the Government before the adjournment in July. Republicans, however, are not the only enemies of the present régime who are active just now. There has been a demonstration of 20,000 persons at Pampeluna against certain of the Customs reforms of the Government; and there is a small but suggestive recrudescence of Carlist manifestations in the Basque provinces.

Hopeful telegrams arrive from Greece as to the payment of the July coupon, but so far they have been accepted with considerable reserve. Probably the Chamber will be dissolved; certainly the Ministry has nothing to gain by meeting it now. But there seems little probability at present that the position would be improved after a General Election.

The fall of the Argentine Ministry is apparently due to the action of the President, who has objected to the policy of the Ministers of War and Finance. They have taken their colleagues with them into retirement. To the English public the matter is chiefly of influence as delaying the negotiations for the "scaling down" of the interest on the debt: but the new Minister of Finance, Señor Avellaneda, is not likely to alter the policy of his predecessor.

THÉOPHRASTE RENAUDOT, the founder LITERATURE, of the Gazette de France, whose statue serves commemoration for manifold reasons. He was the father of the modern newspaper; he originated at once the registry office and the profession of advertising agent; he introduced into France the Mont-de-Piété—which in some of the smaller trades is really a people's bank—and suggested the idea of public auction-rooms. Moreover, he was a physician, and an innovator in medicine; and, as he is reputed to be the first physician of modern times who ever gave advice to the poor gratis, his work may be claimed as the root of the charitable dispensary. A curious telegraphic blunder was made in connection with the inauguration. Renaudot was born in Loudun (Vienne). The telegraph, or its interpreters, made this London, as the great Dictionnaire Larousse had done long ago; and the

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Times, naturally enough, hastened to tender congratulations "from the city of Renaudot's birth."

THE first volume of the new and cheaper edition of Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth," which has just appeared, contains numerous small changes in the text, and incorporates the very latest information on the constitutional history of the United States down to the present time. We hope shortly to notice at length this reissue of the most remarkable work in applied political science which has been published, at any rate, since De Tocqueville's "Democratie en Amérique," and which at one bound attained classic rank on both sides of the Atlantic.

Apropos of a recent controversy in our columns respecting the ultimate fate of books sent to critics for review, we learn from a French contemporary, who has been discussing the subject, that no less a personage than M. Anatole France has just been convicted of the deadly crime in this connection—a crime outrivalling that of his own Sylvestre Bonnard. As a man was lounging amongst the second-hand bookstalls of the quays the other day, he came across, in what corresponds in Paris to the fourpenny box, a volume of poems, "du'bon poète," François Fabié," on whose first page was written in the poet's hand a pious dedication to the eminent critic. It was a presentation copy that M. Anatole France had sold! He has been accused of treason, but our contemporary remarks that it is the custom of critics when ridding themselves of presentation copies to tear out the dedicatory page, and that M. France must only have omitted the precaution through an oversight in this instance. A fellow-critic, coming forward in M. France's defence, describes his own case. He receives about two thousand five hundred volumes a year; he keeps six hundred, and sells the rest. He has been a critic twenty years; if he had kept all he received, he would need half the cellars of the Bibliothèque Nationale. "I have recourse to the second-hand booksellers," he says, "not to make money (all that paper does not bring me a hundred francs a month), but to prevent my house from becoming uninhabitable."

CIVIL time, as everyone is aware, is reckoned from the preceding midnight, while astronomical time commences daily at noon, so that at present we have two distinct ways of counting time—the former adopted for use by the world in general, the latter by astronomers and sailors. In order to get out of this difficulty, an International Conference at Washington as far back as 1884 unanimously resolved that as soon as it might be practicable astronomical and nautical days should everywhere begin at mean midnight; but the matter, although much talked about at the time, has not been proceeded with any further. The question has again been taken up by a joint committee of two Canadian institutions, and with the intention of finding out the opinions of astronomers of all nations they have issued a circular putting the question whether the change to the standard of mean midnight is desirable. That there are on both sides advantages and disadvantages in such a change cannot be denied; but it seems that if one system of time-reckoning can be obtained, the alteration should be made, even at the expense of a little inconvenience (which, by the way, would soon be overcome). The suggestion that such a change should not come into vogue until the first day of the next century seems to have many points in its favour.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH, the head of the dramatic profession in America, made himself known to the English playgoing public on two occasions—at the Haymarket in 1861, when he hardly created an adequate impres-

sion, and at the Lyceum in 1380 on Mr. Irving's invitation, when his performances excited the profoundest interest on both sides of the Atlantic. In the United States, especially in the remoter districts which are not yet blasés enough for Shakespeare to spell ruin, his popularity was unbounded; but his career had been much chequered by financial and family misfortunes—notably the assassination of President Lincoln by his younger brother. Bishop Charles von Hefelé, formerly Bishop of Rottenburg, was an author of many learned works on the history of the Christian Church, but will be best remembered as one of the strongest opponents of the promulgation of the dogma of Papal Infallibility in 1870. Herr Hans Peter Holst was a leading Danish poet, Court Dramatist by special appointment, and unofficially a kind of poet laureate. Some of his poems in the latter capacity had been translated into many languages, including English. He had done good service, moreover, in editing and selecting the poetry of his country for educational purposes. Mr. F. S. Dymoke held the curious ceremonial office of hereditary Queen's Champion, the duties of which, however, have been in abeyance since the accession of George IV. Mr. George Potter was one of the best-known leaders of the older generation of Trades Unionism. He did admirable service some five-and-twenty years ago as editor of the Beehive; he had taken a leading part in the great labour difficulty in the London building trades in 1859; he opened the first Trade Union Congress, and represented the working men of London at Garibaldi's reception in 1860, and he was one of the most active members of the Reform League of 1866. Of late years younger men had arisen to take his place, and his last public appearance was in the abortive demonstration in Trafalgar Square a few weeks ago against the Local Veto Bill.

ANARCHISTS IN PARLIAMENT.

MINISTERS have now had another week's experience of the manner in which their opponents are seeking to deal with the Home Rule Bill. This week, as last week, the real leader of the This week, as last week, the real leader of the Opposition has been a gentleman who was once himself a Home Ruler, and who might reasonably have been expected to be a Home Ruler to-day and an ardent supporter of the present measure. This is unquestionably the first and most remarkable anomaly in the political situation. It is Mr. Chamberlain, the man who did more than any other member of the Liberal Government of 1880 to strengthen the position of Mr. Parnell and to make Home Rule inevitable, who is leading the attempt to kill this Bill, and with it Mr. Gladstone and the Government. But the next anomaly in the situation is hardly less remarkable. The tactics by means of which Mr. Chamberlain's party—for the whole Tory Opposition are now serving under his banner—are seeking to gain their ends are such as no responsible political party ever adopted before. By pretended amendments which do not amend, by stupid and frivolous and hypocritical speeches, by interminable disquisitions upon trifles, and by the solemn setting forth of propositions in which nobody even professes to believe, they are spinning out the proceedings on the Bill to such an extent that, as matters stand, the measure cannot possibly pass through the House of Commons before next Christmas. These "gentlemen of England," these high-minded representatives of the party of law and order, these honest champions of the supremacy and independence of the Imperial Parliament, are deliberately reducing Parliamentary government to a farce, are prostituting the forms of procedure which have grown up through centuries in the greatest deliberative assembly in the world, and are trampling under foot the traditions on the maintenance

of which the honour of the national name depends, in order to serve their miserable and purely selfish ends. It is, as everybody can see for himself, a dangerous game which they are playing. It is the game of the Parliamentary Anarchist. If it is henceforth to be played by either side indiscriminately, whenever it happens to be in a minority, then there is for ever an end of Parliamentary government in Great Britain. Legislation of every sort, save that which commands universal approval, will become impossible, and the House of Commons, the fostermother of the free institutions of the world, will perish beneath the weight of a universal contempt.

This fact—a fact which stares us in the face every morning when we open our newspapers—is the governing factor in the political situation. The question which Ministers and the majority have to face is not the fate of the Home Rule Bill. We yield to none in our loyalty to Home Rule, and in our determination to persevere in the fight until victory is attained. But there is something far more important even than Home Rule now at issue. That something is the future of the British Parliament. It is the deliberate conspiracy of Obstruction in which ex-Ministers, Privy Councillors of high degree, eminent statesmen, and—save the mark!—self-styled "patriots," are now engaged that the Government and the people of Great Britain must confront and defeat, unless they are prepared to see their greatest and noblest heritage destroyed before their very eyes. Is it possible to hope that there may be among our concerns. hope that there may be among our opponents some who revolt against the method of fighting to which the Parliamentary Opposition has resorted? Can the editors of the *Spectator*, for example, in their hearts approve of the way in which, tongue in cheek and sneer on lips, one Right Honourable opponent of Home Rule after another rises in his place to make a speech which he knows to be useless, dishonest, and absurd, and which he only makes because in doing so he is adding to the heap of words under which he hopes eventually to see the Ministerial Bill buried? What Tories are doing to-day Liberals and Radicals might do to-morrow, if they happened to be in a minority. Is it possible that there is no one on the Opposition benches, or in the Opposition Press, who can look beyond the narrow horizon of the moment, and realise the fact that a victory gained by such means as those which are now being employed by the Unionist party in the House of Commons would, in its effects upon the greatest of English institutions, be a thousand times worse than a defeat? We cannot believe that patriotism and loyalty, to say nothing of statesmanlike foresight, have so entirely passed away from our opponents that there is no man among them who realises this fact. But if there are any who do realise it, they remain silent; whilst the Anarchist conspiracy does its deadly work.

It is for Ministers and for their supporters in Parliament to determine whether these hateful tactics are or are not to succeed. For our part, we cannot for a moment believe in their success. We cannot believe that those Parliamentary forms which our glorious forerunners devised for the purpose of protecting the high honour and independence of their body, can be turned to use for the purpose of destroying that honour and abasing that independence. The knot which has been woven so skilfully by reckless men is undoubtedly a tangled and difficult one. But if it cannot be untied, it can be cut; and it will be a thousand times better to risk the creation of a new precedent, which shall restore its old vigour and practical usefulness to Parliamentary Government, rather than leave the House of Commons to perish miserably and ignominiously under the pressure of

outworn precedents that are now only used to be abused, the spirit of which is abandoned or forgotten, and the letter of which literally killeth. Everybody knows and everybody admires the chivalric tenderness of the devotion with which Mr. Gladstone watches over every part, no matter how insignificant in itself, of the great Parliamentary machine, in the guidance of which he has had so great a share during the last sixty years. It would be strange if to him, at least, any suggestion of revolutionary alteration in its procedure were not to seem almost sacrilegious. Alas! that there is among his opponents so little of his own spirit of chivalrous devotion to the pattern Parliament of the world. If there were more of it, it would be unnecessary now to speak of the imminence of a change which shall put an end to the dreary conspiracy of talk by means of which it is sought to reduce Parliament to impotence. But the House of Commons has a great work in hand, and it is bound to do it. It cannot let its own pledges to the nation be reversed, not by argument, not by change of circumstances or change of opinion, but merely by a successful abuse on the part of the minority of the forms of the House. Nor must it forget that behind the Home Rule Bill stand other measures which demand early consideration, to the adoption of which Parliament is, indeed, pledged during the present year. The nation stands at the gate of the House, watching the fierce struggle that is being carried on within. It is a fight for life for that free Parliamentary life by which alone we can preserve our existence among the nations. Other representative assemblies, infinitely less illustrious, infinitely less powerful than our own, have had to face the same problem, to confront the same enemy. And these have found safety in courage-in the courage which can make new precedents where the old ones have failed, and which can stamp out a conspiracy even when the conspirators hide themselves within the meshes of Parliamentary forms of procedure. Will the leaders of the majority in the present House of Commons have the courage which has thus been shown by meaner rivals elsewhere? Will they dare to face the realities of the situation, and to cut down to the very roots the noisome plant of Parliamentary Obstruction? It seems to many that upon the answer to this question depends something of infinitely greater moment than even the fate of the Home Rule Bill.

BAITING MR. GLADSTONE.

It was not without reason that we last week called attention to the bad temper which is unhappily one of the most characteristic features of the present political situation. Public attention has now been formally called to this particular symptom, and we have some reason to hope that it will not have been called to it in vain. For some time past the proceedings in the House of Commons have not furnished pleasant reading for those of us who value the best characteristics of our English public life. It has been made painfully apparent that there is a section—we trust a small and unimportant section—of the Opposition which has come to the conclusion that by unmannerly interruptions of members of the Government when they are speaking upon the Home Rule Bill they can successfully promote the opposition to that measure. And when we speak of members of the Government, it need hardly be said that we refer chiefly to Mr. Gladstone, upon whom in the long and wearying debates in Committee the chief burden of the defence of

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the Bill has fallen. Mr. Gladstone is a very old man; he has already surpassed the years which the Psalmist allots as the span of human life; and for this reason, if for no other, it might well have been supposed that any appearance of his in public would have been treated with respect by even the most envenomed and the most foolish of his opponents. This, unhappily, has not been the case; and from certain members of the House he has been subjected, whenever he rose, to rude and noisy interruptions well calculated to try the nerve of a younger man, and cruel and revolting when applied to one of his years. It is not surprising that the members of his own party, who venerate not merely his age, but his genius and his worth, have been moved to profound indignation by insults which each one of them resents as though they were levelled against his own father. We do not desire to exaggerate either the character or the extent of these insults. Undoubtedly the facetious writer in the Daily News, who, in a passage which has received the attention of Parliament, sought to give prominence to the matter, did exaggerate. Exaggeration is of the very essence of satire. But we wish we could say that in this instance the exaggeration was violent or unnatural. Unfortunately this is not the case. Every man who sits in the House of Commons must be aware of the fact that from a certain quarter night by night there have proceeded sounds and cries, the only object of which has apparently been to embarrass a man of very advanced years when attempting to the best of his ability to discharge a very difficult duty. The motive of the writer in the Daily News in accentuating this deplorable fact was a worthy and a generous one, and we should be amazed at the conduct of Mr. Chamberlain in attempting to treat his action as a breach of privilege, were it not for the fact that we are indebted to the member for Birmingham for having incidentally drawn from the lips of Mr. Gladstone one of his happiest and most characteristic

The Prime Minister's speech on Monday night, on the motion of Mr. Chamberlain, will be regarded by men of all parties as one of the noblest, as it was certainly one of the most generous, ever delivered in the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone might have fallen a victim to the temptation put in his way by his own enthusiastic followers, and might easily have aroused strong feeling on their part by dwelling seriously on the affronts which have undoubtedly been offered to him. He took a nobler and, we venture to say, a wiser course. Speaking the sentiments of a gentleman—and without irreverence we may add of a Christian—he calmly put on one side any thought of the indignities to which he had been exposed. Nay, he went further, and offered to the House of Commons the best and only defence which douse of Commons the best and only defence which could be made on behalf of his assailants. He admitted the truth which all feel, that this controversy upon the Home Rule question has stirred the deepest emotions in the breasts of all who take a part in our public life, and that, as a natural consequence, every disputant in the great arena has been tempted to express himself with a strength and freedom not commonly associated with our Parliamentary debates. Casting thus the mantle of his overflowing charity over those who had assailed him, he strove to draw the House of Commons away from any question of mere personalities to that wider and greater question of the spirit in which public questions ought to be discussed in the greatest assembly the world has ever known. Nothing could be more touching and nothing more beautiful than the temper in which he treated the incident to which Mr. Chamberlain had called attention. It

was not the old man eloquent who spoke on this occasion, but the lofty and generous soul that could see through the din and dust of the great conflict the graver and more momentous issues that affect the very springs of our national life, the very founda-tions of our national character. To him it matters less than nothing what insults are offered to his name. Inspired by that sense of duty which through so many years of an arduous and self-sacrificing career has been the guiding motive of his life, he can pass through the froth and tumult of mere party warfare without being so much as conscious of the spray of paltry and vulgar insult that is cast in his face. In his own eyes he is but a single citizen, striving with all his might to secure the triumph of the cause which he believes to be that of truth and justice; and those who oppose him he can regard as being men as high-minded and sincere as himselfmisled, it is true, by grievous error, but actuated by a sense of duty not inferior to his own. This is the spirit of the statesman and the gentleman; this is the temper in which the best and noblest minds in all countries and in all ages have mingled in the battle of conflicting opinions. It is a great and memorable example which Mr. Gladstone has now offered to the House of Commons, and we cannot but believe that it will have its effect in the future deliberations of that assembly upon the question with which it is now immediately concerned.

Again we would repeat the appeal we made last week to the men of all parties to do what they can to assuage the bitterness of the contest in which we are now engaged. We ask no man to abate one jot or tittle of his earnestness in the proclamation of the principles in which he himself believes. Weneither expect nor hope that this great struggle, the climax of centuries of strife, can be carried to an end without strong feelings and strong speech on both sides. But in the interests of the nation and of our character as a people, we trust that the disputants will at least be able in the main to give each other credit for being the witnesses of truth. By all means let us fight, and fight to the bitter end; but let us at least remember that we are English gentlemen, that neither side can claim an absolute monopoly of good feeling and honesty, and that rudeness and violence are not only the marks of a defeated cause, but the signs of a vulgarity of mind and character which each one of us must in his heart despise. It is sad to think that such a man as Professor Tyndall should feel himself constrained to write, as he has done this week, of the "duplicity and madness" of Mr. Gladstone, and should proclaim him to be "politically and judicially worthy of a traitor's doom." But we may make large allowances for a man of Professor Tyndall's character and genius. The world can make none for those men of smaller calibre who think that they are doing honour to themselves and service to their cause by heaping unmannerly insults upon a great statesman who has at least staked, not only his brief future in this world, but his reputation for all time, upon a cause which is at any rate that of the weak against the strong, and of the poor against the powerful.

MR. CARNEGIE'S DREAM.

PET idea of ours in The Speaker has been an A alliance between England and the United States. We have long advocated this idea, urging it in season and out of season, in the hope of getting it impressed at length upon influential minds. We have held that, having regard to America's inevitable growth as a naval power and to the natural ties of

kindred which already exist between the two nations, our true foreign policy of the future must work in this direction; and we have addressed ourselves equally to American and English opinion. Our pleasure in making a convert is always great, but when that convert is a very conspicuous and influen-tial person, we indeed feel that we have not laboured in vain. It was with some such emotion in our minds that we started to read this week an article by Mr. Andrew Carnegie in the North American Review, in which, in the triumphant style of "Triumphant Democracy," our Anglo-American alliance seemed to be advocated. Our flattering emotion did not continue long without alloy. Let us confess at once that if we have really caught a convert in Mr. Carnegie (which is not quite clear) it is a case of catching a Tartar not quite clear) it is a case of catching a Tartar. The zeal of the convert in that case has far outrun, out-bounded, and out-pranced the modest zeal of his converter. True, the germ of our idea is distinguishable, but, if it be, into what a magnificent plant of fantasy has it grown! Indeed, we can never believe that of so simple a germ so wonderful a product was begot, and we are fain to conclude that, unaided by us, it has sprung direct from Mr. Carnegie's own brain. For it is not a mere alliance between England and America which Mr. Carnegie advocates, but an actual fusion of the two nations advocates, but an actual fusion of the two nations under the title of the Re-United States. The respective national debts are to be united, and the constitutions of both countries harmoniously blended into one. All the difficulties of this project which may appear to less daring minds Mr. Carnegie waives aside with an imperial gesture. It is only the "ease" and "the very simplicity" of the thing which amazes him. The Colonies, for example (to consider the matter only from the example (to consider the matter only from the example (to consider the matter only from the English point of view), might to some appear a difficulty. Let the Colonies go, says Mr. Carnegie; they are going to form confederations of independent States in any case. India? "Britain," he says, "will ere long be relieved from its dangerous position there. The people will be granted the right of self-government, and will be ready upon short position to establish themselves as an in short notice to establish themselves as an in-dependent Power." Mr. Carnegie knows better than any of us, for, he says, "my experience in India, travelling as an American, gave me an insight into the forces and aspirations of its people which the citizen of the conquering nation is never permitted to obtain." He does not say how he expects the sheik to get along with the Baboo, or the Hindoo with the Mahometan in homogeneous independence, once we have gone, but he implies that, once we have gone, that is no business of ours. Then, again, the monarchy would of course be incompatible with the Re-United States, which would all elect a common president, States, which would all elect a common president, as they do now in America; but here again Mr. Carnegie sees no difficulty. The Prince of Wales, he is convinced, would not "stand in the way," so "wise friends" of the Prince tell him. H.R.H. believes he is going to be the last English hereditary ruler. As for the Queen, Mr. Carnegie is certain she "would give up much beyond her crown" to bring about this great reunion. We must really quote some of his own words about Her Majesty and that "sublime act" of abolishing the monarchy which he hopes she will perform:—

Never in the history of the world has it been in the power of any human being to perform so great an act, or to secure so commanding a place among "the immortal few who were not born to die." All the saints in the calendar would give place to Saint Victoria were Providence to favour her by calling her to perform a mission so fraught with blessing to her people and to the world. There would be

but two names set apart for ever in the annals of the English-speaking race—names farther beyond all other names than any name now known to man is beyond that of all his fellows—Victoria and Washington—patron saints of our race; he, the conqueror, who manlike drew the sword in righteous quarrel; she, womanlike, the angel of peace and reconciliation; each adding lustre to the other, and equal in power and glory. For such a mission and such a destiny even Queen Victoria on bended knee might pray.

We fear our insular imagination is as yet insufficiently regenerate to enable us to soar among the empyrean heights to which this eagle-pinioned language would invite us. The worst of it is, we fear Her Majesty will prove equally insular, and that Mr. Carnegie's little suggestion must reverberate in hellow space.

With all our limitations, however, let us say that we are rather pleased that Mr. Carnegie has delivered this outburst. Though the cartridge is blank and the detonation preposterous, it is aimed, after all, in a good direction. We refer, of course, only to the direction of a closer understanding between England and the United States; and let us say that we not only do not conceive that understanding in the absolutely grotesque form depicted by Mr. Carnegie, but neither do we conceive it in the licking-creation, mopping-up-the-map-of-Europe spirit in which, with an exuberant disregard for the rest of mankind, he describes its operations. Our idea is of a purely practical nature. We believe the formation of an Anglo-American alliance is a perfectly feasible matter, and so is the ultimate "uniting and knitting together" of all the English-speaking nations in a common but independent understanding, offensive and defensive, military and industrial. The Behring Sea Commission and Mr. Cremer's motion for a general treaty of arbitration between Great Britain and the United States are both important steps towards this consummation. But there is one thing Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Cremer, and all of us have got to keep in mind. The settlement of the Irish question is the sine qua non of this, as of many other projects. Neither America can move effectively in this direction, nor can England move, while that sore is left open and disaffection and potential enmity to England are left to rankle in the breasts of the "sea-divided Gael." As Dr. Conan Doyle now puts it, and as we have put it before, this needs to be an understanding, not of the Anglo-Saxon, but of the Anglo-Celtic race.

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

THE Resolution which was passed by the House of Commons last week by a slender majority has already been cited as an instance of the incapacity of that Assembly to appreciate the gravity of the Indian problem. In reality all it proves is the growing impatience of the House of false positions and sham arguments. As to the utility or the futility of competitive examination in certain branches of learning, when regarded as the instrument for the selection of men to fill important administrative offices, much can be said, and at least as much for the futility as for the utility. But the question of competitive examination as an instrument of selection was not before the House on the occasion we refer to. No candid man will deny that so long as Britain holds India, and makes herself responsible for the great and glorious task of maintaining unbroken the Pax Britannica throughout our Eastern Empire, we are perfectly entitled (if it be necessary) to say that as the responsibility is ours so must be the power, and that therefore we mean to keep certain great administrative offices for men of our own race. There

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adere would be nothing in this declaration to be ashamed of. British rule is a blessing for India, and it is a rule which is maintained by the British soldier. The native army cannot be indefinitely increased. Its discipline and its loyalty depend upon the presence of a certain proportion of our men. If the native soldier sees us fighting and dying, he will fight and die on our side; but if not, not. If, therefore, it be considered prudent that a few hundred administrative offices in India should be reserved for Britons, let us say so; but neither was this the question which was brought under the notice of the House last week by Mr. Herbert Paul in a speech of admirable lucidity.

Mr. Herbert Paul in a speech of admirable lucidity.

The question was this. The Civil Service examination is declared to be open to the natives of India just as much as to ourselves. This has been proclaimed on every housetop; but as against the natives, and for the express purpose of making it difficult for them to procure admirable proclaims into the fold it is a rule that the mission into the fold, it is a rule that the examination which guards the entrance shall be held in London alone. Apart from any special circumstances, this is obviously grossly unfair. To say that A in London and B in Calcutta or Bombay are equally eligible for an appointment, but that the examination shall be in A's drawing-room, would be to deny in act what had been affirmed in word. Sir George Chesney, who opposed the resolution, attempted to lay great stress upon the necessity for what is called viva voce examination, and the impossibility of submitting candidates to this test in India. This is just one of those sham arguments of which the House of Commons is justly impatient. There are difficulties, perhaps, in securing that the two sets of examiners shall have the same standard. But these surely are not in-surmountable. Another argument was this: the obstacle we place, if overcome, is some proof of the moral fitness of the candidate. A Baboo who is prepared to back his fitness with £1,000, which is the sum at which the expenses which is the sum at which the expenses of an examination in London has been calculated, must be a good fellow who in a great crisis would prove himself a hero. We entirely fail to see this. A Baboo with £1,000 is no better than a Baboo without £1,000. The test is imposed not because we believe in one Baboo more than another, but because there are a great many more Baboos without £1,000 than with that sum. Then it was said that residence in this country is most important. So it is—so important that it ought to be made The real danger is that competitive compulsory. examination, whether in India or in England, may let in men whose qualifications are intellectual only, not physical or social-a description which applies with special force to a large number of the educated natives of India. For English candidates the Universities and the public schools have practically obviated this danger—and so they must for Indian candidates. In our opinion, no man, whatever his nationality, ought to be eligible for any one of these appointments who has not lived at least three years in the United Kingdom and graduated at one or another of our numerous Universities. may this lengthened residence be fairly demanded? Not, surely, before the first examination. That is asking too much. Suppose the candidate fail to pass, as in a competitive examination many must, it would be a cruel thing to have sacrificed so much of his time and so seriously to have interfered with his career in his native land.

The case is one which should be handled courageously. There is no need to be frightened by our own Proclamations, or by a handful of discontented Baboos. We have kept good faith on all points save this one. We have thrown open what is

called the Provincial Service on terms of perfect equality to natives. The greater part of the clerical work of the service is now done by natives. Only the high and important offices remain to be considered, which offices we should be perfectly justified in reserving for ourselves if necessary. If it is necessary, let us say so and act accordingly. It is far kinder to do so than to allow natives to enter the service and then withhold promotion from them. If, however, it is not necessary, let the first examination be held in Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, as well as in London; but insist upon all who pass it taking up their residence in the United Kingdom for three years, and graduating at one of our Universities. If at the end of that time they are not thought fit for a post, they can still be rejected. Finesse, plots, dodges, devices, to take back with one hand what you give with the other, seldom accomplish any good end, though they often make a good cause look suspiciously like a bad one.

FRANCE BEFORE THE ELECTIONS.

T is evident that France is already beginning to enter upon the great electoral struggle which is to end the nonage of the Republic and to test its fitness to survive. The would-be leaders have already begun to put forward electoral programmes. There are even the customary stirrings at the outpoststhose appeals to Chauvinism which do not fail to be made whenever the ferment of the national mind is expected to be sufficiently great. A "spirited colonial policy" is preparing its opportunity in Siam, and the journalists of the Boulevard have fallen back once more upon perfide Albion. Meanwhile France, the nation at large, silent, patient, bears itself with a marvellous steadiness which offers the most singular contrast to the noise and bustle of its little public men. Never, indeed, we venture to say, has the greatness of France been more impressive to observant eyes than as it has appeared of late, looming behind the clouds of the miserable political situation which began with the Panama revelations, and which is by no means over yet. These coming elections are undoubtedly the most pregnant crisis for France since she came beneath the régime of the Third Republic; and we only wish it were possible to impress upon these same public men and those who listen to them how genuine is the sympathy with which the crisis is being watched in perfide Albion, and how great is their folly in striving to make enemies for their country where it is very possible to cultivate important friends.

The electoral programmes are helping to define the internal situation, though, so far, they have done little to supply the great desideratum of the time—a clear issue upon which men may range themselves in large and simple divisions for the purposes of regular party government. They are helping to bring into fuller prominence the fact that now for the first time since the Revolution all France is reunited without arrière pensée in support of a form of government, and that form of government the Republic. Republican candidates for power are at last driven to frame their appeals without reference to the adherents of rival régimes. It is true that the puerile M. Dupuy has sought to treat the Ralliés of the Right as if they were still pariahs and outlaws, but this proceeding only serves to emphasise the other significant fact of the situation—the littleness as well as the unworthiness of the men who happen to be just now on the surface of French affairs.

M. Goblet and M. Constans are at least of larger gelibre than M. Dupuy, and they have not fallen

June 10, 1893.

into his mistake. The Republic, it is clear, has at last struck its roots amongst every class of French citizens, and so firmly that even the shocking crisis of the past eight months has been unable to loosen its hold. The bye-elections have proved that. It not only is recognised as the form of government which divides Frenchmen least, but we see all other forms being abandoned by their quondam supporters as hopelessly obsolete. Numerous causes have contributed to this result, but history, we fancy, will dwell upon three in particular—the Boulangist adventure, which fatally discredited all the pretenders alike who were ready to profit by it; the influence of the conscript army, which, by planting a soldier in every family in France, has solidified the national sentiment and balanced it with an intimate feeling of responsibility; and, finally, the acceptance of the Republic by the Pope. Of the three the second is the most interesting, while the third is likely to prove the most immediately effective for the situation which is about to arise. Only those who do not understand France, or shallow politicians of the type of M. Dupuy, can fail to appreciate the enormous importance of this attitude of the Church, which has transformed the clergy from conscientious enemies into supporters holding such sentiments as those expressed by the Bishop of St. Denis la Réunion at his installation a few days ago. "Know, brethren," he said, addressing his clergy, "the Church of France cannot, without failing in its noble mission, and without compromising the safety of souls, enlist itself in support of ancient forms of government that have passed away." Napoleon, who knew well the value of religion as an ally of the State in France, would have paid a high price for this new attitude. It is a situation for a great statesman—a régime practically accepted by all classes, a country practically united, willing to work out its own destiny with the Constitutional instrument which is in its hand, and needing only the luminous guidance of some master-mind to show it how that instrument may be used.

We confess we look in vain amongst the candidates who have as yet declared themselves for a hint of the possible necessary leader. The accidental hint of the possible necessary leader. The accidental M. Dupuy, though he intends to "preside" at the elections, is out of court. M. Goblet, at least, is strong and definite as a Radical, and he will play an important rôle if he succeeds in forming a powerful and homogeneous party representative of Radicalism as it is understood in France, which may one day attain, as a homogeneous party, to power. But he is not the man, nor are his friends, as they stand, the party, to start the Republic on the career which she ought to begin from this paron the career which she ought to begin from this particular turning-point. A Radical party under present conditions, which would have to throw large sops to Socialism and Anarchism without satisfying either, would neither be homogeneous enough to carry out an effective programme, nor strong enough to assert the principle of authority, already too much weakened, nor steady enough to steer France through the difficulties of Foreign policy. The party required at the moment is one composed of all Moderate Republicans spinformed by the Belliée. Such a party if licans reinforced by the Ralliés. Such a party, if it could form a Government out of its own elements of sufficiently able and acceptable men, would not only tend to grow more compact in itself, but would, by its solid resistance and by its firm hold of office, tend to generate a compact and homogeneous Op-position, which would thus, in turn, be fitted for a tenure of power on similar terms. The need of France to-day is a leader for such a party. M. Constans has made a bold, and it must be said an able, bid for the post. Certainly his speech shows a genuine grasp of the situation, and there is in it the

vigour of the arm which has already known how to use power in vindication of authority. It is the speech of a man who possesses at least abilities equal to the situation. But unfortunately M. Constans is a damaged statesman, and his sincerity is not believed in. He was one of the first to go down before M. Rochefort's war-cry of "A bas les Voleurs!" and that redoubtable personage is said to have further Chinese batteries n reserve for him and others should they come to the top again. We cannot but think it will be a misfortune if, for want of a better leader, France has to fall back on him.

The fact is that one of the first duties of France at the present time is to purge her places of power of the presence of those who have disgraced her. The Third Republic owes nothing to the men who in recent years have been taking turn-about at controlling its machinery; if it has survived, it has not been by means of their help, but in spite of it; and the best guarantee for the future of the Republic will be that it should get rid of such false servants at any cost. Not only is this necessary to clear the Republic from a deep stain, but it is necessary as a protection against such scandals recurring in the future. Indeed, in this point of view, it seems to us that the chief hope of France must lie in the elections casting up a good stock of new men-the more new men the better. We attach comparatively little importance to the fears of an inexperienced Chamber. A far greater danger to France than an inexperienced but honest Chamber would be a Chamber composed of its present elements. The present French Parliamentary majority is thoroughly rotten. It consists of the same "kept deputies," the same Rouviers and Burdeaus, of the Reinach-Hertz-Arton régime, men who, having sold their country once, will be perfectly ready to sell it again. No men the constituencies can send up can be worse than these. On the contrary, they are likely to be in every respect better. The country on the whole is far more sagacious than the politicians, and with the terrible object-lesson of Panama now before its eyes it will exercise a particularly careful choice. If the moderate Republicans and the Ralliés cannot hit upon a common leader, they may at least hit upon something like a common programme which will give the country a platform on which to elect the makings of a powerful party. If there is a failure in either of these two things, a failure to adequately purge the Chamber, or a failure to crystallise a party sufficiently powerful and homogeneous to carry on the government without dependence on irresponsible groups, the chief opportunity of these elections will have been thrown away, and improvement in French politics will move much slower than it otherwise would have

FINANCE.

THE directors of the Bank of England are being much criticised in the City. On three currents much criticised in the City. On three successive Thursdays they lately put up their rate of discount from 2½ per cent. to 4 per cent. Now, after only three weeks they have put it down again to 3 per cent. It would have been much better, the City thinks, to have raised the rate first to 3 per cent. and kept it there, charging whatever the directors thought proper to all but their regular customers. In that way no reduction would now be necessary. As matters stand, however, the lowering of the rate could hardly have been avoided, for the scare that passed over the City in consequence of the Australian bank failures, and the sudden rise in the value of money, have attracted gold in very large quantities. During the three weeks ended Wednesday night, the Bank of England has received not much less than 33

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at $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. The danger now is that the gold which has been accumulated will be gradually withdrawn by other countries, and that the bank will become weakened, and that so another scare will be aroused. Owing to the cheapness of money it has been possible to get up this week a rather wild speculation in rupee paper. Reports have been industriously circulated that Lord Herschell's committee has recommended several measures, the result of which, if adopted, will be to raise the purchasing power of the rupee, and so give a higher value to rupee paper. In consequence there has been wild buying not only in London but on the Continent. Up to Wednesday afternoon the price rose from about $62\frac{1}{2}$ to about 67; but on Wednesday afternoon there was a decline. To meet the demand created by this speculation, the Indian banks bought very largely in India and sold in London, and to pay for their purchases in India they have applied during the week for very large amounts of India Council drafts. The Council has consequently been able to sell on much better terms. During the week to sell on much better terms. During the week ended Wednesday night it obtained by its sales over £452,000, and on Wednesday afternoon it sold by special contract telegraphic transfers at as high a price as 1s. $3\frac{1}{16}$ d. per rupee. There has also been a considerable demand for silver, the price rising to $38\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce. It is evident that, if the Indian Government does make a change in its currency, it must be injurious to the silver market, and therefore there seems at first sight no justification for the advance. But as the Indian banks had to make payment for large purchases, they preferred, of course, buying silver if they could get it more cheaply than Council drafts.

On the Stock Exchange, generally speaking, there

millions, and will receive more. In the open market, in

consequence, the rate of discount fell on Wednesday

to 13 per cent., and seemed likely to go lower. It would

clearly have been useless to keep the bank rate at 4 per cent. when the outside market was discounting

On the Stock Exchange, generally speaking, there has not been much doing, nor is there likely to be much for some time to come. The recent scare has weakened many operators, and has taught all of them a lesson not likely to be forgotten immediately. Greek bonds, after recovering for a day or two, have again given way. It seems evident that we are on the eve of a default. It is alleged that an arrange-ment has been made similar to that entered into by the Rothschild Committee and the Argentine Government for suspending the payment of the interest in cash for three years, issuing funding bonds instead. It is said that the Messrs. Hambro in London, with the National Bank of Greece and the Ionian Bank, are parties to the arrangement, and that a certain proportion of the Customs revenue is to be paid into the two latter banks to serve as interest upon the funding bonds. It seems clear that this is the best that can be done for the moment, as Greece has not the power to continue paying the full interest in cash. On the other hand, there has been a steady rise in Egyptian securities, especially in the Unified bonds, and there has also been an advance in Russian stocks. Consols and home securities generally have been very steady, while there has been depression in the American market. Early in the week President Cleveland stated to an interviewer that he would call Congress together between the 1st and the 15th of September. For a moment there was an inclination to look upon this favourably, but a different view has since been taken. In the first place, it seems clear that nothing can be done in the way of changing the law till near the end of the year; and, in the second place, it is very doubtful whether Congress will agree to repeal the Sherman Act. Meanwhile, apprehension is kept alive by banking failures, by runs upon the savings banks, by commercial difficulties, and by reports that other suspensions on a still greater scale are imminent. There has been very little movement in the Colonial

market. There seems ground for hope that the acute stage of the crisis in Australia is over, but it is evident that the Colonies will have to pass through a long period of depression. It looks at last as if the decline in our own trade was coming to an end. At all events, the Board of Trade returns for May are very satisfactory when compared with those for many months preceding. There is a very small increase in the value of the exports, and there is a very considerable increase in the value of the imports.

AN IRISH POOR SCHOLAR.

DOUBT if you would find anywhere outside Ireland a ragged man of learning who is a sovereign in his own right like ancient Tom Duffy of Lochaun-nyalla. I am certain you would not anywhere else find a people who, in mere homage to erudition, would acknowledge his claim to lodging, food, and honour, by right divine, wherever he chooses to turn. His realm lies among a nest of mountains dimly visible from the Leenaun coachroad. For the tourist shuddering by on his long-distance drive to Westport, personages like Tom remain, like the Alpine valleys under his mountain tops, buried in eternal mist. More is the pity! By-and-by somebody will discover that the snug little green dells which bask by Tom's trout-lakes and respond to the tinkle of his chapel-bell, while the warrior mountains of Sheafree, Dhuloch, and Bengorm front the Atlantic storms from their shapely battlements far above, form a heavenlier place of rest than a good many of the painted places where the Swiss hotel-keepers are busy with their arrangements for bands and illuminated waterfalls. The only thing British rule ever found to do in the glens under Sheafree was to take away sixty thousand acres of the glensmen's pastures and bestow them on a Scotch grazier; likewise to double the rents for the remainder. But that is by the way. If the Sheafree glens are worth exploring, there was more to be learned of the Irish question from old Tom Duffy, as I found him last Sunday evening, apostrophising his mountains like an antiquated spectral genius of the place, than the British public will learn from three months' debates on the Home Rule Bill. "Where does he live?" echoed a mountain lad, with Spanish hair and colour, but an Irish laugh. "He don't live anywhere—only wherever he likes." He had been at Mass, however, and presided over the reading of an American letter; after which he had "gone away west." We tracked him to a neighbouring farmhouse where he dined, and proceeded to parts unknown—it was believed with the intention of "taking a little of the sun" before settling his arrangements for the night. We discovered at last, under shelter of a Druidical boulder, a dark bundle of rags framing a corpse-like face for which the sun seemed to have shone its last, and the birds and lambkins to be expending their music, and the flower-beds of wild cotton plants and yellow water-lilies their charms in vain. Not so, however. The old fellow had been ill since I saw him last, and a film had come over his sight, and his old bones shrunk until there seemed to be a ludicrous excess of clothes to cover them; but he was no sooner on his legs and alive to the situation than his frame swelled, and his stick was brandished, and his eyes flashed out of their graves as it were, while he declaimed Greek and Latin verses with the gusto with which he might open bottles of wine, and demanded to be heard before all the Academies of Europe in defence of his discovery of the Trisection of the Obtuse Angle.

A peasant of peasants, and poorest of the poor, there was yet something in his air and dress which marked him out for a member of a superior order as unmistakably as if he wore the hood of a Doctor of Laws. The strands of silver hair fell into an artistic flourish about his delicately domed forehead. The withered hand which guided the razor left grey tufts straggling here and there about the lips and

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chin; there, nevertheless, was the neatness or the pride which would to the end display the contour of the well-rounded jaw and the play of the strong mobile mouth. The floss of his tall hat might have been black in the 'Fifties—for all I know, in the days of the Reform Bill; withal it was a dignified ruin. Its rust was venerable as the lichen of ages on an ancient monument. Several of the peasants who gathered to listen to him wore better garments, in the cast-clothes-dealer's sense of the term; their homespun finery, however, carried an indescribable badge of inferiority by the side of his napless, tawny coat of broadcloth, all but brushed to death. Strong farmers, who could give a fortune of £50 or even £60 with their daughters, obsequiously addressed him as "Master" Duffy—the gracious Latinised title which still distinguishes men of book-learning in these glens. Master Duffy looks so old, and so old-fashioned, that there seems no superficial reason why he should not have seen Grace O'Mallya running for Clew Bay with a prize galleass out of the Spanish silver fleet; or, for that matter, why he should not have seen St. Patrick banishing the reptiles from the top of the adjacent Reek. taken ninety years at the least to bend his old shoulders. "What does that matter?" he asked indignantly, as soon as he began to rouse his faculties and shake his stick. "I was just on my way to smoke a pipe with an older man than myself, away back—nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico." The classic words warmed him like old wine. His head was thrown back, his eyes afire, his voice rolled vigorously from the chest, his oak stick partook the enthusiasm, while he burst into whole pages of Horace, and Virgil, and Ovid. It was not in the least a matter of display. It was simply audible soliloquy. It was the delight of learning for learning's sake, such as one dares not hope to find in a lackadaisical modern university. Prosody transfigured him like one of Dr. Faustus' potions. While I was humbly wondering at his Latin quantities, he was off into Greek verse—I think it was one of Thersites' acrid attacks upon the Kings; and although I could not follow the words, I felt myself for the moment listening to a living Phrygian Mr. T. W.

But this mood was a short one. Latin, Greek, and Gaelic classics are the luxuries of Master Duffy voluptuous moments. The business of his life (and this in a mountain-bred Irish peasant is the strangest portion of his history) is physical science and mathematics. It is easy vaguely to imagine how in some dead and gone hedge-school in the mountains, or from the lips of some ancient priest from Louvain or St. Omer, the bright mountain-boy may have imbibed his Latin hexameters. I have failed altogether to trace his acquisitions in mechanical science; yet science in Master Duffy's case is, barring religion, the most passionate object of worship of his life. In the days when he was about to be ejected from his father's farm, he travelled to the county town of Castlebar on law business. He there, for the first time in his life, saw a railway engine. The portent so bewitched him that he took a lodging beside the station, and there for three days hovered lovingly about the steam giant, while the engine-driver explained to him its every valve and crank and cog. He lost the farm, but came home for ever rich in dreams of mechanical discovery. In various odd ways he had piled together a little money—as a writer of American letters, as a chiseller upon gravestones, as a pensioner of some tender-hearted priest who marvelled at his learning or found use for him as a Clerk of the Chapel. His only means of expenditure was books—the more recondite the better. With those he bought and those he inherited from some unknown mountain pedant of old, he shut himself up wherever a neighbour offered him shelter; and there, sternly forbidding even the priest to enter, he carried on mysterious experiments with coils of wire and steam kettles, with results which neither the neighbours nor I are in a position to estimate. One authentic tale of the results of his ingenious speculations is extant, He fashioned a boat out of an enormous block of peat-mould, and invited his mother to set sail with him therein upon the waters of Lochaun-nyalla. The neighbours were astounded by the originality of the invention. The boat would do everything except swim. When half-way across the lake it fell in two, and the inventor and his mother were rescued by a cooled but still admiring public. The weak point about all Master Duffy's enterprises, as in those of most other children of genius, is just this—at the critical moment they will not swim.

But now came upon the scene the Tragic Muse, inseparable from life in Ireland even in those forgotten fastnesses. The tenant of the barn in which the Poor Scholar, with all his books and treasures had for the moment found refuge, took a farm from which a neighbouring cottier had been evicted. One night of woe the barn was burned to the ground. The universal tradition is that the incendiaries, if they knew that the grabber's three cows were in the barn, had no inkling of the fact that Master Duffy's priceless books and money were there as well. he morning the cows were gone, and so were the books, and a fifty-pound note for which Master books, and a inty-pound note for which Master Duffy had a few days previously exchanged all the savings of his life. "I wouldn't grudge the boys the bank-note, if it was in a good cause," observed Master Duffy, "but where will I go again for my Latin Euclid and the Delphins, I'd like to know? I was a gone man from that night—caput domina venale sub hasta—the sport of every ignorant stroneshuch on the mountain." The stroneshuchs were not many, however. The mountain men, old and young, who stood around while the old fellow spouted verse and science, and shook his stick at Black Care, could not have been more respectful if they had been invited to a Primrose League Demonstration with refreshments to follow. A few charred books were saved along with some blackened silver coins out of the ruins, and with these he still continued to hold midnight consultations, until his sight failed him three months ago. The charming thing about the welcome that is accorded to him at every chimneycorner in the Glens is that he is no longer able to make any return in kind-for the only gravestone he is likely to be concerned with in the future is his own, and the boys and girls in troops have learned to read and write their own American letters as well as Master Duffy. Nor has he ever condescended to teach. I am acquainted with another roving Master in the same district, who comes to a remote mountain village when farm work is slack, collects the children of twelve or fourteen surrounding families into a barn to learn the three R's, lives for a week apiece with the household of his different pupils; after which the children disperse to the potato-patches, and the schoolmaster departs for pastures new. But Master Duffy rather departs for pastures new. But Master Dully rather looks down upon this humble trade in sacred knowledge, and has his doubts of the erudition of the rival master. Whereat the schoolmaster's soul once flared up—"I am a professional gentleman, and not a gravestone scribe," quoth Master the Second, proudly. "It's easy to see you are not acquainted with the Latin tongue, Master G——," was the lofty with the Latin tongue, Master G——," was the lofty retort, "or you'd know from Juvenal that the man the gods hate they make a schoolmaster.

It seems never to have struck either Master Duffy or his entertainers that he need have any other claim on their hospitalities than the glory his mere love of knowledge sheds upon his native glens. He brings the luck of an ancient Mascotte. He is a last descendant of the endowed scholars of Eirinn. And, truth to tell, the old man's entertainment would be a cheap price for a verbatim report of his observations by a winter fireside. I am too ignorant to measure, and too respectful to laugh at, the wondrous mechanical discoveries which still steadily shine before Master Duffy's eye of faith—his Valley of Diamonds, his Elysian Fields, his Holy Grail. There was an ancient prophecy that the discovere of the

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secret of Perpetual Motion should be born on the south flank of Cruach-Phaudrig. Lochaun-nyalla is undoubtedly south of Cruach-Phaudrig, and the Master was no less indisputably born at Lochaun. Whatever may be the strict scientific upshot of his discovery of a force greater than air, steam, or instant he extentions a pathetic helief for all his water, he entertains a pathetic belief-for all his years and disappointments—that he has only to get a fair hearing in Dublin to convince the world of the value of his secret. When the withered old Master wants to live to see the Irish Parliament that he is told is soon to assemble in Dublin, I verily believe it is largely with some hope that one of its first sittings may be devoted to hearing him on the floor of the House in defence of the eternal truth of his theories of the New Motive Force and the Trisection of the Obtuse Angle. Alas! even if the House of Lords were to throw down their arms, I doubt whether poor old Tom Duffy's all but extinguished eyes will be there to see "the appointed day" named in the Bill for the Better Government of Ireland. Be that as it may, there is refreshment for the human heart in turning from the hideous caricatures of the Irish race painted by controversialists of the Mr. T. W. Russell school to the realities of life in a country which can produce an enthusiasm for learning such as Master Duffy's in its remotest glens, and a popula-tion who, through unadulterated respect for genius, provide Master Duffy's old days with a sort of national pension out of their poverty.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

A NEW KNIGHT.

N the list of birthday honours which appeared in all the newspapers last Saturday, there was no name likely to command more general approval than that of Mr. Tenniel. For many years past—not far short of fifty—Mr. John Tenniel has supplied with almost unfailing regularity the principal weekly cartoon in *Punch*. Of the artistic merits of his work there is no need to speak. Its dignity, dexterity, and fine imaginative spirit have been freely recognised. by the critical public, and as an artist alone Mr. Tenniel was well deserving of the honour conferred upon him. But he has been something more than an artist. He has, since the days of Lord Palmerston and "Lord John," been one of the most powerful of the men who by means of the Press have moulded the thought and feeling of the nation. Week by week it has been Punch, or rather that page in Punch which we owe to the hand of Mr. Tenniel, that has summed up in a single cartoon the senti-ment of the hour, and conveyed it literally at a glance to every passer-by. It takes time to read a leading article, and there are a great many persons who, for that and other reasons, carefully abstain from this species of intellectual food. But a moment suffices to learn the sentiments of Mr. Punch on the question of the day, and we are probably within the mark if we say that he has a dozen students for every one that can be claimed by even the most popular of daily newspapers. If for no other reason, Mr. Tenniel must hold a prominent place among the political journalists of England. He appeals to the brain, it is true, through the eye, but his political lessons are none the less effective because they are not couched in literary form. Again and again it has been Mr. Tenniel who has given to the world the most faithful and most forcible representation of the sentiment of the moment. Who, remembering this, can doubt that he has wielded a great power among the journalists of his native land, or that he can fitly claim national recognition for his services in connection with the Press?

It is rather curious that the honour bestowed upon Mr. Tenniel should have come from the hands of a Liberal Minister. *Punch* itself professes to be free from political partisanship, but of late years its attitude towards the Liberal party has hardly been

a friendly one. More than once, indeed, Sir John Tenniel has gone out of his way to show an almost surprising amount of dislike for some of Mr. Gladstone's proposals. He is far too honest and resolute a man to allow his own judgment to be affected by the fact that he owes his knighthood to a Liberal Minister, but possibly he may be inclined in future to give Mr. Gladstone the benefit of the doubt, when there is a doubt as to his political proposals. We prefer, however, to regard the new knight from the national, rather than from the party, point of view; and viewed in that light, Sir John Tenniel is certainly an eminently praiseworthy person. Again and again, in his cartoons, he has given accurate and vivid expression to the national sentiment on those questions into which party-politics hardly enter.

A little bit of a Jingo, as the artist of a popular comic paper is bound to be, he has, nevertheless, always kept his Jingoism within reasonable and decent limits. If he believes England to be the finest country in the world, her women the fairest, and her men the bravest, of the human race, he does not obtrude his belief with the gratuitous offensiveness of a Parisian cartoonist. He is, in short, always a gentleman. It is the tradition of *Punch* to avoid the unseemly humour of its foreign competitors, and we do not, therefore, give special personal credit to Sir John Tenniel for the refinement of his drawings. But to him, undoubtedly, is due the fact that so many of the *Punch* cartoons are characterised by a distinct vein of poetry which differentiates them from ordinary work of the same kind. He can catch not only the broader and coarser movements of national sentiment, but the finer shades and tendencies of our temper as a people, and he can present them to us invested with a glamour which only the poet has at his command. Everyone can recall the cartoon he drew for us when Tennyson passed away. That one pictured page spoke more passed away. That one pictured page spoke more eloquently of the emotion which possessed the English race when it lost its great poet than did all the funeral dirges written on the occasion. as a rule, in the fierce clash of the fight that Tenniel is happiest. Then, sometimes, he seems almost inspired, so happy is the gift which enabled him to seize and set before us the central truth in some stirring national episode. More than once his cartoon has seemed to foreshadow the verdict of history. Who can have forgotten the "Dropping the Pilot" which illustrated the parting between the German Emperor and his mighty Chancellor? Or "The Lion's Share," in which, on the occasion of the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, the British lion is seen with its paw planted firmly on the key of India? Then, again, we can all recall the cartoons in which, during the Eastern crisis, Lord Beaconsfield was depicted as the Sphinx; and that delightful bit of drawing in which, on the breaking-up of the Conference at Constantinople, we were presented to the Sultan as a sufferer from the tooth-ache. Mr. Glad-stone borne in triumph by his favourite officers upon his shield after the General Election of 1880, and Mr. Gladstone surrounded in 1886 by a small but devoted band preparing for "the last rally," are pictures which Liberals at least are never likely to forget. But the list of famous cartoons contributed by Mr. Tenniel to Punch is too long to be enumerated here. Every reader doubtless has his own favourite in the brilliant series.

It is well that a man to whom we owe so much should receive some mark of honour at the hands of the Queen and the State. Mr. Gladstone, we venture to think, might have gone further than the modest knighthood, which is all he had to offer to Mr. Tenniel, without doing violence to public feeling. But we must take things as they are in this country, and be glad that a Liberal Prime Minister has had the courage to do that which ought to have been done by his Tory predecessor. Sir John Tenniel has waited long for the mark of distinction he has just received. It adds little if anything to the honour in which his name is held, nor will it make the students

of to-morrow more eager to read the history of today as it is recorded in his fine cartoons. But, at least, this act on the part of the Prime Minister does something to remove the reproach which is so often urged against those in authority, that they are wholly indifferent to art, and literature, and journalism, save when they come before them in official guise. Nor must we forget that the honour conferred upon Mr. Tenniel was not the only recognition of the Press in last Saturday's birthday list. His name was accompanied by those of several other men of marked distinction in the newspaper world, upon whose recognition by the State all their fellow-journalists will heartily congratulate them.

THE DISLIKE OF BOOKS.

FOR the fifth time the parish of Marylebone has refused to adopt the Free Libraries Act. The bare idea of local option in drink is intolerable to many persons; but local option in literature is exercised with great vigour, and, in Marylebone, to the repeated discomfiture of the citizens who are willing to pay for a free library. There are libraries in Marylebone which are maintained voluntary subscriptions; but these are about be closed for lack of funds, and presently by the ratepayer who dislikes corporate property in the shape of books, and who cannot endure the spectacle of a reading-room maintained out of the rates, will have the satisfaction of knowing that public education in one of the divisions of the Metropolis is very efficiently discouraged. It is bad enough to have a School Board which combats ignorance at the public expense, and teaches poor children a great many things quite unsuitable to their station; but that is no reason why a library should be sustained for the benefit of these children when they grow up, and when they might be earning an honest living, instead of lounging over books for which they have not paid. This conviction burns strongly in many Marylebone bosoms, greatly to the contentment, no doubt, of Mr. Auberon Herbert, one of whose disciples has described the Free Libraries Act as organised pillage. To the extreme Individualist it is nothing short of a crime to make the community pay for the general diffusion of knowledge. If a working-man wants to read, argued Mr. Herbert's disciple, let him buy books, and not quarter his intellectual curiosity on the public purse. This sentiment excites strong sympathy in Marylebone, not on account of any philosophical antipathy to the spread of Socialism, but because there is a rooted hostility to culture in a very large class. Optimists are fond of assuming that the multiplication of books has greatly enlarged the average mind, and that in an atmosphere of ideas sordid prejudices weaken and fade. They do not take sufficient account of national characteristics. The Englishman, especially the commercial Englishman, has an instinctive preference for what he sup-poses to be practical knowledge as distinguished from studious habits. This is one of the reasons why technical education has made comparatively slow progress amongst us. Our traders are constantly being warned that, without technical education, England cannot compete with foreign nations, but the lesson is still unheeded to a great extent, and foreign workmanship in many branches surpasses our own. The national facility of assuming that British common sense is the best school of practical experience, and that scientific training is inferior to the rule of thumb, explains a good deal of the apathy, and even the downright aversion, with which system-

atic culture is regarded in this country.

There is another assumption which has the effect of closing the average mind against the current of ideas. The true Briton likes to believe that he and his kind are essentially men of action. Deeds, not words, he thinks, have made England great. The veriest slave in all the world to mere phrases, he is

apt to regard reading as a disqualification for active life. If a man should embark on the profession of literature, books, of course, are part of his business; but if he be a man of affairs, they have small claim even upon his idle moments. The idea that anything worthy of the name of education demands a toler-able acquaintance with the books which shape the thought of the time is quite foreign to this conception of the practical citizen. He pursues his own avocation with unflagging energy, and he flatters himself that his knowledge of the world qualifies him to be a political, social, and religious arbiter, without even an inkling of the literature which may be slowly readjusting the standpoints of civilisation. This is the complacency which, as Matthew Arnold says, is "retarding and vulgarising," and prevents a man from "making his mind dwell upon what is excellent in itself, and the absolute beauty and fitness of things." Not only does it preclude a man from enjoying books for their own sake, but it disposes him to dislike the habit of reading in others, especially people of a socially inferior class. He is not unlikely to agree with the small shopkeeper in opposing the free library. The small shopkeeper has spent his life in a narrow round of toil, and has formed one or two definite convictions. He believes, for example, that rates and taxes are amongst the greatest evils, and that anyone who wantonly proposes to increase them is an enemy of the human race. To him a free library rate is the most reckless form which a public burden can assume. To tax struggling traders in order that books may be read by all and sundry at the general charge strikes him as the worst excess of irrational profligacy. His ally, the successful man, higher up in the social scale, is ready with another argument. Show him what course of reading will help a man to a practical grip of any business in life. Show him how the youth who sits in the free library reading novels will repay the community for the money it has spent to provide the means of that indulgence. If he has a turn for figures the practical citizen will probably give you the total cost of all the free libraries in the kingdom, and then ask you to prove to his satisfac-tion that the books which have been read have contributed either to personal advancement or general prosperity. This is a calculation not unworthy of a people who pride themselves on getting the value of their outlay, and who illustrate this great maxim of life by the economic administration of their army and navy.

The whole aim and end of education being to achieve a specific object by means which can be checked and audited like a ledger, the marvel is that so many books escape the strictly commercial taboo. For the gratification of any taste for reading, however slight, is entirely opposed to this theory. real education of books has nothing to do with any practical advantage whatever. Reading to acquire special information is like cramming for a competitive examination, or making a digest of Parlia-mentary reports. It has its uses, but these are in no sense connected with that true expansion of the mind which comes from a devotion to literature. The utility of a free library is that it cannot be appraised by any calculation of the Gradgrind order. It will not help a man to succeed in business, nor will it hinder him in that pursuit, but it will make him superior to the prejudices of his class. To adapt Gambetta's famous phrase—prejudice, that is the enemy. No man can absolutely escape from the environment of country, tradition, hereditary impulse; but if there is any influence which will insensibly wean him from the petty conceptions of life, which will widen his horizon and broaden his judgment, it is the influence of books. Possibly this argument will not appeal to the ratepayers of Marylebone, or increase the chances of success for the next poll in favour of a free library; but the truth about books is that if we love them it is not for the concrete and definite addition to our knowledge, but for the elevation into a serener air above

the strife of small antipathies.

Signo

June

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THE DRAMA.

SIGNORA DUSE IN COMEDY—"LEIDA"—A QUINTUPLE BILL.

THE fascination of La Duse in comedy, following upon the tremendous impression she made in drama of high-wrought passion, ought to leave us in no doubt as to the position of this wonderful woman in the histrionic hierarchy. She is one of the very greatest actresses of our time. She gives us, as no other actress known to me has ever given us, the rare sensation of the exquisite, of something which could not conceivably be bettered. To see her in La Locandiera is to be tempted, against one's better judgment, to rank acting among the finest of the fine arts. For my own poor part, I am painfully conscious of treating actors and actresses in this journal with somewhat scant consideration. It has. you see, been a settled conviction of mine that we devote too much attention to the mere histrionics of a play, that there is too much chatter, in newspapers as in drawing-rooms, about Mr. Soand-So's Coriolanus and Miss Thingamy's Imogen, that the players are too frequently encouraged to elbow out the playwright. Therefore I have ventured not infrequently to discuss plays here with the barest reference to the performers, or maybe with no reference at all. The performers, whose most conspicuous virtue is not forgetfulness of self (albeit they pass their lives in pretending to be others than themselves), take exception, I have reason to believe, to this method of criticism. Well, let me now make amends. Here is an actress of genius who, to my mind, is as perfect a masterpiece in her way as any piece she may choose to play in. What would La Locandiera be without her? Doubt-What would La Locandiera be without her? Doubtless a very bright little comedy, an admirable specimen of the light-hearted, rather empty, and altogether Italian work of Goldoni—Marivaux without the marivaudage, Musset without Musset's melancholy, Molière without Molière's "bite." But indifferently played we should feel the triviality of it, the childishness; it would produce little more effect than a charade. With La Duse as the pretty innkeeper, the thing becomes transfigured, it assumes an air of distinction, of something choice—just as a commonplace becomes something choice—just as a commonplace becomes distinguished when expressed in the prose of Mr. Walter Pater. I daresay, if one were to put on one's considering cap, one would have to admit that Signora Duse is too distinguished, too refined, for an innkeeper; that it is a case of putting precious Venetian glass to common domestic use. But in the presence of this lady, I keep that cap stowed away in my pocket. If I attempted to put it on, she would straightway charm it off my head. For, as the Count says to Mirandolina, voi siete una gran donna: voi avete l'abilità di condur gli uomini dove volete. This "great lady" leads men "whithersoever she wills"—not merely the misogynist cavaliere, the ostentatious count, and the parasite-marquis, but every man in her audience. Add that her companions show to better advantage in comedy than before—Signori Flavio Ando (Cavaliere di Ripafratta) and Signori Flavio Ando (Cavaliere di Ripafratta) and Ettore Mazzanti (Marchese di Forlipopoli) are both very good. They have been accused of "gagging" a practice even more common with Italian comedians than with our own, and attributable, doubtless, to the traditions of the commedia dell' arte. It has been said, for instance, that the cavaliere's catchword Domani a Livorno is "gag." As a matter of fact, it is in Goldoni's text, which has been in no way tampered with, the excision of two useless female characters alone excepted.

About Leida, a translation from the Dutch of "Justine Holland" by Mr. Teixeira de Mattos, there is little to be said. The play is, in Thackeray's phrase, very small doin's, and scarcely justifies its selection by the Independent Theatre Society. I take it that the function of the Independent Theatre is to give us dramatic object-lessons, to present us

with rare specimens, and to make new experiments; not to compete with the ordinary playhouses in the production of ordinary plays. Leida strikes me as more than ordinarily ordinary—for even a project of marriage between niece and uncle is, it seems, quite an everyday affair in Holland. The niece is a tomboy with leanings to Alnaschardreams of the romantic; the uncle is a reckless debauchee, as we are asked to believe, because (needless to say that "Justine Holland" is a lady) he tries to kiss a pretty milkmaid. Pretty milkmaids, by the way, are not ordinary in this country, out of the nursery-rhymes; but in Holland, apparently, they are as frequent and free as the advertisements of Van Houten's cocoa. No wonder the Great Eastern Railway Company's cheap trips vid Harwich (see small bills) are so popular! Anyhow, the niece rejects the uncle because of the kissed milkmaid. This niminy-piminy, namby-pamby production was very tamely played; so was the forepiece, At a Health Resort, by Mr. H. M. Paull, which dealt with the not very thrilling question whether a lady who has "lived under the protection" of a gentleman's brother shall or shall not be introduced to the gentleman's future wife. After this we may expect some playwright to discuss the old problem: How many angels can dance on the point of a needle? or whether when a man takes a pig to market the man or the pig is the causa causans of the marketing? Seriously, the Independent Theatre must look alive!

Out of the "Five One-Act Plays by English Authors" which Mr. Charrington advertises for his new venture at Terry's Theatre, two may be seen with patience and one with real pleasure. The one is The Three Wayfarers, by Mr. Thomas Hardy, a study in what I will take leave to call the rustic-macabre. A christening party at a shepherd's cottage, down Casterbridge way, is interrupted by uninvited guests. One is the hangman, the other an escaped convict, the man whom the hangman was to have met next day on the scaffold. The pair drink the shepherd's mead and exchange Hardeian quips and cranks. There is much dancing, Wessex pleasantry about babies, and a strong leaven of the uncanny—Teniers' boors, let us say, figuring in the background to one of Dürer's skeletons. Mr. Charrington plays the hangman ("with song") and makes the part a very successful study of the grimgrotesque, while Mr. Herbert Waring is good as the escaped sheep-stealer. An Interlude, by Mrs. W. K. Clifford and Mr. Walter H. Pollock, gives us a piquant sketch of ball-room flirtation touched to tragic issues; but it reads (in one of Mrs. Clifford's collections of short stories) better than it plays. Dr. Conan Doyle should have made his little vaudeville, Foreign Policy, what the actors call a "costume piece;" I cannot swallow it as an "actuality." But it is neatly written, and can, as I say, be seen with patience. The remaining elements of the quintuple bill—Lady Colin Campbell's farce, Bud and Blossom, and Mr. J. M. Barrie's Thackerayan arrangement, Becky Sharp—are both sad disappointments. There ought to be a fine chance for good-humoured satire of ladies' newspapers, and their "answers to correspondents" columns; but Lady Colin, somehow, has missed it. As for the excerpt from Thackeray, it almost tempts one to reconsider one's reverent admiration for "Vanity Fair;" but I will not dwell on this painful topic.

THE PRICE OF THE MASTERS.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT has written to the Times on the subject of Sir Frederick Leighton's picture, "Daphnephoria." He says that it is the very noblest painting that has been produced in modern, if it does not excel all of ancient, times. I am not concerned to call this judgment into question; the "Daphnephoria" is undoubtedly a beautiful picture. I am more interested in the widespread indignation that Mr. Holman Hunt's letter has

caused in certain artistic circles. Exaggerated praise always misses its mark, and Sir Frederick Leighton probably regrets the eulogy of which he is the victim. But this by the way. I am interested in the indignation that this eulogy of modern art has occasioned: I am constrained to ask why a mere expression of opinion should create so much annoyance. We know that the modern world prefers modern art to ancient art; and Mr. Holman Hunt's letter reveals nothing but the fact that on this point he is on the side of the multitude. The "Daphnephoria" was sold for £3,700; for that sum beautiful pictures by the very greatest masters are constantly sold. Was not £24,000 paid for a Meissonier? I am not certain that £32,000 was not paid for another. Be this as it may, for £24,000 you can buy a Terburg, a Metzu, a Peter de entire gallery of Dutch pictures. A landscape by Mr. Leader or Mr. Murray, or a seascape by Mr. Hook, costs from five hundred to a thousand guineas; excellent examples of old Crome can be bought for two hundred. With the exception of, shall we say, two hundred. a hundred world-renowned pictures, modern paintings—I mean paintings that have just left the easel—are worth double and treble as much as old masters. Why, then, fly into a passion with Mr. Holman Hunt? His opinion is the popular opinion; he is on the popular side, and surely it is to be duly exacting to ask more of any man. If Mr. Holman Hunt had bought the "Daphnephoria" for £10,000 our island would have swelled with pæans and choruses of praise; there would not have been a dissenting voice; but very differently is received the mere statement that, in his opinion, it excels all pictures of ancient times. To do the deed is nothing, to describe the deed, or to defend the doing of the deed, is often a serious matter—the written word is more important than the action. Such is the illogicality of human nature! Every month prices are paid for modern painting which would not be paid for ancient painting: no one is annoyed, everyone is pleased; but I am not sure that anyone will thank me for calling attention to the fact.

me for calling attention to the fact.

I said just now that a Crome could be bought for £200. I saw one yesterday in the Dowdeswell Galleries, where a most interesting and instructive collection of pictures in oils by early English masters is now on view. The picture I refer to is No. 19, "The Village." A line of hills drawn across the sky, hills full of loneliness: a faded red-brick village. hills full of loneliness; a faded red-brick village, hardly seen in the landscape of which it is an integral and harmonious part, a dark foreground, a grey evening sky—that is all. But of such material Wordsworth has fashioned poems charged with the deepest passion. But Wordsworth has nowhere expressed the loneliness of nature more intensely than Crome has in this small canvas. Barker, of Bath, is a painter of whom few people know much; he was not a great painter, but he does not look out of place in the National Gallery. There are two excellent examples of his work in the Dowdeswell collection. I speak of them not only on account of their merit, but on account of the prices they can be bought for. Once a painter slips out of fashion his pictures run down to nothing; and Barker, of Bath, is quite forgotten, and interests no one. His pictures are valueless, but they remain beautiful pictures in spite of the world's neglect. No. 23, "A Distant View of Snowdon," seems to me to be quite beautiful—a dark mountain on the left, a pale mountain on the right—pale tints, Wilson-like in their purity, a woman riding on a horse in the foreground: a sense of rocky solitudes, and the lassitude of a wayfarer. The price of this picture is £45. Barker, of Bath, painted figures as well as landscapes. The picture of the shepherd beating the sheep-dog that has been worrying a lamb is a very masterly piece of work. How well the composition is arranged, the shepherd bending over the howling dog, the torn lamb in his arms, the group of sheep on the left. How vigorous the painting of the dog, the wild

rough dog in which the old wolf instinct has awakened. This picture, finer than many a Landseer, is not worth more than sixty, perhaps a hundred, pounds. Etty is another painter who has for no very obvious reason gone out of fashion. No. 8, "The Corsair," is an excellent Etty. The price is £150. But it will be difficult to find a purchaser at this or any other price. For Etty is out of fashion. But Etty was a true painter. There is something vulgar in his work, I know, perhaps that is why he is so badly treated by Sir Frederick Burton at the National Gallery; but Etty's merits are so real that one of these days he will come back into public favour. I know few finer pieces of painting than his picture of a life-size peacock in the Manchester Gallery.

Painting depends largely on health, mood, opportunity, leisure. And then the accident which dictates the first idea of the picture! So a picture painted by a second-class painter in the right moment is better than a picture painted by a first-class painter in the wrong moment. In the Dowdeswell collection there are a Gainsborough, a Reynolds, a Hoppner, and a Hogarth; but the most striking portrait in the collection is by a painter who by common consent is inferior to the least of these. Lady Peel is supposed to be Sir Thomas Lawrence's finest portrait; I do not know it, but I hardly think it can be finer than his "Miss Baron, afterwards Mrs. Ramsay." The white dress, the black hat full of white ostrich feathers, the red scarf, the rich conventional landscape, the oval of the face, the brightness and grace of eyes, lips, and complexion, the winsomeness of all this elegance so happily expressed and so harmonious in its atmosphere of old time, awaken reverie, and our souls are moved by the personality of this dead woman's beauty.

Of Morland there are some very fine examples. The bay horse and the white pony in the stable—the horse pulling hay out of the rack, the pony eating out of the manger—could hardly be beaten. There are also excellent examples of Cotman, Wilson, Chambers, Bristow, Constable, Vincent, Stark, etc.

G. M.

A GREY OLD HOUSE BY THE SEA.

THE heat-glimmer is still quivering on the sand, and over the vast mud-flats, bared by the retreating tide, a soft haze hangs. Yet the sun, sinking slowly through a cloudless sky, reddens as it nears the low horizon, and the grey grass of the old sea wall is brightening in the glow of sunset. Over the long curve of the sand-hills shows a wide sweep of plain, whose level meadows, freshened by the welcome rain, are still a very blaze of gold. Against the sky, where, at the far limit of the bay, the ragged hillocks die away into the shore, stands the white shaft of a lighthouse. Farther still, across the hazy mud-flats, rise the faint shapes of shadowy hills. The tide is out. A sea of boulders, shaggy with dark weed, look like a herd of strange monsters come ashore to bask upon the sand. There is no sign of human presence anywhere, save a house roof just showing here and there above the sand-hills, the distant hamlets scattered at far intervals over the moor, and the black stakes of fishing nets that stand out on the grey mud like webs of giant spiders. There is no figure on the shore, no stranded boat, no idle sail. Nor is there sound, save the low monotonous murmur of the sea. But here and there over the desolate expanse dark shapes of birds are moving. Now and then a troop of dunlins careers along the sand. Surely they are soon back after their brief northern summer. One can hardly think that they and the brown whimbrels whose musical trill at times falls softly on the ear can have been away at all. Now a party of gulls get up with wild stormy crying, and wheel and eddy in the air, now light, now dark on the grey sky of the horizon. All the while to the cliff ledges

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overhead clamorous daws are drifting, passing to their nests, or settling on storm-worn pinnacles of rock. That shrill pipe was the cry of a kestrel. Two rock-doves hurrying homeward, cliff-dwellers like the rest, pay no heed. They know him well, too well to fear at any time his beak or claw. Here he comes, wheeling round the headland. With wings and tail spread wide, he pauses a moment to hover in the air; then sails slowly by. No shrill clamour from the cliff answers his challenge. No fierce young eyases yet are on the watch for his return. He alights on a ledge far overhead, where his mate no doubt is brooding on her rich brown eggs. Over the sea, trembling in the sinking sun, lies a gleam as of frosted silver. Suddenly, far out on the grey level, breaks a line of light. A faint sound falls on the ear—the low roar of the returning sea, the first wave of the rising tide. Now troops of daws, rising from the fields along the shore, fly homeward—a gathering cloud of dusky figures sweeping towards the cliff, that echoes with their musical clamour.

Right overhead they go, clustering like bees on

Right overhead they go, clustering like bees on ledges and pinnacles and grassy slopes, and settle down to gossip over the experiences of the day. Again they rise into the air, and wheel over the sea, and again turn homeward, darkening the cliff as with innumerable points of shadow. Once more they rise in eddying crowd. The troop divides. With sharp chorus of farewell one party flies straight over the hill. Their resting-place is farther on. They are not dwellers in the cliff. They are making for the low hills to the northward, a ridge of limestone dwindling into such another rocky headland. There, in the shelter of the hills, stand the ruins of a priory, in the niches of whose crumbling tower, or on the dusty floor of its neglected belfry, their sires and they have built for generations their untidy nests. It is an ancient pile. Founded now nearly seven centuries ago, its grey walls harboured for three hundred years a handful of monks, black-stoled, black-hooded, darker even than these daws. It has long been an article of faith in the country-side that the old tower was

To purge de Traci's soul from guilt, Of Becket foully slain."

But in the original letter, still to be read in the Cottonian library, in which William de Curtenai, grandson of Traci, made known to the bishop of the diocese his intention of founding "a monastic house of the order of monks of St. Augustine," there is no hint at all of expiation. Nor, indeed, have we any evidence that the guilt of murder ever did lie heavy on de Traci's soul: though there is an old tradition that, after a brief reappearance at Court, he spent the remainder of his stormy life in seclusion on his manor near Morthoe, where in the old churchyard by the sea

"Lie all the Tracies, with the wind in their faces."

The founder of the priory seems to have had no other object in view than "the welfare of the soul of Robert de Curtenai, my father, . . . and of my mother and myself; also of my wife, my ancestors and descendants." For rather more than three centuries the Worspryng canons, never probably more than ten in number, lived and died in this grey old house by the sea. We know little of their story; but the document is still in existence to which the last of their priors set his name in acknowledgment that the Pope was a usurper, and that King Henry alone was true head of the Church. Two years later all the minor monasteries were forfeit to the Crown—"forasmoche as manifest synne, vicious, carnall and abomynable lyving is dayly used and comitted amonges the lytell Abbeys and Pryories." This was one of the "lytell Pryories." Its revenues from all sources, whether from rents that were reckoned in horseshoes (from "arable at ivd.," or from "wode and waste at jd. the acre"), amounted to rather under a hundred a year.

When the little party of friars turned their backs when the little party of triars turned their backs upon their home, they appear to have carried with them what was probably the most sacred of their relics: one of those small wooden cups which, filled with "Canterbury Water"—that is, with water containing a minute quantity of the martyr's blood—were sold to visitors at Booket's shring. Maywellous were sold to visitors at Becket's shrine. Marvellous are the tales related by the chroniclers of the time as to the virtue of this wonderful water. By its use sight, hearing, speech, reason, and even life were restored. In the wall of the parish church, two miles, as the crow flies, from the old priory, this cup, in a recess in a carved capital no doubt brought away with it, was built up, to wait for better times. There, still concealed behind its oaken panel, it was found some years since when the masonry was disturbed—a small cylindrical wooden vessel, three inches in diameter, and but slightly more in height, broken and decayed, and containing at the bottom a layer of some dark substance, pronounced, after careful examination, to be the remains of blood. It is a bold guess, but still a guess that has much to support it, that this cup was one of the very reliquaries dispersed through the country after Becket's martyrdom; that it once held no less precious a relic than "Canterbury Water"; in short, that the dark layer at the bottom is what passed seven centuries ago for the blood of the blessed St. Thomas himself. The monastery is now a dwelling-house. The windows of a modern farm look out through the walled-up arches of the priory. Quaint gargoyles peer through the mantling creepers of the ruined cloister. Grey stems of ivy have sapped right through the crumbling masonry. flowers bloom on the worn crowns of the turrets. It is a quiet spot, "here, at the farthest limit of the world." Yet it is not strange that a corner so remote should have been chosen for the site of a monastery dedicated "to God, the blessed Mary, and the blessed Martyr Thomas." All four of Becket's murderers were more it becomes of this De Brito and Fitzurse were landowners of this district; De Traci and De Morville belonged, at farthest, to the neighbouring county. This crumbling relic is to us but an item on the shelf of a museum. The great churchman himself is to most of us nothing but a name, a mere figure in a page of history. And although poet and player, past and of history. And although poet and player, past and present masters of their art, have done their best to bring him again before the world; although his counterfeit presentment stands to-day before us as full of fire, of valour, of resolute determination as on that fatal Tuesday more than seven centuries ago—yet the Becket of the players is but "a fable, a phantom, a show." When the curtain falls upon that last and seven we are required. that last sad scene, we are conscious of no sinking of heart at the remembrance of an awful figure lying white and still upon the bloodstained pavement. The curtain down, our Becket is alive again. The The curtain down, our Becket is alive again. The actor lives, the martyr is forgotten. There is another figure in the play whose memory lingers in this far-off spot. At the foot of the low blue hills yonder lies the village which was the ancient home of the Cliffords. Rosamund herself, the fair girl over whose tomb at Godstow her royal lover wrote—

"Hie jacet in tumba Rosa mundi non Rosa munda,"

was born almost within sight of Curtenai's tower. When the fair fugitive pleaded, in excuse for wandering out unguarded, that

"... there stole into the city a breath Full of the meadows,"

she was, it may be, thinking of the hamlet where, in quiet cloisters, long since gone to ruin, she passed her girlish days. There by the

" . . . river, widening through the meadows green To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen,"

there may have come to her in vision some glimmer of the coming time, some forerunning shadow of the

"Love that is born of the deep, coming up with the sun from the sea."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE BASIS OF SOCIALISM.

SIR,—Mr. Olivier's letter raises an interesting question. On what "philosophical conception of the relation of the so-called 'individual' to society" is Socialism founded? If Socialism merely meant a certain system of property-holding and industrial control, this question would be unimportant, and, I incline to think, unanswerable. It would be very hard to show that one philosophical theory is more favourable to certain practical measures than another. The life of society would probably be wiser than its opinions. We should decide step by step, on a view of all the conditions.

view of all the conditions.

But if Socialism is a general spirit, and an attitude towards But it Socialism is a general spirit, and an attitude towards life, as I think Mr. Olivier means to imply, then the nature of the ideas on which it is founded becomes a problem of some importance. And I have not been able by studying Socialist literature to gather as definite a conception on this head as I could desire. Of course, this is not a fitting occasion for technical argument, but I thought that perhaps you would let me just point out a fundamental distinction between two views converted to similar, on the outside. Society ways he taken as somewhat similar on the outside. Society may be taken as a machine, though an indispensable machine, for enabling the individual to find a more exquisite contentment in the satisfaction of his desires. This is Individualism, because the individual, of his desires. This is Individualism, because the individual, in his exclusiveness, remains the centre and purpose of the whole arrangement. But again, society may be taken as an organism, or spiritual being, in which the individual finds the utterance of his deepest will, and the conception of a common good which alone makes life worth living. This is a rational or concrete view of society. It may be called Idealist, if we understand that true Idealism does not consist in opposing one narrowness to another, but in giving the fullest meaning to the elements which are dealt with, so that they naturally reconcile themselves without sacrificing the one to the other. In this sense such terms as "rational," "concrete," "Idealist," are opposed to such terms as "arbitrary," "abstract," "Materialist." Now there is much to make us think that modern Socialism is more akin to an abstract than to a concrete view of life. If we went, for example, terms as "arbitrary," "abstract," "Materialist." Now there is much to make us think that modern Socialism is more akin to an abstract than to a concrete view of life. If we went, for example, by the letter of Mr. Olivier's exposition in the Fabian Essays, the question would be decided at once. Socialism, for him. appears as a mere means to the Individualistic ideal. And there is much that supports this interpretation. I do not like the word "Materialism," but others insist on using it, and both Mr. Kirkup and Mr. Bonar apply it to modern Socialistic theory, either wholly or partially. Materialism, I take it, means a certain one-sidedness in estimating the aims and values of action, and its meaning coincides with that of Individualism in the general sense. Modern Socialism, as a temper or attitude of mind, might therefore so far be set down as frankly Individuali-tic. But unquestionably the rational view of society is also awake and powerful to-day. It is everywhere struggling with the other, everywhere confused with it, everywhere, we may hope, tending to supersede it. The two are much alike on the surface. The difference lies in aim and spirit, more than, at present, in method. Education, for example, is to the true Idealist a means for deepening and restoring the religion of the family, while we cannot always be sure whether the Individualistic Socialist cares for that religion at all. I do not think that the idea of freedom is the same in the two views of life. The rational or Idealist view has no leaning to anarchy, though it rejects paternal government. It cares much for positive objects and duties as the true interests of the individual, and thinks of institutions rather as the expression of man's will than as machinery to produce enjoyment.

I hope that, as the influence of the Greek thinkers revives produce enjoyment.

I hope that, as the influence of the Greek thinkers revives and their views are interpreted by the great modern Idealists, the confusion which at present reigns in the philosophical basis of Socialism will give way to a clearer and a deeper view.—

Yours, etc.,

B. Bosanquet.

THE WASTE OF TIME AT WESTMINSTER.

SIR,—Allow me, on my own behalf, as well, I am sure, as on behalf of many earnest and convinced Liberals throughout the country, to thank you for the timely and outspoken article on "The Present Parliamentary Situation" in your last issue. The spectacle of the deliberate and avowed waste of time in Committee, or the House if opportunity affords, as well as the cynical admission of the attempt to render the Home Rule Measure odious, failing its defeat, makes it somewhat difficult for outsiders to maintain their patience. If the Government decide upon measures to expedite the progress of the Bill, they will, I am sure, act in accordance with the wishes and feelings of their supporters in the country. The attitude of forbearing tolerance may be carried a little too far, and especially is this the case when the fate of other important measures is still hanging in the Parliamentary balance. In this constituency, partly suburban and partly rural, two measures are of especial interest to us—the "Registration" and the "Parish Councils" Bills. We are eminently desirous of seeing both passed into law as early as possible—they are vital to our special needs. -Allow me, on my own behalf, as well, I am sure, as on

We will be loyal to our Irish friends, but we cannot forget ourselves, and the possibilities for real self-government which they

open out.

Our thanks will be due to you if your timely warning is heeded, and this hollow opposition rendered purposeless for evil.

—I am, Sir, yours truly,

Francis Milne. -I am, Sir, yours truly, Sale, Cheshire, June 6th, 1893.

POLITICAL OPPRESSION.

SIR,—At a meeting of the Primrose League held at Welbeck the Duke of Portland is reported to have spoken thus:

"After the last contest in Bassetlaw it was said by some that the electors on his estate and in that locality were unduly influenced to vote in a way that would please him. He wished to say such a thing never occurred, and should never occur as long as he held the name of Duke of Portland. He wished every man with whom he was connected to vote in the way his conscience directed him. He wished him to give due consideration to the political events of the time, to form his own opinion, and then vote as he thought most fitting.

It would be expected from this declaration that voters would It would be expected from this declaration that voters would be allowed to hear both sides, but during the General Election of last year the Gladstonian candidate was wishful to hold a meeting at Clipstone, a village entirely belonging to the Welbeck estate, and the Liberal agent applied for the use of any room, or even of a barn. He was refused, and was also denied the use of any enclosed space in the village by the sub-agent of the estate. How can a man form a correct idea of a case who only hears one side? If men are allowed to form their judgments openly, as might be expected from the Duke's words, how is it we find the majority, even of those workmen whom we know privately

the majority, even of those workmen whom we know privately to agree with our political opinions, so fearful of giving any sign

in public that they are favourable to the Liberals?

I do not believe it is the Duke's wish that this state of things should exist: the oppressors are lower in the social scale; but why does he not insist on his orders being carried out?

Forest Side, Edwinstowe. JOSEPH RODGERS.

RONDEAU.

BE self-contained—for absolution lies
In those few words from all the world decries: From envy, from dependence, carking care, The weariness that waiteth on despair, From disappointment, dulness, sad surprise.

And with it comes forbearance, sweet and wise, While noble thoughts on noble silence rise; Untrammellèd and unafraid, you dare Be self-contained.

It holds and helps when fondest fancy dies; Though hard to win, this knowledge ripe and rare Is worth the wooing, stern and calm and fair : You see it in the great gods' solemn eyes, And find it in the stillness that replies Be self-contained. D. M. B.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

MILTON'S RHYTHMS.

THE worst of "impressionist" criticism is the extreme ease with which it can be written And because of this disastrous ease, if we take up a piece of critical writing nowadays, the chances are it will do little more than inform us of the effects produced by a work of art upon a common idiot. The new process fails as signally as the old to eliminate the man who "knows what he likes"; the difference being that, whereas by the old process he talked stupidly about this or that picture, play or poem, by the new he talks stupidly about himself. And even for the intelligent followers of the New Criticism there lurks this danger, that by constantly bringing works of art to the touchstone of their own taste, they may grow to regard their own taste as something final and fully developed. Hans Andersen might have written a pretty fable for us on the Touchstone that wished to remain ondoyant and

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There are of course achievements in art before which the "I don't admire" or "It doesn't affect me" of even the eleverest critic sound merely stupid: achievements which everyone ought to admire. And if we, too, have been insensible, our debt is great to anyone who teaches us how and why to admire. Such an achievement, beyond all questioning, is Milton's versification, and especially his later versification. We have seen during the last years of Lord Tennyson's life how the poet, master at length of his art and handling it with superb ease, used rhyme still less and less, and rhythm still more and more. We see that herein he was following the very footsteps of Milton. But it may not have occurred to all of us that if these great masters, slowly and after many years of labour, attained to the rhythm of "Vastness" and the choruses in "Samson Agonistes," we, their readers, might need some education before understanding them aright, or that this education were worth undergoing.

Now, Mr. Robert Bridges (himself a true and fine poet) has just published, at the Clarendon Press, a small tractate on "Milton's Prosody"; or, as the sub-title limits it, "An Examination of the Rules of Blank Verse in Milton's later Poems, with an Account of the Versification of 'Samson Agonistes.'" And though it does not call itself criticism, this little book performs one of the best criticism, this little book performs one of the best functions of criticism; for it should teach anyone who needs teaching how to enjoy Milton's later rhythms intelligently. Says Mr. Bridges: "The opinions which critics have ventured on the versification of the choruses in 'Samson Agonistes' would be sufficient proof that they had met with something not well understood, even if they had never misinterpreted the rhythm. It is no less than an absurdity to suppose that Milton's carefully-made verse could be unmusical; on the other hand, it is verse could be unmusical; on the other hand, it is easy to see how the far-sought effects of the greatest master in any art may lie beyond the general taste. In rhythm this is especially the case; while almost everybody has a natural liking for the common fundamental rhythms, it is only after long familiarity with them that the ear grows dissatisfied, and wishes them broken; and there are very few persons indeed who take such a natural delight in rhythm for its own sake that they can follow with pleasure a learned rhythm which is very rich in variety, and the beauty of which is its perpetual freedom to obey the sense and diction. And this is also true, that some knowledge of the structure or laws which govern such rhythms is necessary to most persons before they will receive them as melodious; and they will accept or reject a rhythm to which they are unaccustomed, according as they can or cannot perceive, or think they perceive, its structure."

I have quoted the passage at length because it is, as far as I know, the one good exposition to be met of a state of mind extremely common among readers and even professed critics of poetry. As Mr. Bridges very moderately observes, this attitude towards beauty of any kind is not the best; and upon reflection we shall find that if critics of literature just now happen to be in slightly better odour than their brethren who deliver opinions upon painting, it is probably because no Mr. Whistler has yet arisen to smite them, hip and thigh. For even the sorriest smite them, hip and thigh. For even the sorriest art critic starts, or pretends to start, with some knowledge of the technicalities, and must discourse with at least a show of knowledge on "line," "values," and "brush-work;" whereas the recipient of an ordinary education, the kind of man to whom the terms "metrical equivalence," "elision," "falling stress," and even "caesura," as applied to English years, are but someless conjunctions of syllables. verse, are but senseless conjunctions of syllables, feels no shame in passing sentence upon each and every poem brought under his notice.

Mr. Bridges does not propose to supply such readers with taste. "I shall not," he says, "try to throw light on such questions as, why such a rhythm

is beautiful in itself, or why it follows such another. But if I enable the reader to scan the verses, and, if he choose, count and name the metrical units, I may expect that he will then feel himself free to admire the rhythms. If he still fail to do so, that may be my fault or his, but it cannot be Milton's."

And accordingly he proceeds to examine with care the elemental structure of the verse in "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," and "Samson dise Lost," "Paradise Regained," and "Samson Agonistes," and to tabulate and compare the rhythmical varieties of these three great poems. because he happens to possess an exquisite ear and a natural as well as a trained understanding for all good verse, he has fortunately been unable to abide by his avowed intention of avoiding even the border-land between prosody and poetry. He has taken for us the first few lines of the first chorus in "Samson Agonistes," and after scanning each line, has in a word or two explained for us the relation of the verse's form to its sense. As everyone will remember, these are the lines-

"This, this is he; softly awhile,
Let us not break in upon him.
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd, With languish'd head unpropt, As one past hope, abandoned, And by himself given over; In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds, O'erworn and soil'd. Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
That heroick, that renown'd
Irresistible Samson? whom, unarmed,
No strength of man, nor fiercest wild beast, could withstand; Who tore the lion as the lion tears the kid, Ran on embattled armies clad in iron, And, weaponless himself,
Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
Of brazen shield and spear. . . ."

Mr. Bridges not only teaches us how these lines are to be scanned, but draws our attention to these points among others:—the hushing sibilants in l. 1; the way in which the metre of l. 4 expresses great Samson's careless diffusion, the shortness of l. 5 suggesting want of support and echoing "unpropt" negligence suggested by the extrametrical syllables in the two following lines-

As one | past hope | aban-(don'd) And by | himself | giv'n o-(ver);

the poverty conveyed by the short and bare l. 9; the crowding of new ideas suggested by the twelvesyllable l. 10; the gasping rhythm of l. 11, heralding

"Irresistible Samson? whom, unarmed,"

which, with its inversion of the first two feet, is descriptive of Samson's violence; the two heavy reluctant lines, 13 and 14, followed by the easy rush

"Ran on embattled armies clad in iron."

the shortness of 1. 16, descriptive of Samson's nakedness and single-handedness; and the suggestion of failure in the weak endings of each half of the next

"Made arms | ridi- | cŭloŭs, | useless | the for- | gĕryॅ."

These are not fanciful explanations of rhythms, but an exercise in sound criticism; and could we follow Mr. Bridges' method, with something of his success, throughout the poem, we should come near to doing justice to a poet who never wrote a word or varied a rhythm but with a considered purpose.

Mr. Bridges' little book is, of course, necessary to
the library of every careful student of Milton, and
can hardly be neglected by anyone who takes a scholarly interest in English verse. For it gives, in two appendices, a clearer notion of the exact value of stress in English, and its relation to quantity, than can be obtained even from Calverley's well-known essay. And even to the man who is careless of such knowledge it may be worth while to take up this volume note the reverent pains with which every line of Milton has been considered by one who is himself perhaps the most careful living artificer in English A. T. Q. C.

[June 10, 1893.

REVIEWS.

CHRIST IN MODERN THEOLOGY.

THE PLACE OF CHRIST IN MODERN THEOLOGY. By the Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, D.D., Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

SYMPTOMS of a change in the spirit of modern theology increase from year to year. The critical temper and analytic faculties, which have hitherto formed its striking contrast to all the earlier theo-logical periods, are showing signs, not of exhaustion, but of the sense of having so far completed their work as to possess sufficient results to form the material and opportunity of a new age of reconstruction. That the full time for such a synthesis has come, may indeed be doubted. The book before us, constructive as it is, contains proofs that we must wait a little longer. In Dr. Fairbairn's argument there are blanks; some even of its chief premises— for instance, the question of the extent of our knowledge of the actual teaching of Christ, and the relation of the latter to apostolic doctrine—are not defined with the precision necessary to a systematic theology that bases itself on Christ's consciousness of God. But modern criticism has done enough to enable Christianity at least to recognise the true centre and capital of her creed, and to sketch out from it the first lines of a new theology. This preliminary work is all that Dr. Fairbairn promises in his preface; and if readers, as they turn his pages, are sensible of silence here and vagueness there, concerning some primary positions, it ought not to be with disappointment that they close the book, but with an appreciation of the justice and wise reserve of one who is too great a master of his subject, and too closely in touch with the present degree of its development, to be detailed and dogmatic upon certain points before the time. To our mind it is this which is one of the chief charms of the book. Wealth of learning is, of course, everywhere evident: no divine in Britain is more fitted than Dr. Fairbairn is by mastery of the sources, of the history of their development, of previous constructive attempts, and of the progress of criticism, to undertake a systematic theology. But the wealth of the learning only makes more conspicuous Dr. Fairbairn's reserve on certain of his topics.

Dr. Fairbairn starts from the principle that Christian theology must be based on the consciousness of Christ: and from the fact that the historical Christ is only now, nineteen centuries after His appearance on earth, being recovered for human knowledge and faith. None will dispute the principle: but on the fact, Mr. Fairbairn is at issue with all the theological systems of the past. His first task, therefore, is to prove this fact against those who claim that theology was complete at the Reformation, against their opponents who hold by the Fathers and Councils, against even those who go back and confirm or correct either Fathers or Reformers by an appeal to the Apostles: while of course he must then go on to show how far the modern criticism of the New Testament has proved the contentions of these schools to be false, and provided us with the material for a more correct statement of the teaching of Christ. This task Dr. Fairbairn effects in a strong and brilliant sketch of theology and criticism from the days of the Apostles till now. A more vivid summary of Church History has never been given. With its swift characterisations of schools and polities, with its subtle tracings of the development of various tendencies through the influence of their environment of reaction and of polymic; with its contracted ment, of reaction and of polemic; with its contrasts of different systems, philosophies, and races; with its portraits of men; with its sense of progress and revolt—this part of Dr. Fairbairn's book is no mere annal, but drama, vivid and full of motion, representative of the volume and sweep of Christianity through the centuries. He starts by

opposing Newman's theory, that the history of Christian theology is that of a "logical" development from Apostolic doctrine. He holds, and proves, that the patristic system was not a "logical" development from the Apostolic, for it omitted some of the principal ideas of the latter. But it cannot be said to be, even by omission or decline, a "logical" development: for its sources lie behind the New Testament in Judaism and outside the New Testament in heathen philosophy and polity. What it really is, is a "biological" development: that is to say, not an orderly evolution of the principles of Christ's teaching, but the growth of the new life received from him, by the minds of men incapable of grasping its true intellectual significance, into an environment of Roman polity, Greek philosophy, and popular religion, alien and inferior to itself. Now throughout the earlier ages this Christ-derived life sometimes rose above the environment and returned upon its sourcesin the Anti-gnostic Fathers and in Augustine. But a stronger revolt, a more real return, took place at the Reformation. The Reformation, however, has been followed by a long and thorough criticism of the sources, the history of which criticism Dr. Fairbairn traces with great power through its philosophical preparation from Lessing to Hegel and its analysis of the New Testament from Strauss till to-day. This criticism has affected a change in con-This criticism has effected a change in our appreciation of the sources. Theoretically the Reformers regarded the whole New Testament as of equal value; practically it was the Pauline writings which inspired their theology. But the effect of criticism has been to distinguish between Christ and This distinction Dr. Fairbairn accepts. his apostles. Going behind his position that the sub-Apostolic age was no true development from the Apostolic, he affirms now that the Apostolic doctrine itself was a "falling off" from Christ, whose own authentic, uninterpreted teaching is alone authoritative for Christian theology.

Two points stand out in this singularly lucid and engaging argument. It was an easy task to expose Newman's theory of development, and Dr. Fairbairn has done it before; but no writer other than Dr. Fairbairn—and we think he has not done it beforecould have so vividly traced the lines of the actual development that took place. The influences of Greece and Rome are impressively portrayed—though we miss a sufficient appreciation of the Asiatic and especially of the native Egyptian influences on early Christian thought. There is a brilliant appreciation of Augustine, a fine study of scholasticism, and a contrast of this northern Christian philosophy with that of the Greek Church which it superseded. Further on we have an equally effective comparison of the Teutonic humanism with the Italian. In all this Dr. Fairbairn emphasises fully the presence of the life from Christ supernaturally derived and supernaturally sustained, from age to age. But in supplement to this many would like to have seen some consideration of the Divine reason for this alien environment into which the new life, that came by Christ, was suffered to fall. What permanent elements did heathen philosophy and polity contribute to Christianity? What were the gifts of the non-Christian systems to Christian life and thought? Dr. Fairbairn, in short, gives us no explicit theory of Providence: though, of course, he may answer to this objection that such a task lay outside the scope of his work. The other point is the distinction between the original teaching of Christ and that of Apostles. How far can they be distinguished? What is the exact amount of Christ's teaching that we may be sure of? That Dr. Fairbairn gives no strictly defined answer to these questions will be held by some to be the defect of his book; but, as we have already said, Dr. Fairbairn probably feels that the time for strict definition on these points has not yet arrived.

And when he goes on, in his second part, to give us those elements of Christ's teaching which he consider elements beyond of Chris God as t and exp the sup doctrine one. against which t categor ruling t that the most c he pro can be is grea points: ceded s and the Father essentia soverei Nobler tages (When Christi on the the oth videnc as the essence God's 1 of the for mo qualiti the ar revela throus Dr. Fa to his a final enrich there

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considers basal and formative, we find that they are elements the authenticity of which is practically beyond dispute. Dr. Fairbairn lays the foundation of Christian theology in Christ's consciousness of God as the Father. The Fatherhood of God, as felt and explained by Jesus—this is, according to him, the supreme truth of Christian science. All other the supreme truth of Christian science. All other doctrines are secondary to, and controlled by, this one. Dr. Fairbairn maintains his thesis mainly against two other systems—that of the Reformers which takes the Sovereignty of God as its chief category: that which makes the Incarnation the ruling thought. He has little difficulty in showing that the Incarnation is not primary, but a result. But the part of his argument which is at once most conclusive and most suggestive is where he proves that sovereignty and fatherhood are "indissoluble" in God, and that neither function can be well discharged without the other. There is great force in his reasoning on these two is great force in his reasoning on these two points: that in human history fatherhood pre-ceded sovereignty—a capital point for illustration— and that in the Divine Nature itself the relation of and that in the Divine Nature itself the relation of Fatherhood and Sonship is, according to Christ, essential and from all eternity, while the relation of sovereignty becomes effective only with creation. Nobler still is the statement of the ethical advantages of starting with the Fatherhood of God. When we do so, all other doctrines and facts of Christianity receive a richer meaning. For instance, or the one side sin assumes its full beingueness. on the one side sin assumes its full heinousness; on the other side, the legal aspects of the Divine Providence give place to the remedial; salvation follows as the very consequence of Godhead. And since the essence of the Divine Fatherhood is the regulation of God's physical by His ethical attributes, the possibility of the Incarnation, in which the character of God did for moral reasons impose limits upon His physical qualities, is made clear. We have not space to follow the application of the principle to the Atonement, revelation, inspiration, and the future life. All through this is the strongest part of a strong book. Dr. Fairbairn has not, indeed, exhausted objections to his argument; nor, as some may feel, has he made a final analysis of the meaning of fatherhood. But he has undoubtedly shown how in this category there is room for the grouping, and contents for the enriching, of every other Christian doctrine; and there is little doubt that for some time to come theology must work with great advantage in the direction which he has so powerfully opened up.

One or two other points remain to be noticed. First, in some recent English evangelical theology-of which Mr. Horton may be taken as a representative there has been a disposition to minimise the value of the historical Christ of the Gospels for the faith of the Church, and to count as sufficient for all defensive and constructive purposes the believer's consciousness of Christ. This disposition we have no hesitation in calling crude, hasty, and ill-informed a desire to be independent of the results of modern criticism, due in some quarters to a fear of these, in others to ignorance of them. Dr. Fairbairn's book is the return to sanity in this matter through an exact knowledge of what modern criticism has done. He has rendered faith in these days an immense service, by showing that all the greatest periods of Christian theology have been due to a return to the historical Christ, and that for us—partly by help of criticism, partly in spite of its extravagances—such a return is more possible than it has ever been before. Dr. Fairbairn's historical knowledge and mastery of criticism have checked one of the most vague and exaggerated tendencies of modern evangelicalism.

Again, there is the book's rich inspiration of We have not read a work more quick with the instincts of growth, with the confidence that theology is not only on sure lines, but ever progressing. This hopefulness, this expectation of "greater things than these," is due to three causes

Fairbairn's argument, the proof that the progress of theology through the centuries-and even through these latter days of criticism-has been one towards certainty, clearness, and harmony; to the wise patience and reserve of the constructive part; but most of all to the origin and source to which the theology is traced-the enduring and inexhaustible personality of Christ Himself.

THE NIGER AND ITS COMPANY.

THE NIGER. Narrative of Major Claude Macdonald's Mission to the Niger and Benue Rivers, West Africa. By Captain A. F. Mockler-Ferryman; to which is added a chapter on native musical instruments by Captain C. R. Day. London: George Philip & Son.

THREE years ago Sir Claude Macdonald was sent on a special mission to the Niger and Benue Rivers by Lord Salisbury. The object of his mission was twofold. He was to report on the administration of the district comprised in their charter by the Royal Niger Company, and he was to attempt to establish peace between the Ilorins and the Ibadans, two tribes lying at the back of Lagos, whose interminable wars were a source not only of annoyance but of serious loss to the colony. Major Macdonald's report was treated as confidential: it has never been presented to Parliament, and now, no doubt, reposes peacefully in the pigeon-holes of the Foreign and

Colonial Offices.

But the mission was not to be without its historian. Major Macdonald's secretary, Captain Mockler-Ferryman, has published an account of his chief's journey which is probably more amusing than the official report of the head of the mission, and is certainly not deficient in information as to the character of the country and peoples in the basins of the Niger and the Benue, while incidentally it is possible to gather a very fair idea of the probable value of this part of Africa to European commerce, not only now, but in the future. The merit of Captain Ferryman's narrative is its freshness. He has steered clear of the temptation to attempt fine writing, and may fairly claim to have written a book which gives the reader, perhaps, a better idea of the countries and peoples visited than any other book of the kind. Of the Lower Niger, Captain Ferryman gives a grim and desolate picture. It is a country of malarial fever, of villages built on swamps, and inhabited by savages steeped in the most degraded superstitions, where the Royal Niger Company has not, even to this day, after infinite trouble, succeeded in altogether putting a stop to human sacrifices. Lokoja, situate at the junction of the Niger and the Benue, the mission obtained their first glimpse of a Mahommedan town, and found it, though very dirty, an improvement on the towns of the Lower Niger. Here Captain Ferryman met an old Hausa, rejoicing in the name of Frederick Fowell Buxton Abigeh, whose history is not without a moral for those whose missionary zeal urges them to attempt the conversion of the Moslem to Christianity. Abigeh, with another young Hausa, spent some years in England, where he and his companion embraced Christianity, and after some years of instruction were sent back to Africa as lay missionaries to spread the Gospel. In a few months after their arrival both had reverted to their original faith— Abigeh, as he frankly confessed, being moved to revert by his desire to marry four wives, which he could not do so long as he remained a Christian. Captain Ferryman is evidently of opinion that while so much of Africa is given over to the most degraded heathendom, it is a lamentable waste of effort to send missionaries to the Mahommedans—an opinion which is shared by no less an authority than Cardinal Lavigerie. From Lokoja Major Macdonald steamed up the Benue, visiting the native chiefs wherever possible, and listening to their grievances against the Company or their neighbours. to the brilliant sweep of the historical part of Dr. At Yola, the capital of Adamawa, the Emir refused

June

to see Her Majesty's Commissioner unless he were the bearer of letters from the Sultan of Tokoto, to whom the Emir is subject. The inhabitants of Yola were very anxious that trade should be established, but the Emir has an invincible repugnance to Europeans which may or may not have been overcome by the blandishments of Lieutenant Mizon. Incidentally it is made perfectly clear that even if Lieutenant Mizon has made treaties with the Emir they are absolutely worthless unless confirmed and adopted by his Suzerain, the Sultan of Tokoto, who has, how-ever, bound himself by treaty to the Royal Niger Company. After leaving Yola the Commissioner steamed up to the junction of the Kebbi River with The Kebbi was unexplored, and Major the Benue. Macdonald was anxious to ascertain if it offered a practicable route to Lake Chad. Some distance up, however, the river was found to be unnavigable, and the expedition was obliged to return, after getting into a very tight place with their boat.

The visit of the mission to Ilorin was perhaps the most interesting incident of the expedition. A visit to the war camp to interview the Commanderin-Chief is amusingly described. The war was carried on in the most desultory fashion, and Captain Ferryman's impression was that everyone was tired to death of it and would eagerly welcome an excuse for putting an end to hostilities.

Captain Ferryman is careful to explain that what he has written about the Niger Company is the result of his own observations, and must not be taken as in any way committing his chief; but it is fair to suppose that the object of the mission was at times the subject of discussion between Sir Claude Macdonald and his secretary, so that it is doing no great violence to probabilities to assume that in his general judgment of the Company Captain Ferryman does not differ very widely from his chief. And it is satisfactory to learn that, all things considered, Captain Ferryman's verdict is a favourable one. Land-grabbing, he says, does not exist. The Company has either bought or rented from the chiefs the small plots of land on which their factories are built; the privilege of trading with the natives of a district has been secured by treaties under which annual subsidies are paid by the Company to the chiefs; and, as a result of the Commissioner's inquiries, he did not come across a single case in which the subsidies had not been regularly paid. Over thousands of miles of waterways the Company has established some sort of law and order, and has scotched, if not killed, the grosser and more cruel of the Pagan rites which flourished all over their territory, but more particularly among the degraded tribes of the Lower Niger. This is testimony of which the Niger Company may well be proud, especially when it is remembered that alone among the great African Chartered Companies the Royal Niger Company pays a modest dividend to its shareholders. As to the commercial future of this part of Africa Captain Ferryman indulges in no illusions. The African fever is at its height in these days, and there is need of the white light of actual knowledge when it can be obtained. This is Captain illusions. Ferryman's summing-up of the matter:

"Ivory is still fairly plentiful, though this cannot last for long, as elephants are becoming scarcer each year, and a considerable amount of the present supply comes from the buried hoards of the chiefs, who are now cognisant of its value. The days when a hundredweight of ivory could be purchased for a leastly of city are past and the native of Africa of today knows hoards of the emers, who are now cognisant of its value. The days when a hundredweight of ivory could be purchased for a bottle of gin are past, and the native of Africa of to-day knows full well the worth of a tusk. Vast virgin forests stretch across the country from one end to the other, but it is very doubtful if any but very valuable timber would be remunerative as an export. We have left, then, merely the minor natural products of the land, such as palm-oil, rubber, gum, shea butter, and a few others of less importance. The palm-oil trade is, perhaps, fully developed. The oil-bearing palm grows at no great distance from the coast, and in very few places which have not been open to traders for many years past. The shea butter-yielding area is restricted, and no very great further development in this trade is likely to occur. Rubber, gum, gutta-percha, and a few medicinal seeds, are the only exports at present known which can increase with the opening up of the interior. It is not probable that a trade in these natural products alone

can pay; therefore, when ivory has failed (which it must do, and that at no very distant date), if minerals worth the working be not discovered, or if the low lands near the rivers and the table-lands of the interior be not cultivated and do not yield forth fruit in abundance, then West Central Africa, from a commercial standpoint, must prove a failure."

This is not an encouraging prospect!

ARMIES OF TO-DAY.

THE ARMIES OF TO-DAY. A Description of the Armies of the Leading Nations at the present time. Illustrated. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

THE last quarter of the nineteenth century has been marked by a prodigious output of military literature of every class, and the general reader appears to share with the professional student in creating the demand. Universal service on the Continent and the Volunteer movement at home have combined to widen the interest attaching to military affairs, while the United States, though lying far beyond the shadow of the European storm-cloud, feel its influence.

The series of articles, originally published in Harper's Magazine, form, collected, an eminently readable book. It was a happy thought to obtain descriptions of the armies of the Powers, each written by a selected representative, and the diversity of treatment thus arising supplies an additional interest. National characteristics seem to peep out in these varied essays. The German writer, for example, is by far the most business-like. Beginning with supreme administration and the military relations of the several States, he plods steadily through his subject, supplying many figures, and appending to his descriptive passages maxims so unexceptionable as-"The final object of all training in peace is to secure success in war, therefore," etc. General Laval, on the other hand, presents us with a series of spirited vignettes. "Two fine girls tip-toe on the points of their wooden shoes" tell us of the regenerated army of France, and "a company of tourists" straying from "the charming inn of La Girandola," bear witness alike to the prowess of her Alpine troops and to the chivalrous courtesy of their officers. So, too, "a Russian General" largely dispenses with the dry details which are involved in the barbarous modern phrase "mobilisation," preferring to furnish us with a striking tribute to the merits of the Russian private soldier and a somewhat excessive eulogy of the military capacity of the Cossack. The most careful sifter of information ever trained in an Intelligence Department will glean nothing from this article. Colonel Goiran adopts a method resembling that of the German, whose military institutions Italy has so carefully Specially noteworthy is his account of the Colonial force rendered necessary by the occupation of Massowah. This force, organised in 1887, has doubtless "done excellent service"; but it may be questioned whether "adaptability to the extreme climate" of Africa has been manifested. Brigadier-General Meritt discourses upon the standing army and militia of the United States, and, more militis, appears to demand an increase of force. "Our army has not been and is not now of adequate strength," while the militia "will answer well the purpose of a 'second line' in case of war with a foreign power, but is not now and never has been in the first days of war fit to take the field." Yet, whether for dealing with fast dwindling Indian tribes or as a guardian against civil disorder, the military forces of the United States have hitherto sufficed for all requirements, and from the contingencies which European nations must face they are blissfully secure. An entire change of traditional policy, which it may be hoped is far distant, could alone call for any considerable development of militarism on the part of the American people.

Lord Wolseley's eminently characteristic article attracted some attention when it originally appeared. The spec to a fore falling n was reco agree in military of our wages, s factory. go on a is," whi supplies British for the has to and he

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The spectacle of an Adjutant-General contributing The spectacle of an Adjutant-General contributing to a foreign periodical caustic criticisms of matters falling mainly within the responsibilities of his office was recognised as unique. While the other writers agree in praising the excellence of their respective military systems, Lord Wolseley holds up portions of our own to public scorn. "We only offer boys' wages, so, as a rule, we only obtain boy recruits." "Our present system of army reserves is unsatisfactory." No one "outside a lunatic asylum would go on a walking tour or shoot in the back woods go on a walking tour or shoot in the back woods
. . . trussed and dressed as the British soldier is," while "the dressed-up monkey on a barrel organ" supplies the only available comparison to "the British General." There are alleviations, however, for the soldier "gets plenty to eat," even though he has to supplement his rations out of his own pocket, and he "has enjoyments and creature comforts un-known to his brother in civil life." The racy style of this article loses nothing by occasional excursions into history, notwithstanding that the result is so remarkable as the belief that Marlborough commanded British armies, or that the "military spirit . which still animates Her Majesty's troops was born at Blenheim." The latter "truth" is, nevertheless, qualified by the previous statement that the army of Cromwell was "by far the finest in every respect that we know of in modern history." Lord Wolseley evidently appreciates the charms of contradiction.

Excellent woodcuts illustrating military types add attraction to a book which, in spite of a certain incompleteness—the army of Turkey and the interesting citizen force of Switzerland not being included deserves to find many readers.

POETRY AND VERSE.

MY BOOK OF SONGS AND SONNETS. By Maude Egerton King. London: Percival & Co. SURSUM CORDA. By F. W. Bourdillon. London: T. Fisher

Unwin & Co.

POEMS. By W. A. Mackenzie. Aberdeen: J. Johnston & Co. SONGS OF WILLIAM RENTON. London: T. Fisher Unwin & Co. SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF WALTER C. SMITH. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons.

THE laborious student of modern verse who looks THE laborious student of modern verse who looks through many volumes undismayed by the certain knowledge that he will find but few of them worth notice is liable to be carried away when he comes across such actual poetry as Maude Egerton King's. The first poem, "The Sad Lover," arrests him, as one would be arrested by a sudden intense whisper in the silence of the night. It is the first note of a deep personal passion which throbs throughout the book, and finds its simplest and strongest expression book, and finds its simplest and strongest expression in the poem entitled "To Her Indifferent Lover." "Love and Life," the second poem, begins the other main theme of Mrs. King's poetry—the conflicting desires of life for oneself and life for others. This second subject is most powerfully treated in "The Veiled Magician" and in "A Minor Poet and Life":-

"So, yielding to the double right,
He works in shade and sings in sun:
To leave behind at fall of night
A poem spoiled, a work half done."

Mrs. King has four ballads, all of them conquering the reader with their intensity and sincerity. "The Ballad of the Crystal Ball" may yet rank among the best English ballads written in this century. "A Dream," a vision of Circe in her old age, is in some respects the most overpowering poem in the volume. Circe has grown blind and ugly, and, having lost the power to please her victims, seeks "some sign or trace

"Of what might yet reverse their doom—in vain!
The foolish fingers trembling o'er the thread
Had lost their way; it broke, and overhead
A face flashed out, and into dark again
1 revermore: Mnemosyne had fled.

"No love to hold, no power to bid them rise
From hated thrall! Slowly she rose, nor spoke
While God's whole meaning on her spirit broke;
Then sudden, with frenzied hands, beat her blind eyes And shrieked."

Imagine Circe realising God's purposes at last! The reviewer wishes to say crude things about Mrs. King's poetry; to call it wonderful, magical, great. There is not a line of it written for the sake of making verses; much of it thrills one's nerves and sets the blood tingling; and sometimes the strong intellectual pathos of it might force tears from those most unused to the melting mood. From a purely literary standpoint the merit of Mrs. King's writing literary standpoint the merit of Mrs. King's writing is of a high order. Even where fad sticks out a little hoof, as in the verses on "Vegetarianism," literary charm is not wanting, for we have

"Milk from cows serenely grave With a weight of meadow lore;"

and can

"Tell the squirrel on his perch There be nuts enough for two!"

Mrs. King can be playful, easy, dainty at will; but the mood in which all her strength and weakness crowd to help her is one of intense spirituality deeply dyed with the most human emotion, the true mood of the poet.

mood of the poet.

Much admirable literary workmanship and some actual poetry may be found in Mr. Bourdillon's new volume. "St. Wilfred" is a striking illustration of the faith that dares everything, and "Old and Young" is a simple and exquisite setting of that song-burden which haunts the ears of Time, "if youth only would, if age only could," with the difference which freshens the most antique themes when a poet treats them. There is felicity in most of Mr. Bourdillon's translations; "The Djinns" from Victor Hugo is hardly more than successful; but "Danae." Hugo is hardly more than successful; but "Danae,

from Simonides, impresses one like an original work.
"Semper ego auditor tantum?" asks Mr. Mackenzie on his title-page. Had all Mr. Mackenzie's work been as excellent as his prelude, we should have answered with a hearty "No." In the "Prelude" he seizes his own mood, expresses it, and the property in almost all the other poems he nothing more; in almost all the other poems he wanders from his inspiration. Yet the admirable irony of the verse quoted below inclines us to hope for better things from Mr. Mackenzie:—

"Then 'tis meet and just that a man should die With his lips at the wassail bowl, And drown in the snatch of a ribald catch The swan-song of his soul."

Mr. Renton writes of a wonderful sunbeam that leaves no "print of hit or miss"; accents Shake-speare, Wordsworth, and Swinburne on the last syllable; has an ardent wish, expressed a dozen times and more, to kiss a lady's feet; and perpetrates in a very bitter and gloomy "Song of Sad Heart" such amusing bathos as this:-

"Well, well, I shall not weep, For all my heart is chill As thine, dear love; I will Go home and sleep."

Mr. Renton has literary ability above the average, has shown it in other volumes, and shows it here too, but we recognise in his "Songs," with very rare exceptions, the desire, and not the necessity, to write poetry.

Dr. Walter C. Smith can be well represented in a selection. The question used to be discussed whether the author of "Olrig Grange" was a poet or not, and will be again doubtless by those who have nothing better to do. Manly thought and manly emotion expressed with a really becoming indifference to the externals of form—so often mistaken for form itself—characterise all his writings. A broad ironical wit, and humour compact of tears and laughter, are constant qualities in his verse. He may be called the representative Scotch poet; and is a very remarkable—indeed, a unique—personality. Only those who know the extraordinary advance in breadth of thought which Scotland has made during the last generation can understand how it is possible for a minister of the Free Kirk to dare to be a poet, how it is possible for the Assembly of the Free Kirk of 1893 to elect a poet as its Moderator; and those who understand, wonder most. Happily, Scotland no longer stands where it did. It is changed times since poor Wilson of Greenock was appointed schoolmaster there on the understanding that he should "abandon the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making;" and in an enthusiastic mood one might say that Walter C. Smith has almost had as much share in broadening and mellowing Scotch thought, which is always essentially religious, as Burns had in humanising it. If the reader knows nothing of his poetry, let him get this anthology and read, first, "Waiting"—let him read it here:

> "Wearily drag the lagging hours To him who, waiting to be hired, Is by enforced idlesse tired More than by strain of all his powers
> Wearily, having in his heart
> The hope to play a worthy part,
> And scorning each ignoble art.

"Girt for the fight he waits forlorn. And O! it irks him sore to rest, And watch, too oft with mocking jest, Things done that fill his soul with scorn, e with folded hands must sit, While lesser men of scanty wit Get all the work and tangle it.

"So life grows bitter; or perhaps
Hope flirts a moment in his face,
Then trips off to another place,
And pours its treasure in the laps
Of some dull fools whose easy feet
Will tread the whole familiar heat Will tread the whole familiar beat, Contented getting much to eat.

"And lo! the work remains undone, And work is what he hungers for, But cannot find an open door, And loiters idly in the sun,
Still waiting with his heart on fire,
And wasting with its great desire,
Waiting and finding none to hire."

Then let him read the character sketch "Mirren." on p. 76. After these he is certain to read most of the book, and in all likelihood to go to the volumes from which it is compiled—to "Olrig Grange," "Borland Hall," "Hilda among the Broken Gods," "Raban," and "A Heretic."

FICTION.

Mrs. Falchion. A Novel. By Gilbert Parker. In 2 vols. London: Methuen & Co. Micheline. By Hector Malot. Translated by Julia E. S. Rae. In 2 vols. London: Ward & Downey.

MR. GILBERT PARKER'S name is favourably known to lovers of the short story. In a field in which the successes have been few and the failures innumerable, he has undoubtedly achieved distinction. For this reason his first attempt at a novel of orthodox length has more than usual interest. In "Mrs. Falchion" he shows all the powers which distinguished his short stories; but he also shows unmistakably the limitations which the short story imposes upon a writer, and of which he must rid himself before he can become a great novelist. All through this story we come upon passages which reveal the writer who, in the slang of the press, finds himself compelled to "make copy." When Mr. Parker has had a little more experience in the filling of a big canvas, we do not doubt that he will get over the difficulties that have troubled him in his first essay, will knit together the component parts of the pictures in one harmonious piece of work, and avoid those ugly seams in the craftsmanship which are plainly visible here. He has, we believe, a great future before him, and the very fact that he has not found it easy in changing his scale to alter his handling, is rather to his credit than otherwise. Yet, despite its defects, it must not be supposed that

"Mrs. Falchion" is other than a very clever, and even fascinating, bit of fiction. It is the old story of how a woman is born without a soul, and how she finds one. The heroine, as she is first presented to us, is utterly heartless, as devoid of someone humanic utterly heartless-so devoid of common humanity that it is difficult to understand the fascination she exercises over most of the men who come in contact with her. She treats the husband who has loved her and sinned for her with a brutality which is almost fiendish. The revelations of the police-court forbid us to say that such cruelty is impossible in a woman; but Mr. Parker undoubtedly makes a large demand upon us in asking us to accept his heroine as being what he represents. In due time the awakening takes place. She finds someone she can love, and learns the pangs of a hopeless and unrequited passion. Then, for the first time, the good in her nature begins to assert itself against the evil, and in the end it is the good that wins. But the author has not drawn a sufficiently consistent and artistic portrait to make her thoroughly interesting to the reader. He has yet to accustom himself to full-length painting. There are a thousand minor good things in the book; episodes of life on board ship, in the islands of the Pacific, on the western slope of the American continent, each one of which is admirable in its way, and recalls the author of "Pierre and his People." All that is lacking is that facility in weaving the materials together which practice alone can give. Mr. Gilbert Parker's next novel will, we venture to

believe, prove an unqualified success.

"Micheline" is in some respects a typical French
novel. Not that it contains much of the perilous stuff by which too many French writers strive to gratify their readers. Given the one central incident of the book, and the tale is absolutely pure. It turns almost entirely upon the love of two women for a child, the heroine. Micheline has been abandon-doned in her infancy by her mother, but the abandonment has been planned with such care that the child, of necessity, falls into the hands of another woman, who is the wife of its father. This is the result of a plot between the father and mother, devised for the purpose of securing for Micheline a father's oversight and care when her mother, who has borne her in secret, is compelled to return to her home in South America. But the plan of the guilty parents does not work itself out as they intended. Prince Sobolewski, the father, is killed by a fall from his horse almost immediately after the discovery of the child and the departure of her real mother for her South American home. The widowed Princess is childless, and she resolves to adopt the little girl, whom she speedily learns to love as her The years pass, and when Micheline is growing into girlhood her real mother reappears, and succeeds in obtaining an appointment as her governess. It is at this point that the interest of the story begins to be felt. There is a struggle, prolonged for years, between the true mother and the false. s jealous of the other, and each distracted by the thought that she has to share her child's affections with another. Mme. Germaine, the mother, labours under the disadvantage of being a mere dependent in the house in which her daughter is brought up as the acknowledged heiress. The Princess is not only her rival, but her exacting employer, yet, though thus handicapped, she is fortified by the strength of the true maternal instinct, and by the answering warmth which she evokes in the heart of the child, who loves her as a mother without suspecting their relationship. Hector Malot depicts the rivalry of the two women with that delicate care, minute analysis, and close observation which are characteristic of his school. Though the story necessarily loses much of its grace in a translation, it has a delicacy and interest with which only a Frenchman could invest such a theme, and we forget the unhealthiness of the situation in our pleasure in the workmanship of the artist. There comes a terrible moment when the child seems sick unto death, and the Princess, in a fit of furious je lousy, has

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dismissed Madame Germaine, that calls for an act of supreme self-sacrifice on the part of the latter. She confesses to her rival that she is the woman who had years ago abandoned the infant to cover her own shame. Henceforth their relationships are changed, and become still more intolerable to both than they had been before. The Princess suspects more and more strongly every day the secret of the child's paternity; but if she hates more intensely than ever the woman in whom she now sees her rival in the affections not only of her child but of her dead husband, her love for the girl leads her to smother her resentments, and to retain Madame Germaine by her side. By-and-bye the inevitable love troubles in the life of Micheline arrive, and it is to her real mother that she turns for comfort and succour when the Princess seeks to force her into a marriage she detests. But the interest of the reader in Micheline herself is comparatively faint. It is on the portraits of the two women who daily confront each other in the presence of the girl that the author has lavished all his care, and it is on these that the reader's attention is fixed. In the end, it is Micheline herself who, in a moment of happy inspiration, discovers that the dependent who had watched over her with so much tenderness and care is in very truth the mother who had deserted her as a babe. But the discovery comes as an anti-climax after the grim tragedy of the prolonged duel between the two elder women, and the story breaks off at a point satisfactory enough in the life of Micheline, but which leaves the end of the duel unrevealed. As a piece of artistic work in fiction, "Micheline" is notable, but its sentiment is so absolutely foreign to that with which we are familiar, whether in reality or in the work of our novelists, that it is not easy

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for the English reader to appreciate or enjoy it.

THE Contemporary (with whose chief article, that of Mr. Colclough on Ulster facts and figures, we have already dealt) is rather overweighted with the ecclesiastical matter this month. Six theological or ecclesiastical articles out of a total list of eleven is a rather oppressive allowance. One of the most inter-esting of the other contributions is a criticism of Mr. Pearson's now famous book by the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies. Mr. Pearson's book has been a terrible wet blanket for enthusiasts of progress, and no doubt it will do a considerable deal of good in sobering us all a little and reminding us (though this is not the effect intended by its author) that this is an imperfect and transitory world which can never be made satisfactory as a be-all and end-all however human beings may try. But it seems a rather unexpected result of Mr. Pearson's lesson that it should rouse up a Christian minister into an apologist for war. The one assured consolation which Mr. Llewelyn Davies seems to have in presence of the Professor's dismal threatenings of a white humanity flattened out and enervated under a Socialist civilisation and a yellow and black humanity, with its unchecked populations and unemasculated rapacity, dominating the world in the long run, lies in the conviction that war, holy war, will not cease amongst men. White men will fight and yellow men will fight, and the manly virtues will continue to flourish, and the spell of maudlin humanitarian sentiment will wear itself out without doing all the mischief Professor Pearson predicts. Mr. Davies speaks out very flatly about this squeamishness, this "extreme shrinking from war," which, he contends, is by no means necessarily a Christian quality.

"It is highly important (he says) that on this question we should clear our minds of cant and endeavour to discriminate between the kind of action which Christianity binds upon sincere uncompromising Christians, and that which is the indulgence of sentimental weakness. It is clearly wrong to bring on war, with its inevitable evils, to gratify selfish vanity, or greed, or ambition. But for high objects which appear to be committed to our keeping, it is right for Christians to go

to war and wrong to be deterred by its costliness or its horrors. . . . It is an essentially Christian estimate, that the shortening by a few years of millions on millions of human lives—lives which are so often of little spiritual worth!—is an inconsiderable loss, compared with the loss of anything high and noble from amongst the spiritual possessions of the world. It has been an instinctive conviction of almost all good men, that national existence is an object for the sake of which any number of lives may be rightly given and taken, any quantity of sorrow inflicted on families. Wounds, deaths, griefs—these are not to deter Christians from doing their utmost to preserve a trust which God has committed to them. Contact with war, even through descriptions, may do something to brace spiritual resolution. The reader of such a book as 'La Débâcle' may say to himself, 'This is too dreadful. Let us submit to any indignity or oppression rather than be responsible for such horrors!' But the Christian will rather say, 'In these scenes, and any still more appalling than these, we have a witness to the preciousness of ideal treasures.' To fight for the existence and the honour of our country is the way to gain a higher conception of the trust committed to the children of a nation. . . . Christianity imposes upon those who nght for the existence and the honour of our country is the way to gain a higher conception of the trust committed to the children of a nation. . . . Christianity imposes upon those who govern the British Empire the obligation of caring little about lives or feelings compared with the security of the Empire and is power to do its appointed work in the world."

No Jingo in the land could go further than this. Let the declaration be noted. It will be a curious out-come of the humanitarian wave if it should leave us with a reaction in the direction of such sentiments as these. "A Conscript's View of the French Army, by Hilaire Belloc is a rather inconclusive article on an important subject. Yet it is not without its suggestiveness. It confirms the theory of those (of whom we have long been amongst the number) who believe that the French army is one of the surest guarantees of the steadiness of the national policy. With its equal incidence of conscription, falling without shirkings or evasions upon all classes, it avoids the chief cause of discontent with conscripted armies in other countries. efficiency is gratifying to the national pride, while the enforced year of service, bringing his responsi-bility home to every man, is a powerful means of sobering that sentiment. On the whole, M. Belloc gives us the impression that those Frenchmen who boast that the army is now a school of civic virtue—if allowance be made for Gallic hyperbole—are not too far wrong. Some translations from the "Hecuba" of Euripides, done by Mr. Gladstone when he was at Eton, lend a piquant interest to this

The financial crises of Australia and America are the subject of the two principal articles in this month's Fortnightly. Sir Julius Vogel writes on the former, and it is agreeable to be assured by so high an authority on Colonial finance that all is right with Australia, the recent bank-panic notwithstanding. He thinks, in fact, that the crisis will do good in the end. It is principally the result of the reaction which has set in after a long period of remarkable prosperity and its accustomed extravagance of expenditure, and it is as well that that reaction has been accompanied by circumstances that will cause it to be remembered. "The solvency of the Colonies is not in the least affected" by the recent disasters. "The respective communities possess immense wealth." But the Colonial Governments must not let things drift as they have been doing of late. Sir Juliah Vogel's remedies are in effect—reduce the number of banks: remedies are in effect—reduce the number of banks; carefully examine into their assets before permitting reconstruction; let the Colonial Governments restore equilibrium to their budgets by reducing expenditure of all descriptions, and, if necessary, by increasing taxation, and let them fund their floating debts. Mr. Moreton Frewen, on the currency crisis in the United States, is desperately bi-metallist. He is a good example of the thorough-going theorist, for he does not hesitate to ascribe all the economic mischiefs of the present era to the cessation of the free coinage of silver legal tender money in the Western mints in 1875, a step which he calls a "monetary revolution." Mr. Frewen's article, of course, was written before Mr. Cleveland's resolution to call Congress together in September for the purpose of repealing the Silver Bullion Purchase Law, a resolution which indicates